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JOHN TAYLOR'S

OBSERVATIONS AND TRAVEL

FROM

LONDON TO HAMBURGH.

JOHN TAYLOR, or, as he was wont to style himself, John Taylor, the *Water-Poet, alias* the King's Majesties *Water-Poet* and Queen's Waterman, was born at Gloucester on the 24th of August, 1580; but few particulars in connection with his parentage, education or inner life have reached us beyond those that are to be gleaned from his numerous and very miscellaneous works, extending from 1612 to 1653, which show him to have been—

"A man so various that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome,"

as he was a sailor, a waterman, a poet, a composer—on the shortest possible notice, and on the most reasonable terms—of nipping satires, epigrams, anagrams, odes, elegies and sonnets; a custom-house officer, an adventurer by sea and land, a licensed victualler, writer and publisher of short pieces in prose and verse for upwards of forty years, a peripatetic bookseller, a tuft-hunter, a very great schemer, and a firm Royalist with a lame leg! Such was the man John Taylor, as viewed through the medium of his printed works, of which "many (says Wood*) were of that faculty that made great sport in their time, and most of them esteemed worthy to be remitted into a large folio. Had he had learning bestowed on him according to his natural parts, which were excellent, he might have equalled, if not excelled, many who claim a great share in the temple of the muses."

John Taylor, the Water-Poet, died in the harness of a peripatetic book writer and publisher and a victualler, at his house, the Poet's Head, in Phœnix Alley, Long Acre, in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-fields, Westminster, 1653, and was buried in the parish churchyard December 5th.

His widow, it appears from the rate books, continued in the house, under the name of "Widow Taylor," five years after his death. In 1658 'Wid[ow] Taylor" is scored out, and "Mons. Lero" written at the side The rate they paid was 2s. 6d. a year.

* *Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses, vol. iii.*

WORKS

OF

JOHN TAYLOR,

THE WATER POET,

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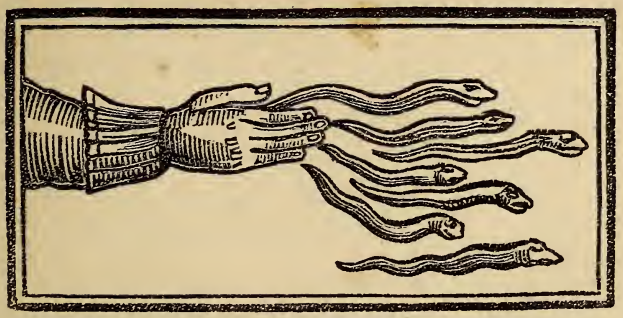

My debters like 7 eeles with slip'rie tailes,
One sort I cach, 6 slips away and failes.

EDITED BY CHARLES HINDLEY, ESQ.

Editor of "The Old Book Collector's Miscellany; or a Collection of Readable Reprints of Literary Rarities," "The Roxburghe Ballads," "The Catnach Press," "The Curiosities of Street Literature," "The Book of Ready Made Speeches," "A Ramble on the Coast of Sussex," "Tavern Anecdotes and Sayings," "Life and Adventures of a Cheap Jack, etc.

LONDON:

REEVES AND TURNER,

196, STRAND, W.C.

1876.

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2.—The Penniless Pilgrimage.
3.—A Kicksey Winsey, or Lerry Come-Twang.
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5.—The Unnatural Father.
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9.—An Armada, or Navy of Land Ships.
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Three VVeekes, three daies, and *three houres*

OBSERVATIONS

AND TRAVEL, FROM

London to Hambvrgh

in Germanie:

Amongst *Jews* and *Gentiles*, with *Descriptions of Townes and Towers*, Castles and Cittadels, artificiall Gallowſes, Naturall Hangmen:

And Dedicated for the present, to the absent Odcombian Knight Errant, St. THOMAS CORIAT.

Great Brittaines Error, *and* the worlds Mirror.

By Iohn Taylor.

LONDON
Printed by EDWARD GRIFFIN, and are to be sold by GEORGE GYBBS at the sign of the Flower-deluce in *Pauls Churchyard.*
1617.

To the Cosmographical, Geographical describer, Geometrical measurer; Historiographical Caligraphical Relater and Writer; Enigmatical, Pragmatical, Dogmatical Observer, Engrosser, Surveyor and Eloquent British Grecian Latinist, or Latin Grecian Orator, the Odcombian Deambulator, Perambulator, Ambler, Trotter, or untired Traveller,

Sir Tho. Coryat, Knight of Troy, and one of the dearest darlings to the blind Goddess Fortune.

MOST worthy Sir, as *Quintilian* in his Apothegms to the naked, learned, Gimnosophists of *Æthiopia*, very wittily says, *Potanto Machayo corbatio monomosco kayturemon Lescus, Ollipufftingere whingo:* which is, knowledge is a main Antithesis to ignorance, and pains and travel is the high-way to experience. I being therefore well acquainted with the generous urbanity innated or rooted in your humanity, (in these days of vanity,) I dedicate out (of my affability, debility, ability, imbecility, facility, or agility,) this poor pamphlet to your nobility, in all servility and humility: not doubting but the fluent secundity of your wisdoms profundity, in your heads rotundity, will conserve, reserve, preserve, and observe, what I and my industrious labours deserve. I do (out of mine own cognition) aver and abet, that he is senseless that will assent, that the Fates did assign, with their whole assistance, that any should aspire to be an associate in any assembly, boldly to assimulate, assay, assault, or ascribe to any mortal but yourself, superlative majority or transcendency for travels, observations, and oratory. These things being

revolved and ruminated, in the sagacity or acuteness of my Pericranium, I imagined that no man under the Cope was more worthy than yourself to be a Patronizing Poplar to shelter my poor reed-like endeavours. Howsoever in the preterlapsed occurrences there hath been an Antagonistical repugnancy betwixt us, yet I hope time and travel hath worn it thread-bare, or brought it to an irrecoverable consumption ; withal I know you are incapable of inexpungable malice, inveterate malignancy or emulation. I protest tongue-tied taciturnity should have imprisoned this work in the Lethargical Dungeon, or bottomless Abyss of ever-sleeping oblivion, but that I am confident of your Patronage and acceptance, which if it fall out (not according to any Promerits of mine) but out of mine own expectation of your matchless and unparalleled disposition, I shall hereafter sacrifice whole Hecatombs of invention both in Prose and Verse, at the shrine of your unfellowed and unfollowed virtues. So wishing more to see you than to hear from you, because Writers want work, and the Press is turned voluntary through the scarcity of employments, which I hope your presence will supply, I pray that *Neptune*, *Æolus*, *Tellus*, *Bacchus*, and all the watery, windy, earthly, and drinking Deities may be officious, auspicious, and delicious unto you, humbly imploring you to take in good part this my sophistical, paradoxical, submission, with a mental reservation of my love and service, to sympathize or be equivalent to your kind liking and corroborated affecting.

He that hath a poor muse to trot in your service with all obsequious observance.

JOHN TAYLOR.

Three Weeks, three Days, and three Hours Observations, from LONDON to HAMBURGH in *Germany*. Amongst *Jews* and *Gentiles*, with Descriptions of Towns and Towers, Castles and Citadels, artificial Gallowses, Natural Hangmen:

And Dedicated for the present, to the absent Odcombian Knight Errant, SIR THOMAS CORYAT.

Great Britains Error, and the worlds Mirror.

UPON *Saturday* the 17 of August, 1616 (after I had taken leave of some friends that would hardly give me leave to leave them) I was associated with five or six courteous comrades to the haven of *Billingsgate*, where I was no sooner come, but I was shipped in the wherry for the port of *Gravesend*, and having two women and three men in my company thither, we past the way away by telling tales by turns. Where one of the women took upon her very logically to defend the honesty of brokers, and she maintained her paradoxical arguments so pithily, as if herself like a desperate pawn had lain seven years in lavender on sweeting in Long Lane, or amongst the dogged inhabitants of Houndsditch. And one of the men replied that he thanked God he never had any need of them, whereupon I began to suspect him to be a crafty knave, because the proverb says, *A crafty knave needs no broker* and indeed after I had inquired what countryman he

was, he told me he was a Welsh man, and a Justices clerk. I left him as I found him, hoping never to be troubled with his binding over, and withdrawing: and so landing at Gravesend, we all went to the *Christopher* where we took a Bacchanalian farewell one of another, where I remained till the Monday following, awaiting the coming down of the ship that I was to be transported in. About the hour of three in the afternoon, with good hope we weighed anchor, and with a courteous tide and gentle wind we sailed down the river of Thames, as far as the grand oyster haven of *Queenborough*, where though our ship was not sea-sick, yet she cast, (anchor I mean).

On the morrow, being Tuesday, we weighed, and with the friendly breath of *Zephyrus*, aliâs a western wind, our sails being swollen, our ship called the *Judith*, who with her stern cut the liquid mounting mountains of *Neptunes* wavering territories, as nimbly as Hebrew *Judith* beheaded *Holofernes*, so that by the bountiful favour of Him that rules both winds and seas, the Thursday following we espied the coast of Friesland, and the next day we sailed by an island called the Holy Land, which may be called the Land of Lobsters, or the country of crabs, for the plenty of those kind of crawling creatures that are taken there. But we, taking time by the fore-top, let no advantage slip, but with a

merry gale, and a friendly flood, on the Friday we sailed up the river of Elve, as far as Stoad, where we anchored till the morrow, being Saturday, and the feast of *St. Bartholomew* the Apostle, we arrived at a bleak, aliâs a town an English mile from *Hamburgh*, called *Altonagh*, which is so called by the *Hamburghers* because it stands all-too-nigh them for their profit, being inhabited with divers tradesmen which do hinder their freedom. I was no sooner landed there, but my company and myself went to a Dutch drinking-school, and having upse-freez'd four pots of boon beer as yellow as gold, our host said we had four shilling to betail, or to pay, which made me suspect it to be a bawdy house by his large reckoning, till at last I understood that the shillings he meant were but stivers, or three-halfpence a piece. So this terrible shot being discharged (which in the total amounted to the sum of sixpence English) we departed towards *Hamburgh*, where by the way I noted some 20 men, women, and children in divers places of *Altonagh*, all deformed, some with one eye, some with hare-lips, crooked-backed, splay-footed, half-nosed, or one blemish or other. I admiring at them, was told they were *Jews*, wherein I perceived the Judgment of the High Judge of all, that had permitted Nature to deform their forms, whose Graceless minds were so much misshapen through want of Grace.

But I being entered the city of *Hamburgh* on the Saturday, I was presently conducted to the English house, where I found a kind host, an honest hostess, good company, store of meat, more of drinks, a true tapster, and sweet lodging. And being at dinner, because I was a stranger, I was promoted to the chiefest place at the table, where to observe an old custom, every man did his best endeavour to hance me for my welcome, which by interpretation is, to give a man a loaf too much out of the brewers basket, in which kind of potshot, our English are grown such stout proficients, that some of them dares bandy and contend with the Dutch their first teachers. But after they had hanced me as well as they could, and I pleased, they administered an oath to me, in manner and form as followeth ;

Laying my hand on a full pot,

I swear by these contents and all that is herein contained, that by the courteous favour of these gentlemen, I do find myself sufficiently hanced, and that henceforth I shall acknowledge it ; and that whensoever I shall offer to be hanced again, I shall arm my self with the craft of a fox, the manners of a hog, the wisdom of an ass, mixed with the civility of a bear. This was the form of the oath, which as near as I can shall be performed on my part ; and here is to be noted that the first word a nurse or a mother doth teach her children if they be

males, is drink, or beer : So that most of them are transformed to barrels, firkins, and kilderkins, always freight with *Hamburgh* beer.

And though the city is not much more than half the bigness as London is within the walls, yet are there in it almost 800 brewhouses, and in one day there hath been shipped away from thence, 337. brewings of beer, besides 13. or 14. brewings have been racked or stayed in the town, as not sufficient to be bezzled in the country.

The Saturday being thus past, and Sunday come, I went toward the English Church, where I observed many shops open, buying and selling, chopping and changing of all manner of wares, with the streets furnished with apples, pears, plums, nuts, grapes, or any thing else that an ordinary market can afford, as commonly as if the Sabbath were but a bare Ceremony without a Commandment. In which I note the Jews in their execrable superstition, to be more devout and observant, than these pedlars in their profession ; for on the Saturday (being the Jews Sabbath) they neglect all human affairs, and betake themselves irreligiously to their misbelieving faithless religion.

The sermon being ended at the English Church, I walked in the afternoon with a friend of mine, (an inhabitant of the town) to see and to be seen, where at one of the gates was placed a strong guard of

soldiers with muskets, pikes, halberts, and other warlike accoutrements, I asked the cause, and I was informed it was because of the building of new mounts and bulwarks which were partly erected without the old wall: And when I perceived these fortifications, I was amazed, for it is almost incredible for the number of men and horses that are daily set on work about it, besides the work itself is so great that it is past the credit of report, and as I suppose will prove most inexpugnable and invincible rampiers to strengthen the town on that side against the invasive attempts of the greatest Monarch that should assail them.

But after much musing, walking further towards the fields, I espied four or five pretty parcels of modesty go very friendly up into a Council-house by the ways side, as we and thousands of people used to pass; they were handsome young girls of the age of 18 or 20 years apiece, and although they had a door to shut, yet they knowing their business to be necessary and natural, sat still in loving and neighbourly manner, so having traced a turn or two we returned into the town again, and entering a long garden within the walls, some of the townsmen were shooting for wagers at a mark with their muskets, some bowling: some at slide-thrift, or shovel-board: some dancing before a blind fiddler, and his cow bellied, dropsy, dirty drab: some at one game, some at

another, most of them drinking, and all of them drunk, that though it was a Sabbath, which should wholly be dedicated to God, yet by the abuse of these bursten-gutted bibbers, they made it an afternoon consecrated, or more truly execrated to the service of Hell, and to the great amplification of the Devils kingdom.

When Christians dare Gods Sabbath to abuse,
They make themselves a scorn to Turks and Jews:
You stealing Barabasses *beastly race,*
Rob God of Glory, and yourselves of Grace.
Think on the supreme Judge who all things tries,
When Jews against you shall in Judgment rise.
Their feigned truth, with fervent Zeal they show,
The truth unfeigned you know, yet will not know.
Then at the Bar in New Jerusalem,
It shall be harder much for you than them.

But leaving to their drunken designs, I returned toward my lodging, where by the way I saw at the common jail of the town, a great number of people were clustered together, I asked the cause of their concourse, and I was certified that there was a prisoner to be broken upon the wheel the next day, and that these idle gazers did press to gape upon him for want of better employments, I being as inquisitive after novelties, as a traveller of my small

experience might be, enquired earnestly the true cause of the next days execution : my friend told me that the prisoner was a poor carpenter dwelling in the town, who lately having stolen a goose, and plucking it within his doors, a little girl (his daughter in law) went out of his house, and left the door open, by which means, the owner of the goose passing by, espied the wretched thief very diligently picking what he before had been stealing, to whom the owner said : Neighbour, I now perceive which way my geese use to go, but I will have you in question for them, and so away he went : the caitiff being thus reproved grew desperate, and his child coming into his house ; ye young whore, quoth he, must ye leave my door open for folks to look in upon me ? and with that word, he took a hatchet and with a cursed stroke, he clove the child's head : for the which murder he was condemned and judged to be broken alive upon the wheel. Close by the jail I espied a house of free stone, round and flat roofed, and leaded, upon the which was erected the true picture of a most unmatchable Hangman : and now I am entered into a discourse of this brave abject, or subject, you must understand that this fellow, is a merry, a mad, and a subsidy Hangman, to whom our Tyburn tatterdemalion, or our Wapping wind-pipe stretcher, is but a raggamuffin, not worth the hanging : for this tear-throat termagant is a fellow

in folio, a commander of such great command, and of such greatness to command, that I never saw any that in that respect could countermand him : for his making is almost past description, no Saracen's head seems greater, and sure I think his brainpan if it were emptied, (as I think he hath not much brain in it,) would well contain half a bushel of malt, his shaggy hair and beard would stuff a cushion for *Charons* boat, his embossed nose and embroidered face, would furnish a Jeweller; his eyes well dried, would make good tennis-balls, or shot for a small piece of ordnance, his yawning mouth would serve for a cony-burrow, and his two ragged rows of teeth, for a stone wall, or a pale; then hath he a neck like one of *Hercules* his pillars, with a wind-pipe, (or rather a beer pipe) as big as the boar of a demi-culvering, or a wooden pump; through which conduit half a brewing of *Hamburgh* beer doth run down into his unmeasurable paunch, wherein is more midriff, guts and garbage than three tripe-wives could be able to utter before it stunk. His post-like legs were answerable to the rest of the great frame which they supported, and to conclude, Sir *Bevis*, *Ascapart*, *Gogmagog*, or our English Sir *John Falstaff*, were but shrimps to this bezzling bombard's longitude, latitude, altitude, and crassitude, for he passes, and surpasses the whole German multitude.

And as he is great in corpulency, so is he powerful in potency, for figuratively he hath spiritual resemblance of Romish authority, and in some sort he is a kind of demi-Pope, for once a year in the dog-days he sends out his men with baits instead of Bulls, with full power from his greatness, to knock down all the curs without contradiction, whose masters or owners will not be at the charge to buy a pardon for them of his mightiness, which pardon is more durable than the Popes of wax or parchment, for his is made of a piece of the hide of an ox, a horse, or such lasting stuff, which with his stigmatical stamp or seal is hanged about every dog's neck who is freed from his fury by the purchase of his pardon. And sure I am persuaded that these dogs are more sure of their lives with the hangman's pardon, than the poor besotted blinded Papists are of their seduced souls from any pardon of the Popes.

The privileges of this grand halter-master are many, as he hath the emptying of all the vaults or draughts in the city, which no doubt he gains some favour by. Besides all oxen, kine, horses, hogs, dogs, or any such beasts, if they die themselves, or if they be not like to live, the hangman must knock them on the heads, and have their skins : and whatsoever inhabitant in his jurisdiction doth any of these things aforesaid himself, is abhorred and ac-

counted as a villain without redemption. So that with hangings, headings, breakings, pardoning and killing of dogs, flaying of beasts, emptying of vaults, and such privy commodities, his whole revenue sometimes amounts to 4. or 5. hundred pounds a year. And he is held in that regard and estimation, that any man will converse and drink with him, nay sometimes the Lords of the town will feast with him, and it is accounted no impeachment to their honours; for he is held in the rank of a gentleman, (or a rank gentleman) and he scorns to be called in the cast weeds of executed offenders: No, he goes to the mercers, and hath his satin, his velvet, or what stuff he pleases, measured out by the yard or the ell, with his gold and silver lace, his silk stockings, laced spangled garters and roses, hat and feather, with four or five brave villains attending him in livery cloaks, who have stipendiary means from his ignominious bounty.

Monday the 19. of August, about the hour of 12. at noon, the people of the town in great multitudes flocked to the place of execution; which is half a mile English without the gates built more like a sconce than a gallows, for it is walled and ditched about with a drawbridge and the prisoner came on foot with a Divine with him, all the way exhorting him to repentance, and because death should not

terrify him, they had given him many rouses* and carouses of wine and beer: for it is the custom there to make such poor wretches drunk, whereby they may be senseless either of God's mercy or their own misery: but being prayed for by others, they themselves may die resolutely, or (to be feared) desperately.

But the prisoner being come to the place of death, he was by the officers delivered to the hangman, who entering his strangling fortification with two grand hangmen more and their men, which were come from the city of *Lubeck*, and another town (which I cannot name) to assist their *Hamburghian* brother in this great and weighty work: the drawbridge was drawn up, and the prisoner mounted on a mount of earth, built high on purpose that the people without may see the execution a quarter of a mile round about: four of the hangman's men takes each of them a small halter, and by the hands and the feet they hold the prisoners extended all abroad lying on his back: then the Arch-hangman, or the great Master of this mighty business took up a wheel, much about the bigness of one of the fore wheels of a coach: and first, having put off his doublet, his hat, and being in his shirt,

*ROUSE.—A full glass, a bumper.

as if he meant to play at tennis, he took the wheel, and set it on the edge, and turned it with one hand like a top or a whirligig, then he took it by the spokes, and lifting it up with a mighty stroke he beat one of the poor wretch's legs in pieces, (the bones I mean) at which he roared grievously; then after a little pause he breaks the other leg in the same manner, and consequently breaks his arms, and then he stroke four or five main blows on his breast, and burst all his bulk and chest in shivers, lastly he smote his neck, and missing, burst his chin and jaws to mammocks; then he took the broken mangled corpse, and spread it on the wheel, and thrust a great post or pile into the nave or hole of the wheel, and then fixed the post into the earth some six foot deep, being in height above the ground, some ten or twelve foot, and there the carcass must lie till it be consumed by all-consuming time, or ravening fowls.

This was the terrible manner of this horrid execution, and at this place are twenty posts with those wheels or pieces of wheels, with heads of men nailed on the top of the posts, with a great spike driven through the skull. The several kinds of torments which they inflict upon offenders in those parts makes me to imagine our English hanging to be but a flea-biting.

Moreover, if any man in those parts are to be beheaded, the fashion is, that the prisoner kneels down, and being blinded with a napkin, one takes hold of the hair of the crown of the head, holding the party upright, whilst the hangman with a backward blow with a sword will take the head from a mans shoulders so nimbly, and with such dexterity, that the owner of the head shall never want the miss of it. And if it be any mans fortune to be hanged for never so small a crime, though he be mounted whole, yet he shall come down in pieces, for he shall hang till every joint and limb drop one from another.

They have strange torments and varieties of deaths, according to the various nature of offences that are committed: as for example, he that counterfeits any Princes coin, and is proved a coiner, his judgment is to be boiled to death in oil, not thrown into the vessel all at once, but with a pulley or a rope to be hanged under the arm pits, and let down into the oil by degrees: first the feet, and next the legs, and so to boil his flesh from his bones alive. For those that set houses on fire wilfully, they are smoked to death, as first there is a pile or post fixed in the ground, and within an English ell of it is a piece of wood nailed cross whereupon the offender is made fast fitting, then over the top of

the post is whelmed a great tub of dry fat, which doth cover or overwhelm the prisoner as low as the middle. Then underneath the executioner hath wet straw, hay, stubble, or such kind of stuff, which is fired, but by reason it is wet and dank, it doth not but smoulder and smoke, which smoke ascends up into the tub where the prisoners head is, and not being able to speak, he will heave up and down with his belly; and people may perceive him in these torments to live three or four hours.

Adultery there, if it be proved, is punished with death, as the loss of both the parties heads, if they be both married, or if not both yet the married party must die for it, and the other must endure some easier punishment, either by the purse or carcass; which in the end proves little better than half a hanging.

But as after a tempest a calm is best welcome; so I imagine it not amiss after all this tragical harsh discourse, to sweeten the readers palate with a few comical reports which were related unto me wherein I seem fabulous, it must be remembered that I claim the privilege of a traveller, who hath authority to report all that he hears and sees, and more too. I was informed of a fellow that was hanged somewhat near the highway, within a mile or two of *Collein*, and the fashion being to hang with a halter and a chain, that when the halter is

rotten with the weather, the carcass drops a button hole lower into the chain. Now it fortuned that this fellow was executed on a winter's afternoon towards night, and being hanged, the chain was shorter than the halter, by reasons whereof he was not strangled, but by the jamming of the chain which could not slip close to his neck, he hanged in great torments under the jaws, it happened that as soon as he was trust up, there fell a great storm of rain and wind, whereupon all the people ran away from the gallows to shelter themselves. But night being come, and the moon shining bright, it chanced that a country boor, or a waggoner and his son with him were driving their empty waggon by the place where the fellow was hanged, who being not choked, in the extremity of his pains did stir his legs and writhe and crumple his body, which the waggoners son perceived, and said; Father look, the man upon the gallows doth move: quoth the old man he moves indeed, I pray thee let us make haste, and put the waggon under the gibbet, to see if we can unhang and save him. This being said was quickly done, and the wretch half dead was laid in straw in the boors waggon, and carried home, where with good attendance he was in four or five days recovered to his health, but that he had a crick in his neck, and the cramp in his jaws. The old man was glad that he had done so good a deed, (as

he thought) began to give the thief Fatherly counsel, and told him that it was Gods great mercy towards him to make me (quoth he) the instrument of thy deliverance, and therefore look that thou make good use of this his gracious favour towards thee, and labour to redeem the time thou hast misspent, get thee into some other Princes country, where thy former crimes may not bring thee into the danger of the law again, and there with honest industrious endeavours get thy living.

The thief seemed willing to entertain these good admonitions, and thanked the boor and his son, telling them that the next morning he would be gone: and if ever his fortunes made him able, he promised to be so grateful unto them that they should have cause to say their great courtesies were well bestowed upon him; but all his sugared sweet promises, were in the proof but gall and wormwood in the performance: or this graceless caitiff arose betimes in the morning, and drew on a pair of boots and spurs which were the mans sons of the house, and slipping out of the doors, went to the stable and stole one of his kind hosts best horses, and away rode he. The man and his son, when they were up and missed the thief and the horse, were amazed at the ingratitude of the wretch, and with all speed his son and he rode several ways in pursuit of him, and in brief one of them took him, and brought him back

to their house again, and when it was night they bound him, and laid him in their waggon (having deaf ears, and hardened hearts to all his entreaties) and away to the gallows where they found him hanging, there they, with the halter being a little shortened, they left him. The next day the country people wondered to see him hanging there again, for they had seen him hanged, and missed him gone, and now to be thus strangely and privately come again in boots and spurs, whereas they remembered at his first hanging he had shoes and stockings, it made them muse what journey he had been riding, and what a mad ghost he was to take the gallows for his inn, or (as I suppose) for his end.

The rumour of this accident being bruited abroad, the people came far and near to see him, all in general wondering how these things should come to pass. At last, to clear all doubts proclamations were published with pardon, and a reward to any that could discover the truth, whereupon the old Boor and Son came in and related the whole circumstance of the matter.

At another place (the hangmans place being void) there were two of the blood, (for it is to be noted that the succession of that office doth lineally descend from the Father to the Son, or to the next of the blood) which were at strife for the possession of this high indignity. Now it happened that two men

were to be beheaded at the same town, and at the same time, and (and to avoid suit in law for this great prerogative) it was concluded by the arbitrators, that each of these new hangmen should execute one of the prisoners, and he that with greatest cunning and sleight could take the head from the body, should have the place, to this they all agreed and the prisoners were brought forth, where one of the executioners did bind a red silk thread double about his prisoners neck the threads being distant one from another only the breadth of one thread, and he promised to cut off the head with a backward blow with his sword, between the threads. The other called his prisoner aside, and told him if he would be ruled by him, he should have his life saved, and besides (quoth he) I shall be sure to have the office. The prisoner was glad of the motion, and said he would do anything upon these conditions, then said the hangman, when thou art upon thy knees, and hast said thy prayers, and that I do lift up my axe, (for I will use an axe) to strike thee, I will cry Hem, at which word do thou rise and run away, (thou knowest none will slay thee if thou canst once escape after thou art delivered into my custody, it is the fashion of our country) and let me alone to shift to answer the matter. This being said or whispered, the headsman with the sword did cut off the prisoners head just between the threads as he had

said, which made all the people wonder at the steadiness of his hand, and most of them judged that he was the man that was and would be most fittest to make a mad hangman of.

But as one tale is good till another be told, and as there be three degrees of good, better, and best; so this last hangman did much exceed and eclipse the others cunning: For his prisoner being on his knees, and he lifting up his axe to give the fatal blow, *Hem*, (said he according to promise) whereupon the fellow arose and ran away, but when he had run some seven or eight paces, the hangman threw the axe after him, and struck his head smoothly from his shoulders, now for all this, who shall have the place is unknown, for they are yet in law for it; and I doubt not but before the matter be ended, that the lawyers will make them exercise their own trades upon themselves to end the controversy. This tale doth savour somewhat Hyperbolical but I wish the reader to believe no more of the matter than I saw, and there is an end.

At another town there stood an old over-worn despised pair of gallows, but yet not so old but they will last many a fair year with good usage, but the townsmen a little distance from them built another pair, in a more stately geometrical port and fashion, whereupon they were demanded why they would be at the charge to erect a new gallows, having so

sufficient an old one : they answered, that those old gallows should serve to hang fugitives and strangers; but those new ones were built for them and their heirs for ever. Thus much for hangmen, thieves, and gallowses.

Yet one thing more for thieves: In *Hamburgh* those that are not hanged for theft, are chained 2. or 3. together, and they must in that sort six or seven years draw a dung-cart, and cleanse the streets of the town, and every one of those thieves for as many years as he is condemned to that slavery, so many bells he hath hanged at an iron above one of his shoulders, and every year a bell is taken off, till all are gone, and then he is a free man again, and I did see ten or twelve of these carts, and some of the thieves had 7. bells, some 5. some 6. some one, but such a noise they make, as if all the Devils in Hell were dancing the morrice.

Hamburgh is a free city, not being subject to the Emperor, or any other Prince, but only governed by twenty-four Burgomasters, whereof two are the chief, who are called Lords, and do hold that dignity from their first election during their lives. The buildings are all of one uniform fashion, very lofty and stately, it is wonderful populous, and the water with boats comes through most of the streets of the town.

Their churches are most gorgeously set forth, as the most of them covered with copper, with very lofty spires, and within sides they are adorned with crucifixes, images, and pictures, which they do charily keep for ornaments, but not for idle or idol adornation. In St. *Jacobs* and in Saint *Katherines* Churches there is in one of them a pupil of alabaster, and in the other a pair of such organs, which for worth and workmanship are unparalleled in Christendom, as most travellers do relate.

The women are no fashion mongers, but they keep in their degrees one continual habit, as the richer sort do wear a huke, which is a robe of cloth or stuff plaited, and the upper part of it is gathered and sewed together in the form of an English potlid, with a tassel on the top, and so put upon the head, and the garment goes over her ruff and face if she please, and so down to the ground, so that a man may meet his own wife, and perhaps not know her from another woman.

They have no porters to bear burdens, but they have big burly-boned knaves with their wives that do daily draw carts any whither up and down the town, with merchants goods or any other employments: and it is reported that these cart-drawers are to see the rich men of the town provided of milch-nurses for their children which nurses they call by the name of *Ams*, so that if they do want a

nurse at any time, these fellows are cursed, because they have not gotten wenches enough with child to supply their wants.

But if a man of any fashion do chance to go astray to a house of iniquity, the whilst he is in the house at his drudgery, another of the whores will go to the sheriff, (which they call the Right-heir) and inform that such a man is in such a suspected house, then is his coming forth narrowly watched, and he is taken and brought before the Right-heir, and examined, where if he be a man of credit, he must, and will pay forty, fifty, or sixty Rex Dollers before he will have his reputation called in question. Of which money the quean that did inform shall have her reward.

A lawyer hath but a bad trade there, for any cause or controversy is tried and determined in three days, quirks, quiddits, demurs, habeas, corpuses, sursararaes, procedendoes, or any such dilatory Law-tricks and abolished, and not worth a button.

But above all, I must not forget the rare actions and humours of a quacksalver or mountebank, or to speak more familiarly, a shadow a skilful chirurgeon. This fellow being clad in an ancient doublet of decayed satin, with a spruce leather jerkin with glass buttons, the rest of his attire being correspondent, was mounted upon the scaffold, having

shelves set with viols, gallipots, glasses, boxes, and such like stuff, wherein as he said, were waters, oils, unguents, emplasters, electuaries, vomits, purges, and a world of never heard of drugs; and being mounted (as I said) he and his man began to proclaim all their skill and more, having a great number of idle and ignorant gazers on, he began as followeth (as I was informed by my interpreter, for I understood not one word he spake.)

I *Jacomo Compostella*, practitioner in physic, chirurgery, and the mathematics, being a man famous through Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, from the oriental exaltation of *Titan*, to his occidental declination, who for the testimony of my skill, and the rare cures that I have done, have these princes hands and seals; at first the great *Cham* of *Tartaria*, in whose court, only with this water which is the Elixir of Henbane, diafracted in a diurnal of ingredients Hippocratontic, Avicenian, and Cataract, with this did I cure the great Duchess of *Promulpho* of the cramp in her tongue: and with this oil did I restore the Emperor *Gregory Evanowich*, of a convulsion in his pericranion. From thence I travelled to *Slavonia*, where I met with *Mustapha Despot* of *Servia*, who at that time was intolerably vexed with a *Spasmus*, so that it often drove him into a syncope with the violent obstructions of the conflagerating of his veins.

Only with this precious unguent being the quintessence of *Mugwort*, with *Auripigmenty*, terrographicated in a limbeck of crystalline translucency, I recovered him to his former health, and for my reward I had a Barbary horse with rich caparisons, a Turkish scimitar, a Persian robe, and 2000. Hungarian ducats.

Besides, here are the hands and seals of *Potohamock*, *Adelantado* of *Prozewgma*, and of *Gulch Flownderscurfe* chief burgomaster of *Belgrade*, and of divers princes and estates, which to avoid tedious prolixity I omit. But good people if you or any other be troubled with apoplexies, palsies, cramps, lethargies, cataracks, quinsies, tisicks pleurisies, coughs, headaches, tertian, quartan, and quotidian agues, burning fevers, jaundices, dropsies, colics, illiaca passio's, the stone, the strangury, the pox, plague, botches, biles, blains, scabs, scurfs, mange, leprosies, cankers, megrims, mumps, fluxes, measles, murrains, gouts, consumptions, toothache, ruptures, hernia aquosa, hernia ventosa, hernia carnosa, or any other malady that dares afflict the body of man or woman, come and buy while you may have it for money, for I am sent for speedily to the Emperor of *Trapezond*, about affairs of great importance that highly concerns his royal person.

Thus almost two hours did this fellow with embost words, and most laborious action, talk and

swear to the people, that understood no more what he said, than he himself understood himself. And I think his whole takings for simple compounds did amount in the total to 9.pence sterling.

But leaving *Hamburgh*, (having gathered these few observations aforesaid) out of it I went *August* 28. and my first jaunt of my travels was by water, to a town called *Buckstahoo*, it is a little walled town, and stands on the other side of the river, 3.miles as they call it from *Hamburgh*. The boat we passed in is called an *Iuar*, not so good as a Gravesend barge, yet I think it may be as great, and the three miles longer than from London, to Gravesend, for I am sure that we were going 9. hours before we could be landed. Our passage cost us 3.pence a piece, and one thing I remember well, that the lazy watermen will sit still all (or the most part of the way) whilst their passengers, (be they never so rich or poor, all is one to them, be they men or women) they must row by turns an hour or such a matter: and we landed in the night at a place called *Crants*, where all the passengers were to go to supper, but such diet we had, that the proverb was truly verified *God sent meat, and the Devil sent Cooks:* for as there was no respect of persons in the boat, so all fellows at the table, and all one price, the palatine and the plebeian: our first mess was great platters of black broth, in shape like new tar, and in taste Cousin

German to slut pottage; our second were dishes of eels, chopped as small as herbs, and the broth they were in as salt as brine; then had we a boiled goose, with choak pears and carrots buried in a deep dish; and when we demanded what was to pay, it was but three pence a man, I mused at the cheapness of it, but afterwards they came upon us with a fresh reckoning of fivepence a man for beer, for they never count their meat and drink together, but bring in several reckonings for them: but the morning being come, we hired a boors waggon, to carry us to a place called *Citezen*, three miles there, or 12 English miles from *Buckstahoo*: a little bald dorp it is where we came about noon, and found such slender entertainment, that we had no cause to boast of our good cheer or our hostess cookery. We having refreshed ourselves, and hired a fresh waggon, away we went two miles further to a dorp called *Rodonburgh*, this village belongeth to the Bishop of *Rodonburgh*, who hath a fair house there, strongly walled and deeply ditched and moated about very defensible, with draw bridges, and good ordinance. This Bishop is a temporal Lord, notwithstanding his spiritual title; and no doubt but the flesh prevails above the spirit with him; so the Bishops of *Brcame*, *Lunninburgh*, and divers other places in Germany, do very charitably take the fleece, (for they themselves never look to the flock) by

reason they use no ecclesiastic function, but only in name.

Being lodged at *Rodonburgh,* in a stately inn, where the host, hostess, guests, cows, horses, swine lay all in one room; yet I must confess their beds to be very good, and their linen sweet, but in those parts they use no coverlet, rug, or blanket, but a good featherbed undermost, with clean sheets, pillows, and pillowbears, and another featherbed uppermost, with a fair sheet above all, so that a mans lodging is like a womans lying-in, all white.

August the 30. we went from *Rodenburgh*, and about noon we came to an old walled town, called *Feirden*, it hath two churches in it, and the hangmans statue very artificially carved in stone, and set on a high pillar with a rod rampart in his hand, at this town I met with six strangers, all travellers, where we went to dinner together, all at one table, and every man opened his knapsack or budget with victuals; (for he that carries no meat with him, may fast by authority in most places of that country) but to note the kindness of these people one to another, some had bread and a box of salt butter, some had raw bacon, some had cheese, some had pickled herring, some dried beef, and amongst the rest I had brought three ribs of roast beef, and other provision from *Hamburgh:* to conclude, we drew all like fiddlers, and fed (for the most part) like swine, for

every man eat what was his own, and no man did proffer one bit of what he had to his neighbour, so he that had cheese must dine with cheese, for he that had meat would offer him none; I did cut every one a part of my roast beef; which my guide told me they would not take well, because it is not the fashion of the country: I tried, and found them very tractable to take anything that was good, so that I perceived their modesty to take one from another, proceeds from their want of manners to offer. But dinner being done, away we went over a bridge, in the midst whereof is a cage,* made in the likeness of a great lanthorn, it is hanged on a turning gibbet like a crane: so that it may be turned on the bridge and over the river, as they shall please that have occasion to use it. It is big enough to hold two men, and it is for this purpose if any one or more do rob gardens or orchards, or cornfields, (if they be taken) he or they are put into this same whirligig, or kickambob, and the gibbet being turned, the offender hangs in this cage from the river some 12. or 14. foot from the water, and then there is a small line made fast to the party some 5. or 6. fathom, and with a trick which they have, the bottom of the cage drops out, and the thief falls suddenly into the water. I had not gone far, but at the end of the bridge I saw an old chapel, which in old time they say was dedicated to St. *Frodswick*, which hath the day after Saint *Luke*

*A LYNN in the original. [?]

the Evangelist: I entering in, perceived it was a charitable chapel, for the doors and windows were always open, by reason there were none to shut, and it was a common receptacle for beggars and rogues. There was the Image of our Lady with a veil over her, made as I think of a bakers bolter,* and Saint *Peter* holding a candle to her. I cut a piece of her veil, and taking *Peter* by the hand at my departure, the kind Image (I know not upon what acquaintance) being loose handed, let me have his hand with me, which being made of wood, by reason of ruinous antiquity, burst off in the handling: which two precious relics I brought home with me to defend me and all my friends from sparrow-blasting.[?]

From this place we were glad to travel on foot 1. Dutch mile to a dorp called *Dufurn*, where we hired a boors waggon to a town *Neinburgh*, but we could not reach thither by 2. English miles, so that we were glad to lodge in a barn that night: on the morrow early we arose and came to *Neinburgh*, which is a little walled town, belonging to that Bishopric from whence it is so named. There we staid 3. hours before we could get a waggon, at last we were mounted to a dorp called *Leiz*, 2. Dutch miles; I would have bargained with the boor to have carried us to *Dorn*, which I bade my guide tell him it was but a mile further, a mile quoth the boor,

*BOLTER—A machine for separating bran from flour; a sieve; a net.

indeed we call it no more, but it was measured with a dog, and they threw in the tail and all to the bargain; so to *Leiz* he carried us, and there we found a waggon of *Dorn* homeward bound, which made us ride the cheaper; but it was the longest mile that ever I rode or went, for surely it is as much as some ten of our miles in England. But having overcome it at last, from thence I took a fresh waggon to carry me two miles to a town called *Buckaburgh*, where I had and have I hope a brother residing, to whom my journey was intended, and with whom my perambulation was at a period. This town of *Buckaburgh* is wholly and solely belonging to the Graff or *Grave* of *Shomburgh*, a Prince of great command and eminence, absolute in his authority and power, not countermanded by the Emperor, or any other further than courtesy requires; and in a word, he is one of the best accomplished gentlemen in *Europe* for his person, port, and princely magnificence. He hath there to his inestimable charge, built the town, with many goodly houses, streets, lanes, a strong wall, and a deep ditch, all well furnished with munition and artillery, with a band of Soldiers which he keepeth in continual pay, allowing every man a doller a week, and double apparel every year. Besides, he hath built a stately church, being above 120. steps to the roof, with a fair pair of organs, a curious carved pulpit, and all other ornaments

belonging to the same. His own palace may well be called an earthly paradise, which if I should run into the praise of the description of, I should bring my wits into an intricate labyrinth, that I should hardly find the way out, yet according to the imbecility of my memory I will only touch a little at the shadow of it, and let the substance stand where it doth.

At the front or outward gate is a most stately arch, upon the top whereof is erected the image of Envy, (as great as a demi Colossus) between two dragons, all gilt with gold, before the gate is an iron grate to open and shut as it were of flowers or work of embroidery, at which gate stands always a Court of guard, and a sentinal, and at the lower part of the arch is the Princes title or in capital letters as followeth ;

ERNESTUS DEI GRATIA
COMES HOLST, Scomburgh,
Sternburgh, &c.

After I was entered within the outward gate, I was shewed his stables, where I saw very fair and goodly horses, both for war and other uses, amongst the rest there was one naturally spotted like a leopard or panther, and is called by the name of leopard, a stately courageous beast and so formed as

if nature had laid all her cunning aside, only to compose that horse, and indeed I must acknowledge he was made for the service of some great Prince, and not for any inferior person.

Passing further, I came to another Court of guard, and over a draw-bridge, into the inner court, where on the right hand, I was conducted into the chapel, in which chapel, if it were possible that the hand of mortal men (with artificial workmanship) could visibly set forth the magnificent glory of the immortal Creator, then absolutely there it is, but being impossible so to do, (as near as I can) I will describe it; the pavement is all of black and grey marble, curiously wrought with chequer-work, the seats and pews are carved wainscoat of wonderful cunning and workmanship; the roof is adorned with the statues of Angels and Cherubims, many in number, all so richly gilded, as if gold were as plentiful as pewter, there could not be more liberality bestowed: besides there are a fair set of organs, with a brave sweet choir of choristers: so that when they sing, the lutes, viols, bandoraes, organs, recorders, sacbuts, and other musical instruments, all strike up together, with such a glorious delicious harmony, as if the angelical music of the spheres were descended into that earthly tabernacle. The Prince himself is a Protestant, very zealous in his prayer, and diligent in his attention to the preacher,

who although I understood not, yet I perceived he was a good Divine, who gravely and sincerely with reverence and eloquent elocution, delivered the Bread of Life to the understanding auditors.

In this town I staid with my brother from Saturday the last of *August*, till the Thursday following which was the fifth of *September*. When I was conducted an English mile on my way by certain of my Country men my Lords musicians, where we drank and parted, only my brother and my guide brought me that night to a strong walled town called *Minden*, which standeth on the river of *Weazar*, and belongeth to the Bishop of that See. On the morrow I walked to see the town, where I bought thirty-six cheeses for eightpence, and a yard and a half of pudding for fivepence, which I brought into *England* for rarities. So about noon we took a boat to pass down the river, which boat is much longer than any Western barge, but nothing near so broad, it was half laden with lime and chalk, and by reason the wind blew hard, we were almost choked with the flying and scattering of that dusty commodity. Besides the water was so shallow, that we ran a-ground three or four times, and sometimes an hour, sometimes less before we could get afloat again: which made me and my guide go a-shore at a village called *Peterhaghen*, where we hired a waggon to *Leize*, where we stayed all night, (being

come into our old way again) where were a crew of strolling rogues and whores that took upon them the name of Egyptians, jugglers, and fortune-tellers, and indeed one of them held the good wife with a tale, the whilst another was picking her chest, and stole out ten dollers which is forty shillings, and she that talked with her, looked in her hand, and told her that if she did not take great heed she knew by her Art that some mischance was near her: which proved true, for her money was gone, the whilst her fortune was telling.

But I appointed a waggon over night to be ready by three of the clock in the morning, when I arose and applied my travel so hard by changing fresh waggons, so that that day I came as far as *Rodenburgh*, which was nine Dutch miles, where I stayed that night: The next day being Sunday the eight of *September*, we took waggon towards *Buckstahoo*, we had a merry boor, with an hundred tatters about him; and now I think it fit a little to describe these boors, their natures, habits, and unmannerly manners. In our English tongue the name boar or boor do truly explain their swinish condition, for most of them are as full of humanity as a bacon-hog, or a boar, and their wives as cleanly and courteous as sows. For the most part of the men they are clad in thin buckrum, unlined, bare legged and

footed, neither band nor scarce shirt, no woollen in the world about them, and thus will they run through all weathers for money by the waggons side, and though no better apparelled, yet all of them have houses, land, or manual means to live by. The substantial boors I did meet above 120. of them that Sunday, with every one a hatchet in his hand, I mused at it, and thought they had been going to fell wood that day, but my guide told me they were going to church, and that instead of cloaks they carried hatchets, and that it was the fashion of the country: whereupon it came into my mind, cloak, *quasi* cleave-oak, *ergo* the boors wear hatchets instead of cloaks.

There are other fashion boors, who wear white linen breeches as close as Irish trousers, but so long that they are turned up at the shoe in a roll like a maids sleeves at the hand, but what these fellows want in the bigness of their hose, they have in doublets, for their sleeves are as big as breeches, and the bodies great enough to hold a kilderkin of beer, and a barrel of butter.

The country is very full of woods, and especially oaks, which they very seldom cut down, because of the mast for their swine, which live there in great abundance. If any man be slain or murdered in the way, they use to set up a wooden cross in the

place, for a memorial of the bloody fact committed there, and there were many of those wooden crosses in the way as I travelled.

They seldom have any robbery committed amongst them, but there is a murder with it, for their unmannerly manner is to knock out a mans brains first, or else to lurk behind a tree, and shoot a man with a piece or a pistol, and so make sure work with the passenger, and then search his pockets.

It is as dangerous to steal or kill a hare in some places there, as it is to rob a church or kill a man in *England*, and yet a two-penny matter will discharge the offender, for the best and the worst is but an halter; and I was informed that an English merchant (not knowing the danger) as he was riding on the way, having a piece charged in his hand (as it is an ordinary weapon to travel with there) by chance he espied a hare, and shot at her and killed her; but he was apprehended for it, and it was like to have cost him his life; but before he got out of the trouble, he was fain to use his best friends and means, (and pleading ignorance for his innocency, at last with the loss of a great deal of liberty, and five hundred pound in money, he was discharged: The reason of this strict course is, because all the hares in the country do belong to one Lord or other, and being in abundance, they are killed by the owners

appointment, and carried to the markets by cart-loads, and sold for the use of the honourable owners: And no boor or tenant that dwells in those part, where those hares are plenty must keep a dog except he pay five shillings a year to the Lord, or else one of his fore-feet must be cut off, that he may not hunt hares.

A man is in almost as high proportion to be a knave in England, as a Knight in Germany, for there a gentleman is called a youngcur, and a Knight is but a youngcurs man, so that you shall have a scurvy Squire command a Knight to hold his stirrup, pluck off his boots, or any other unknightly piece of service: and verily I think there are an 100 several Princes, Earls, Bishops, and other estates, that do every one keep a Mint, and in their own names stamp money, gold, silver and brass, and amongst 23. twopences which I had of their brass money, (which they call grushes) I had 13 several coins.

Many more such worthy injunctions and honourable ordinances I observed, which are hardly worth pen and ink the describing, and therefore I omit them, and draw towards an end, for on the Wednesday morning I was at an anchor at *Stoad*, and on the Friday night following I was (by Gods gracious assistance) landed at London. So that in three weeks and three days I sailed from *England*

to *Hamburgh* and back again, staying in the country 17. days, and travelled 200 miles by land there: gathering like a busy bee all these honeyed observations, some by sight, some by hearing, some by both, some by neither, and some by bare supposition.

FINIS.

THE PENNYLES PILGRIMAGE,

OR

The Money-leſſe perambulation,

of IOHN TAYLOR, *Alias*
the Kings Majesties
Water-Poet.

HOW HE TRAVAILED ON FOOT from *London* to *Edenborough* in *Scotland*, not carrying any Money to or fro, neither Begging, Borrowing, or Asking Meate, drinke or Lodging.

With his Description of his Entertainment in all places of his Iourney, and a true Report of the vnmatchable Hunting in the *Brea* of *Marre* and *Badenoch* in *Scotland.*

With other Obſeruations, ſome ſerious and worthy of Memory, and ſome merry and not hurtfull to be Remembred.

Lastly that (which is Rare in a Trauailer) all is true.

LONDON
Printed by *Edw: Allde*, at the charges of the Author. 1618

To the Truly
Noble and Right
Honorable Lord GEORGE MARquis of Buckingham, Viscount Villiers, Baron of Whaddon, Justice in Eyre of all his Majesty's Forests, Parks, and Chases beyond Trent, Master of the Horse to his Majesty, and one of the Gentlemen of his Highness Royal Bed-Chamber, Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter, and one of his Majesty's most Honorable Privy Council of both the Kingdoms of England and Scotland.

IGHT Honorable, and worthy honoured Lord, as in my Travels, I was entertained, welcomed, and relieved by many Honourable Lords, Worshipful Knights, Esquires, Gentlemen, and others both in England and Scotland. So now your Lordship's inclination hath incited, or invited my poor muse to shelter herself under the shadow of your honorable patronage, not that there is any worth at all in my sterile invention, but in all humility I acknowledge that it is only your Lordship's acceptance, that is able to make this nothing, something, and withal engage me ever.

Your Honors,
In all observance,
JOHN TAYLOR.

TO ALL MY LOVING ADVENTURERS, BY WHAT NAME OR TITLE SOEVER, MY GENERAL SALUTATION.

READER, these Travels of mine into Scotland, *were not undertaken, neither in imitation, or emulation of any man, but only devised by myself, on purpose to make trial of my friends both in this Kingdom of* England, *and that of* Scotland, *and because I would be an eye-witness of divers things which I had heard of that Country; and whereas many shallow-brained Critics, do lay an aspersion on me, that I was set on by others, or that I did undergo this project, either in malice, or mockage of Master* Benjamin Jonson, *I vow by the faith of a Christian, that their imaginations are all wide, for he is a gentleman, to whom I am so much obliged for many undeserved courtesies that I have received from him, and from others by his favour, that I durst never to be so impudent or ungrateful, as either to suffer any man's persuasions, or mine own instigation, to incite me, to make so bad a requital, for so*

much goodness formerly received; so much for that, and now Reader, if you expect

That I should write of cities' situations,
Or that of countries I should make relations:
Of brooks, crooks, nooks; of rivers, bournes and rills,
Of mountains, fountains, castles, towers and hills,
Of shires, and piers, and memorable things,
Of lives and deaths of great commanding kings,
I touch not those, they not belong to me;
But if such things as these you long to see,
Lay down my book, and but vouchsafe to read
The learned *Camden*, or laborious *Speed*.

And so God speed you and me, whilst I rest
Yours in all thankfulness:
JOHN TAYLOR.

TAYLOR'S PENNILESS PILGRIMAGE.

LIST Lordlings, list (if you have lust to list)
I write not here a tale of had I wist :
But you shall hear of travels, and relations,
Descriptions of strange (yet English) fashions.
And he that not believes what here is writ,
Let him (as I have done) make proof of it.
The year of grace, accounted (as I ween)
One thousand twice three hundred and eighteen,
And to relate all things in order duly,
'Twas Tuesday last, the fourteenth day of July,
Saint *Revels* day, the almanack will tell ye
The sign in *Virgo* was, or near the belly :
The moon full three days old, the wind full south ;
At these times I began this trick of youth.
I speak not of the tide, for understand,
My legs I made my oars, and rowed by land,

Though in the morning I began to go
Good fellows trooping, flocked me so,
That make what haste I could, the sun was set,
E're from the gates of *London* I could get.
At last I took my latest leave thus late,
At the Bell Inn, that's *extra Aldersgate.*
There stood a horse that my provant[1] should carry,
From that place to the end of my fegary,[2]
My horse no horse, or mare, but gelded nag,
That with good understanding bore my bag :
And of good carriage he himself did show,
These things are excellent in a beast you know.
There in my knapsack, (to pay hunger's fees)
I had good bacon, biscuit, neat's-tongue, cheese
With roses, barberries, of each conserves,
And mithridate, that vigorous health perserves :
And I entreat you take these words for no-lies,
I had good *Aqua vitæ, Rosa* so-lies :
With sweet *Ambrosia,* (the gods' own drink)
Most excellent gear for mortals, as I think,
Besides, I had both vinegar and oil,
That could a daring saucy stomach foil.
This foresaid Tuesday night 'twixt eight and nine,
Well rigged and ballasted, both with beer and wine,
I stumbling forward, thus my jaunt begun,
And went that night as far as *Islington.*
There did I find (I dare affirm it bold)

[1] PROVANT.—Provender ; provision. [2] FEGARY.—A vagary.

A Maidenhead of twenty-five years old,
But surely it was painted, like a whore,
And for a sign, or wonder, hanged at door,
Which shows a Maidenhead, that's kept so long,
May he hanged up, and yet sustain no wrong.
There did my loving friendly host begin
To entertain me freely to his inn :
And there my friends, and good associates,
Each one to mirth himself accommodates.
At Well-head both for welcome, and for cheer,
Having a good *New ton*, of good stale beer :
There did we *Trundle** down health, after health,
(Which oftentimes impairs both health and wealth.)
Till everyone had filled his mortal trunk,
And only *No-body** was three parts drunk.
The morrow next, Wednesday Saint *Swithin's* day,
From ancient *Islington* I took my way.
At *Holywell* I was enforced carouse,
Ale high, and mighty, at the Blindman's House.
But there's a help to make amends for all,
That though the ale be great, the pots be small.
At *Highgate* Hill to a strange house I went,
And saw the people were to eating bent,
In either borrowed, craved, asked, begged, or bought,
But most laborious with my teeth I wrought.
I did not this, 'cause meat or drink was scant,
But I did practise thus before my want ;
Like to a Tilter that would win the prize,

*TRUNDLE.—*i.e.*, John Trundle of the sign of *No-body* (see note page 6).

Before the day he'll often exercise.
So I began to put in use, at first
These principles 'gainst hunger, 'gainst thirst.
Close to the Gate,[1] there dwelt a worthy man,
That well could take his whiff, and quaff his can,
Right Robin Good-fellow, but humours evil,
Do call him *Robin Pluto*, or the devil.
But finding him a devil, freely hearted,
With friendly farewells I took leave and parted,
And as alongst I did my journey take,
I drank at *Broom's well*, for pure fashion's sake,
Two miles I travelled then without a bait,
The Saracen's Head at *Whetstone* entering straight,
I found an host, that might lead an host of men,
Exceeding fat, yet named *Lean*, and *Fen*.[2]
And though we make small reckoning of him here,
He's known to be a very great man there.
There I took leave of all my company,
Bade all farewell, yet spake to *No-body*.
Good reader think not strange, what I compile,
For *No-body* was with me all this while.
And *No-body* did drink, and, wink, and scink,
And on occasion freely spent his chink.
If anyone desire to know the man,
Walk, stumble, *Trundle*, but in *Barbican*.

It is reasonable to conjecture that at this date the custom of "Swearing-in at Highgate was not in vogue—or, *No-body* would have taken the oath.

[2]NAMED LEAN AND FEN.—Some jest is intended here on the Host's name.—Qy., Leanfen, or, the anagram of A. FENNEL.

There's as good beer and ale as ever twang'd,
And in that street kind *No-body*[1] is hanged.
But leaving him unto his matchless fame,
I to St. *Albans* in the evening came,
Where Master *Taylor*, at the Saracen's Head,
Unasked (unpaid for) me both lodged and fed.

[1]NO-BODY was the singular sign of John Trundle, a ballad-printer in Barbican in the seventeenth century [and who seems to have accompanied our author as far as *Whetstone* on his "Penniless Pilgrimage"—and, certainly up to this point a very "wet" one!] In one of Ben Jonson's plays Nobody is introduced, "attyred in a payre of Breeches, which were made to come up to his neck, with his armes out at his pockets and cap drowning his face." This comedy was "printed for John Trundle and are to be sold at his shop in Barbican at the sygne of No-Body." A unique ballad, preserved in the Miller Collection at Britwell House, entitled "The Well-spoken No-body," is accompanied by a woodcut representing a ragged barefooted fool on pattens, with a torn money-bag under his arm, walking through a chaos of broken pots, pans, bellows, candlesticks, tongs, tools, windows, &c. Above him is a scroll in black-letter :—

"Nobody . is . my . Name . that . Beyreth . Ebery . Bodyes . Blame."

The ballad commences as follows :—

"Many speke of Robin Hoode that never shott in his bowe,
So many have layed faultes to me, which I did never knowe;
But nowe, beholde, here I am,
Whom all the worlde doeth diffame;
Long have they also scorned me,
And locked my mouthe for speking free.
As many a Godly man they have so served
Which unto them God's truth hath shewed;
Of such they have burned and hanged some.
That uuto their ydolatrye wold not come:
The Ladye Truthe they have locked in cage,
Saying of her Nobodye had knowledge.
For as much nowe as they name Nobodye
I thinke verilye they speke of me:
Whereffore to answere I nowe beginne—
The locke of my mouthe is opened with ginne,
Wrought by no man, but by God's grace,
Unto whom he prayse in every place," &c.

Larwood and Hotten's *History of Signboards.*

The tapsters, hostlers, chamberlains, and all,
Saved me a labour, that I need not call,
The jugs were filled and filled, the cups went round,
And in a word great kindness there I found,
For which both to my cousin, and his men,
I'll still be thankful in word, deed, and pen.
Till Thursday morning there I made my stay,
And then I went plain *Dunstable* highway.
My very heart with drought methought did shrink,
I went twelve miles, and no one bade me drink.
Which made me call to mind, that instant time,
That drunkenness was a most sinful crime.
When *Puddle-hill* I footed down, and past
A mile from thence, I found a hedge at last.
There stroke we sail, our bacon, cheese, and bread,
We drew like fiddlers, and like farmers fed.
And whilst two hours we there did take our ease,
My nag made shift to mump green pulse[1] and peas.
Thus we our hungry stomachs did supply,
And drank the water of a brook hard by.
Away toward *Hockley* in the Hole, we make,
When straight a horseman did me overtake,
Who knew me, and would fain have given me coin,
I said, my bonds did me from coin enjoin,
I thanked and prayed him to put up his chink,
And willingly I wished it drowned in drink.
Away rode he, but like an honest man,
I found at *Hockley* standing at the Swan,

[1] PULSE.—All sorts of leguminous seeds.

A formal tapster, with a jug and glass,
Who did arrest me : I most willing was
To try the action, and straight put in bail,
My fees were paid before, with sixpence ale,
To quit this kindness, I most willing am,
The man that paid for all, his name is *Dam*,
At the Green Dragon, against *Grays-Inn* gate,
He lives in good repute, and honest state.
I forward went in this my roving race,
To *Stony Stratford* I toward night did pace,
My mind was fixed through the town to pass,
To find some lodging in the hay or grass,
But at the *Queen's Arms*, from the window there,
A comfortable voice I chanced to hear,
Call *Taylor*, *Taylor*, and be hanged come hither,
I looked for small entreaty and went thither,
There were some friends, which I was glad to see,
Who knew my journey ; lodged, and boarded me.
On Friday morn, as I would take my way,
My friendly host entreated me to stay,
Because it rained, he told me I should have
Meat, drink, and horse-meat and not pay or crave.
I thanked him, and for his love remain his debtor,
But if I live, I will requite him better.
(From *Stony Stratford)* the way hard with stones,
Did founder me, and vex me to the bones.
In blustering weather, both for wind and rain,
Through *Towcester* I trotted with much pain,

Two miles from thence, we sat us down and dined,
Well bulwarked by a hedge, from rain and wind.
We having fed, away incontinent,
With weary pace toward *Daventry* we went.
Four miles short of it, one o'ertook me there,
And told me he would leave a jug of beer,
At *Daventry* at the Horse-shoe for my use.
I thought it no good manners to refuse,
But thanked him, for his kind unasked gift,
Whilst I was lame as scarce a leg could lift,
Came limping after to that stony town,
Whose hard streets made me almost halt right down.
There had my friend performed the words he said,
And at the door a jug of liquor staid,
The folks were all informed, before I came,
How, and wherefore my journey I did frame,
Which caused mine hostess from her door come out,
(Having a great wart rampant on her snout.)
The tapsters, hostlers, one another call,
The chamberlains with admiration all,
Were filled with wonder, more than wonderful,
As if some monster sent from the *Mogul*,
Some elephant from *Africa*, I had been,
Or some strange beast from the *Amazonian* Queen.
As buzzards, widgeons, woodcocks, and such fowl,
Do gaze and wonder at the broad-faced owl,

So did these brainless asses, all amazed,
With admirable *Nonsense* talked and gazed,
They knew my state (although not told by me)
That I could scarcely go, they all could see,
They drank of my beer, that to me was given,
But gave me not a drop to make all even,
And that which in my mind was most amiss,
My hostess she stood by and saw all this,
Had she but said, come near the house my friend,
For this day here shall be your journey's end.
Then had she done the thing which [she] did not,
And I in kinder words had paid the shot.
I do entreat my friends, (as I have some)
If they to *Daventry* do chance to come,
That they will baulk that inn ; or if by chance,
Or accident into that house they glance,
Kind gentlemen, as they by you reap profit,
My hostess care of me, pray tell her of it,*
Yet do not neither ; lodge there when you will,
You for your money shall be welcome still.
From thence that night, although my bones were sore,
I made a shift to hobble seven miles more :
The way to *Dunchurch*, foul with dirt and mire,
Able, I think, both man and horse to tire.
On *Dunsmoor* Heath, a hedge doth there enclose
Grounds, on the right hand, there I did repose.

*See Dedication to *The Scourge of Baseness*.

Wit's whetstone, Want, there made us quickly learn,
With knives to cut down rushes, and green fern,
Of which we made a field-bed in the field,
Which sleep, and rest, and much content did yield.
There with my mother earth, I thought it fit
To lodge, and yet no incest did commit:
My bed was curtained with good wholesome airs,
And being weary, I went up no stairs:
The sky my canopy, bright *Phœbe* shined
Sweet bawling *Zephyrus* breathed gentle wind,
In heaven's star-chamber I did lodge that night,
Ten thousand stars, me to my bed did light;
There barricadoed with a bank lay we
Below the lofty branches of a tree,
There my bed-fellows and companions were,
My man, my horse, a bull, four cows, two steer:
But yet for all this most confused rout,
We had no bed-staves, yet we fell not out.
Thus nature, like an ancient free upholster,
Did furnish us with bedstead, bed, and bolster;
And the kind skies, (for which high heaven be thanked,)
Allowed us a large covering and a blanket;
Auroras face 'gan light our lodging dark,
We arose and mounted, with the mounting lark,
Through plashes, puddles, thick, thin, wet and dry,
I travelled to the city *Coventry.*

There Master Doctor *Holland*[1] caused me stay
The day of *Saturn* and the Sabbath day.
Most friendly welcome, he me did afford,
I was so entertained at bed and board,
Which as I dare not brag how much it was,
I dare not be ingrate and let it pass,
But with thanks many I remember it,
(Instead of his good deeds) in words and writ,
He used me like his son, more than a friend,
And he on Monday his commends did send
To *Newhall*, where a gentleman did dwell,
Who by his name is hight *Sacheverell.*
The Tuesday *July's* one and twentieth day,
I to the city *Lichfield* took my way,
At *Sutton Coldfield* with some friends I met,
And much ado I had from thence to get,
There I was almost put unto my trumps,
My horse's shoes were worn as thin as pumps;
But noble *Vulcan*, a mad smuggy smith,
All reparations me did furnish with.
The shoes were well removed, my palfrey shod,
And he referred the payment unto God.

[1]MASTER DOCTOR HOLLAND.—The once well-known Philemon Holland, Physician, and "Translator-General of his Age," published translations of Livy, 1600; Pliny's "Natural History," 1601; Camden's "Britannica," &c. He is said to have used in translation more paper and fewer pens than any other writer before or since, and who "would not let Suetonius be Tranquillus." Born at Chelmsford, 1551; died 1636.

I found a friend, when I to *Lichfield* came,
A joiner, and *John Piddock* is his name.
He made me welcome, for he knew my jaunt,
And he did furnish me with good provant :
He offered me some money, I refused it,
And so I took my leave, with thanks excused it,
That Wednesday, I a weary way did pass,
Rain, wind, stones, dirt, and dabbling dewy grass,
With here and there a pelting scattered village,
Which yielded me no charity, or pillage :
For all the day, nor yet the night that followed.
One drop of drink I'm sure my gullet swallowed.
At night I came to a stony town called *Stone.*
Where I knew none, nor was I known of none :
I therefore through the streets held on my pace,
Some two miles farther to some resting place :
At last I spied a meadow newly mowed,
The hay was rotten, the ground half o'erflowed :
We made a breach, and entered horse and man,
There our pavilion, we to pitch began,
Which we erected with green broom and hay,
To expel the cold, and keep the rain away ;
The sky all muffled in a cloud 'gan lower,
And presently there fell a mighty shower,
Which without intermission down did pour,
From ten a night, until the morning's four.
We all that time close in our couch did lie,
Which being well compacted kept us dry.

The worst was, we did neither sup nor sleep,
And so a temperate diet we did keep.
The morning all enrobed in drifting fogs,
We being as ready as we had been dogs :
We need not stand upon long ready making,
But gaping, stretching, and our ears well shaking :
And for I found my host and hostess kind,
I like a true man left my sheets behind.
That Thursday morn, my weary course I framed,
Unto a town that is *Newcastle* named.
(Not that *Newcastle* standing upon *Tyne)*
But this town situation doth confine
Near *Cheshire*, in the famous county *Stafford*,
And for their love, I owe them not a straw for't ;
But now my versing muse craves some repose,
And whilst she sleeps I'll spout a little prose.

In this town of *Newcastle*, I overtook an hostler, and I asked him what the next town was called, that was in my way toward *Lancaster*, he holding the end of a riding rod in his mouth, as if it had been a flute, piped me this answer, and said, *Talk-on-the-Hill ;* I asked him again what he said *Talk-on-the-Hill:* I demanded the third time, and the third time he answered me as he did before, *Talk-on-the-Hill.* I began to grow choleric, and asked him why he could not talk, or tell me my way as well there as on the hill ; at last I was resolved, that the next town was four miles off me, and that the

name of it was, *Talk-on-the-Hill:* I had not travelled above two miles farther: but my last night's supper (which was as much as nothing) my mind being informed of it by my stomach. I made a virtue of necessity, and went to breakfast in the Sun: I have fared better at three Suns many times before now, in *Aldersgate Street*, *Cripplegate*, and new *Fish Street;* but here is the odds, at those Suns they will come upon a man with a tavern bill as sharp cutting as a tailor's bill of items: a watchman's-bill, or a welsh-hook falls not half so heavy upon a man; besides, most of the vintners have the law in their own hands, and have all their actions, cases, bills of debt, and such reckonings tried at their own bars; from whence there is no appeal. But leaving these impertinences, in the material Sunshine, we eat a substantial dinner, and like miserable guests we did budget up the reversions.

And now with sleep my muse hath eased her brain
I'll turn my style from prose, to verse again.
That which we could not have, we freely spared,
And wanting drink, most soberly we fared.
We had great store of fowl (but 'twas foul way)
And kindly every step entreats me stay,
The clammy clay sometimes my heels would trip,
One foot went forward, the other back would slip,
This weary day, when I had almost past,
I came unto Sir *Urian Leigh's* at last,

At *Adlington*, near *Macclesfield* he doth dwell,
Beloved, respected, and reputed well.
Through his great love, my stay with him was fixed,
From Thursday night, till noon on Monday next,
At his own table I did daily eat,
Whereat may be supposed, did want no meat,
He would have given me gold or silver either,
But I, with many thanks, received neither.
And thus much without flattery I dare swear,
He is a knight beloved far and near,
First he's beloved of his God above,
(Which love he loves to keep, beyond all love)
Next with a wife and children he is blest,
Each having God's fear planted in their breast.
With fair demaines, revenue of good lands,
He's fairly blessed by the Almighty's hands.
And as he's happy in these outward things,
So from his inward mind continual springs
Fruits of devotion, deeds of piety,
Good hospitable works of charity,
Just in his actions, constant in his word,
And one that won his honour with the sword,
He's no carranto, cap'ring, carpet knight,
But he knows when, and how to speak or fight,
I cannot flatter him, say what I can,
He's every way a complete gentleman.
I write not this, for what he did to me,
But what mine ears, and eyes did hear and see,

Nor do I pen this to enlarge his fame.
But to make others imitate the same,
For like a trumpet were I pleased to blow,
I would his worthy worth more amply show,
But I already fear have been too bold,
And crave his pardon, me excused to hold.
Thanks to his sons and servants every one,
Both males and females all, excepting none.
To bear a letter he did me require,
Near *Manchester*, unto a good Esquire :
His kinsman *Edmund Prestwitch*, he ordained,
That I was at *Manchester* entertained
Two nights, and one day, ere we thence could pass,
For men and horse, roast, boiled, and oats, and grass ;
This gentleman not only gave harbour,
But in the morning sent me to his barber,
Who laved, and shaved me, still I spared my purse,
Yet sure he left me many a hair the worse.
But in conclusion, when his work was ended,
His glass informed, my face was much amended.
And for the kindness he to me did show,
God grant his customers beards faster grow,
That though the time of year be dear or cheap,
From fruitful faces he may mow and reap.
Then came a smith, with shoes, and tooth and nail,
He searched my horse's hoofs, mending what did fail,

Yet this I note, my nag, through stones and dirt,
Did shift shoes twice, ere I did shift one shirt:
Can these kind things be in oblivion hid?
No, Master *Prestwitch*, this and much more did,
His friendship did command and freely gave
All before writ, and more than I durst crave.
But leaving him a little, I must tell,
How men of *Manchester* did use me well,
Their loves they on the tenter-hooks did rack,
Roast, boiled, baked, too—too—much, white, claret, sack,
Nothing they thought too heavy or too hot,
Can followed can, and pot succeeded pot,
That what they could do, all they thought too little,
Striving in love the traveller to whittle.
We went into the house of one *John Pinners*,
A man that lives amongst a crew of sinners)
And there eight several sorts of ale we had,
All able to make one stark drunk or mad.
But I with courage bravely flinched not,
And gave the town leave to discharge the shot.
We had at one time set upon the table,
Good ale of hyssop, 'twas no Æsop-fable:
Then had we ale of sage, and ale of malt,
And ale of wormwood, that could make one halt,
With ale of rosemary, and betony,
And two ales more, or else I needs must lie.
But to conclude this drinking aley-tale,

We had a sort of ale, called scurvy ale.
Thus all these men, at their own charge and cost,
Did strive whose love should be expressed most,
And farther to declare their boundless loves,
They saw I wanted, and they gave me gloves,
In deed, and very deed, their loves were such,
That in their praise I cannot write too much ;
They merit more than I have here compiled,
I lodged at the Eagle and the Child,
Whereas my hostess, (a good ancient woman)
Did entertain me with respect, not common.
She caused my linen, shirts, and bands be washed,
And on my way she caused me be refreshed,
She gave me twelve silk points, she gave me bacon,
Which by me much refused, at last was taken,
In troth she proved a mother unto me,
For which, I evermore will thankful be.
But when to mind these kindnesses I call,
Kind Master *Prestwitch* author is of all,
And yet Sir *Urian Leigh's* good commendation,
Was the main ground of this my recreation.
From both of them, there what I had, I had,
Or else my entertainment had been bad.
O all you worthy men of *Manchester*,
(True bred bloods of the County *Lancaster)*
When I forget what you to me have done,
Then let me headlong to confusion run.
To noble Master *Prestwitch* I must give

Thanks, upon thanks, as long as I do live,
His love was such, I ne'er can pay the score,
He far surpassed all that went before,
A horse and man he sent, with boundless bounty,
To bring me quite through *Lancaster's* large county,
Which I well know is fifty miles at large,
And he defrayed all the cost and charge.
This unlooked pleasure, was to me such pleasure,
That I can ne'er express my thanks with measure.
So Mistress *Saracoal*, hostess kind,
And *Manchester* with thanks I left behind.
The Wednesday being *July's* twenty nine,
My journey I to *Preston* did confine,
All the day long it rained but one shower,
Which from the morning to the evening did pour,
And I, before to *Preston* I could get,
Was soused, and pickled both with rain and sweat,
But there I was supplied with fire and food,
And anything I wanted sweet and good.
There, at the Hind, kind Master *Hind* mine host,
Kept a good table, baked and boiled, and roast,
There Wednesday, Thursday, Friday I did stay,
And hardly got from thence on Saturday.
Unto my lodging often did repair,
Kind Master *Thomas Banister*, the Mayor,
Who is of worship, and of good respect,
And in his charge discreet and circumspect.

For I protest to God I never saw,
A town more wisely governed by the law.
They told me when my Sovereign there was last,
That one man's rashness seemed to give distaste.
It grieved them all, but when at last they found,
His Majesty was pleased, their joys were crowned.
He knew, the fairest garden hath some weeds,
He did accept their kind intents, for deeds :
One man there was, that with his zeal too hot,
And furious haste, himself much overshot.
But what man is so foolish, that desires
To get good fruit from thistles, thorns and briars ?
Thus much I thought good to demonstrate here,
Because I saw how much they grieved were ;
That any way, the least part of offence,
Should make them seem offensive to their Prince.
Thus three nights was I staid and lodged in *Preston*,
And saw nothing ridiculous to jest on,
Much cost and charge the Mayor upon me spent,
And on my way two miles, with me he went,
There (by good chance) I did more friendship get,
The under Sheriff of *Lancashire* we met,
A gentleman that loved, and knew me well,
And one whose bounteous mind doth bear the bell.
There, as if I had been a noted thief,
The Mayor delivered me unto the Sheriff.
The Sheriff's authority did much prevail,
He sent me unto one that kept the jail.

Thus I perambuling, poor *John Taylor*,
Was given from Mayor to Sheriff, from Sheriff to Jailor.
The Jailor kept an inn, good beds, good cheer,
Where paying nothing, I found nothing dear,
For the under-Sheriff kind Master *Covill* named,
(A man for house-keeping renowed and famed)
Did cause the town of *Lancashire* afford
Me welcome, as if I had been a lord.
And 'tis reported, that for daily bounty,
His mate can scarce be found in all that county.
The extremes of miser, or of prodigal,
He shuns, and lives discreet and liberal,
His wife's mind, and his own are one, so fixed,
That *Argus* eyes could see no odds betwixt,
And sure the difference, (if there difference be)
Is who shall do most good, or he, or she.
Poor folks report, that for relieving them,
He and his wife, are each of them a gem;
At the inn, and at his house two nights I staid,
And what was to be paid, I know he paid:
If nothing of their kindness I had wrote,
Ungrateful me the world might justly note:
Had I declared all I did hear, and see,
For a great flatterer then I deemed should be,
Him and his wife, and modest daughter *Bess*,
With earth, and heaven's felicity, God bless.
Two days a man of his, at his command,
Did guide me to the midst of *Westmoreland*,

And my conductor with a liberal fist,
To keep me moist, scarce any alehouse missed.
The fourth of August (weary, halt, and lame)
We in the dark, to a town called *Sedbergh* came,
There Master *Borrowed*, my kind honest host,
Upon me did bestowed unasked cost.
The next day I held on my journey still,
Six miles unto a place called *Carling* hill,
Where Master *Edmund Branthwaite** doth reside,
Who made me welcome, with my man and guide.
Our entertainment, and our fare were such,
It might have satisfied our betters much;
Yet all too little was, his kind heart thought,
And five miles on my way himself me brought,
At *Orton* he, I, and my man did dine,
With Master *Corney* a good true Divine,
And surely Master *Branthwaite's* well beloved,
His firm integrity is much approved:
His good effects, do make him still affected
Of God and good men, (with regard) respected.
He sent his man with me, o'er dale and down,

*EDMUND BRANTHWAITE.—Robert Branthwaite, William Branthwaite *Cant.*, and "Thy assured friend" R. B., have each written Commendatory Verses to ALL THE WORKS OF JOHN TAYLOR. London 1630. And Southey in his "Lives and Works of Uneducated Poets," has the following:—"One might have hoped in these parts for a happy meeting between John Taylor and Barnabee, of immortal memory; indeed it is likely that the Water-Poet and the Anti-Water-Poet were acquainted, and that the latter may have introduced him to his connections hereabout, Branthwaite being the same name as Brathwait, and Barnabee's brother having married a daughter of this Sir John Dalston."

Who lodged, and boarded me at *Penrith* town,
And such good cheer, and bedding there I had,
That nothing, (but my weary self) was bad;
There a fresh man, (I know not for whose sake)
With me a journey would to *Carlisle* make :
But from that city, about two miles wide,
Good Sir *John Dalston* lodged me and my guide.
Of all the gentlemen in *England's* bounds
His house is nearest to the Scottish grounds,
And fame proclaims him, far and near, aloud,
He's free from being covetous, or proud ;
His son, Sir *George*, most affable, and kind,
His father's image, both in form and mind,
On Saturday to *Carlisle* both did ride,
Where (by their loves and leaves) I did abide,
Where of good entertainment I found store,
From one that was the mayor the year before,
His name is Master *Adam Robinson*,
I the last English friendship with him won.
He *(gratis)* found a guide to bring me through, *My thanks to Sir John and Sir Geo. Dalston, with Sir Henry Curwin.*
From *Carlisle* to the city *Edinburgh :*
This was a help, that was a help alone,
Of all my helps inferior unto none.
Eight miles from *Carlisle* runs a little river,
Which *England's* bounds, from *Scotland's* grounds
doth sever.
Without horse, bridge, or boat, I o'er did get *Over Esk I waded.*
On foot, I went, yet scarce my shoes did wet.

I being come to this long-looked-for land,
Did mark, remark, note, renote, viewed, and scanned;
And I saw nothing that could change my will,
But that I thought myself in *England* still.
The kingdoms are so nearly joined and fixed,
There scarcely went a pair of shears betwixt;
There I saw sky above, and earth below,
And as in *England*, there the sun did show;
The hills with sheep replete, with corn the dale,
And many a cottage yielded good Scottish ale;
This county *(Avondale)* in former times,
Was the cursed climate of rebellious crimes:
For *Cumberland* and it, both kingdoms borders,
Were ever ordered, by their own disorders,
Some sharking, shifting, cutting throats, and thieving,
Each taking pleasure in the other's grieving;
And many times he that had wealth to-night,
Was by the morrow morning beggared quite:
Too many years this pell-mell fury lasted,
That all these borders were quite spoiled and wasted,
Confusion, hurly-burly reigned and revelled,
The churches with the lowly ground were levelled;
All memorable monuments defaced,
All places of defence o'erthrown and razed.
That whoso then did in the borders dwell,
Lived little happier than those in hell.
But since the all-disposing God of heaven,
Hath these two kingdoms to one monarch given,

The aforenamed knights had given money to my guide, of which he left some part at every ale-house.

Blest peace, and plenty on them both have showered,
Exile, and hanging hath the thieves devoured,
That now each subject may securely sleep,
His sheep and neat, the black the white doth keep,
For now those crowns are both in one combined,
Those former borders, that each one confine,
Appears to me (as I do understand)
To be almost the centre of the land,
This was a blessed heaven expounded riddle,
To thrust great kingdoms skirts into the middle.
Long may the instrumental cause survive.
From him and his, succession still derive
True heirs unto his virtues, and his throne,
That these two kingdoms ever may be one;
This county of all *Scotland* is most poor,
By reason of the outrages before,
Yet mighty store of corn I saw there grow,
And as good grass as ever man did mow:
And as that day I twenty miles did pass,
I saw eleven hundred neat at grass,
By which may be conjectured at the least,
That there was sustenance for man and beast.
And in the kingdom I have truly scanned,
There's many worser parts, are better manned,
For in the time that thieving was in ure,
The gentles fled to places more secure.
And left the poorer sort, to abide the pain,
Whilst they could ne'er find time to turn again.

The shire of gentlemen is scarce and dainty,
Yet there's relief in great abundance plenty,
Twixt it and England, little odds I see,
They eat, and live, and strong and able be,
So much in verse, and now I'll change my style,
And seriously I'll write in prose awhile.

To the purpose then: my first night's lodging in *Scotland* was at a place called *Moffat*, which they say, is thirty miles from *Carlisle*, but I suppose them to be longer than forty of such miles as are betwixt *London* and Saint *Albans*, (but indeed the Scots do allow almost as large measure of their miles, as they do of their drink, for an English gallon either of ale or wine, is but their quart, and one Scottish mile (now and then, may well stand for a mile and a half or two English) but howsoever short or long, I found that day's journey the weariest that ever I footed; and at night, being come to the town, I found good ordinary country entertainment: my fare and my lodging was sweet and good, and might have served a far better man than myself, although myself have had many times better: but this is to be noted, that though it rained not all the day, yet it was my fortune to be well wet twice, for I waded over a great river called *Esk* in the morning, somewhat more than four miles distance from *Carlisle* in *England*, and at night within two miles of my

lodging, I was fain to wade over the river of *Annan* in *Scotland*, from which river the county of *Annandale*, hath its name. And whilst I waded on foot, my man was mounted on horseback, like the *George* without the Dragon. But the next morning, I arose and left *Moffat* behind me, and that day I travelled twenty-one miles to a sorry village called *Blythe*, but I was blithe myself to come to any place of harbour or succour, for since I was born, I never was so weary, or so near being dead with extreme travel: I was foundered and refoundered of all four, and for my better comfort, I came so late, that I must lodge without doors all night, or else in a poor house where the good wife lay in child-bed, her husband being from home, her own servant maid being her nurse. A creature naturally compacted, and artificially adorned with an incomparable homeliness: but as things were I must either take or leave, and necessity made me enter, where we got eggs and ale by measure and by tail. At last to bed I went, my man lying on the floor by me, where in the night there were pigeons did very bountifully mute in his face: the day being no sooner come, and having but fifteen miles to *Edinburgh*, mounted upon my ten toes, and began first to hobble, and after to amble, and so being warm, I fell to pace by degrees; all the way passing through a fertile country for corn and cattle: and about two of the clock in the

afternoon that Wednesday, being the thirteenth of August, and the day of *Clare* the Virgin (the sign being in *Virgo)* the moon four days old, the wind at west, I came to take rest, at the wished, long expected, ancient famous city of *Edinburgh*, which I entered like Pierce Penniless,[1] altogether moneyless, but I thank God, not friendless ; for being there, for the time of my stay, I might borrow, (if any man would lend) spend if I could get, beg if I had the impudence, and steal, if I durst adventure the price of a hanging, but my purpose was to house my horse, and to suffer him and my apparel to lie in durance, or lavender instead of litter, till such time as I could meet with some valiant friend, that would desperately disburse.

Walking thus down the street, (my body being tired with travel, and my mind attired with moody, muddy, Moor-ditch melancholy) my contemplation did devotely pray, that I might meet one or other to prey upon, being willing to take any slender acquaintance of any map whatsoever, viewing, and circumviewing every man's face I met, as if I meant to draw his picture, but all my acquaintance was *Non est inventus*, (pardon me, reader, that Latin is none of my own, I swear by *Priscian's Pericranium*, an oath which I have ignorantly broken many times.)

[1]PIERCE PENNILESS, by Thomas Nash. London, 1592.

At last I resolved, that the next gentleman that I meet withal, should be acquaintance whether he would or no: and presently fixing mine eyes upon a gentleman-like object, I looked on him, as if I would survey something through him, and make him my perspective: and he much musing at my gazing, and I much gazing at his musing, at last he crossed the way and made toward me, and then I made down the street from him, leaving to encounter with any man, who came after me leading my horse, whom he thus accosted. My friend (quoth he) doth yonder gentleman, (meaning me) know me, that he looks so wistly on me? Truly sir, said my man, I think not, but my master is a stranger come from *London*, and would gladly meet some acquaintance to direct him where he may have lodging and horse-meat. Presently the gentleman, (being of a generous disposition) overtook me with unexpected and undeserved courtesy, brought me to a lodging, and caused my horse to be put into his own stable, whilst we discoursing over a pint of Spanish, I relate as much English to him, as made him lend me ten shillings, (his name was Master *John Maxwell*) which money I am sure was the first that I handled after I came from out the walls of *London*: but having rested two hours and refreshed myself, the gentleman and I walked to see the City and

the Castle, which as my poor unable and unworthy pen can, I will truly describe.

The Castle on a lofty rock is so strongly grounded, bounded, and founded, that by force of man it can never be confounded; the foundation and walls are unpenetrable, the rampiers impregnable, the bulwarks invincible, no way but one it is or can be possible to be made passable. In a word, I have seen many straits and fortresses, in *Germany*, the *Netherlands*, *Spain* and *England*, but they must all give place to this unconquered Castle, both for strength and situation.

Amongst the many memorable things which I was shewed there, I noted especially a great piece of ordnance of iron, it is not for battery, but it will serve to defend a breach, or to toss balls of wild-fire against any that should assail or assault the Castle; it lies now dismounted.[1] And it is so great within, that it was told me that a child was once gotten there: but I, to make trial crept into it, lying on my back, and I am sure there was room enough and spare for a greater than myself.

So leaving the Castle, as it is both defensive against my opposition, and magnific for lodging and receite,[2] I descended lower to the City, wherein I observed the fairest and goodliest street that ever

[1] This "ordnance of iron" still exists there, and is historically known as "Mons Meg" and popularly as "Long Meg."

[2] RECEITE.—A receptacle.

mine eyes beheld, for I did never see or hear of a street of that length, (which is half an English mile from the Castle to a fair port which they call the *Nether-Bow*) and from that port, the street which they call the *Kenny-gate* is one quarter of a mile more, down to the King's Palace, called *Holy-rood-House*, the buildings on each side of the way being all of squared stone, five, six, and seven stories high, and many bye-lanes and closes on each side of the way, wherein are gentlemen's houses, much fairer than the buildings in the High Street, for in the High Street the merchants and tradesmen do dwell, but the gentlemen's mansions and goodliest houses are obscurely founded in the aforesaid lanes : the walls are eight or ten foot thick, exceeding strong, not built for a day, a week, or a month, or a year ; but from antiquity to posterity, for many ages ; there I found entertainment beyond my expectation or merit, and there is fish, flesh, bread and fruit, in such variety, that I think I may offenceless call it superfluity, or satiety. The worst was, that wine and ale was so scarce, and the people there such misers of it, that every night before I went to bed, if any man had asked me a civil question, all the wit in my head could not have made him a sober answer.

I was at his Majesty's Palace, a stately and princely seat, wherein I saw a sumptuous chapel, most richly adorned with all appurtenances belong-

ing to so sacred a place, or so royal an owner. In the inner court I saw the King's arms cunningly carved in stone, and fixed over a door aloft on the wall, the red lion being in the crest, over which was written this inscription in Latin,

Nobis hæc invicta miserunt, 106 proavi.

I enquired what the English of it was? it was told me as followeth, which I thought worthy to be recorded.

106, forefathers have left this to us unconquered.

This is a worthy and memorable motto, and I think few kingdoms or none in the world can truly write the like, that notwithstanding so many inroads, incursions, attempts, assaults, civil wars, and foreign hostilities, bloody battles, and mighty foughten fields, that maugre the strength and policy of enemies, that royal crown and sceptre hath from one hundred and seven descents, kept still unconquered, and by the power of the King of Kings (through the grace of the Prince of Peace) is now left peacefully to our peaceful king, whom long in blessed peace, the God of peace defend and govern.

But once more, a word or two of *Edinburgh*, although I have scarcely given it that due which belongs unto it, for their lofty and stately buildings, and for their fair and spacious street, yet my mind persuades me that they in former ages that first founded that city did not so well in that they built it

in so discommodious a place ; for the sea, and all navigable rivers being the chief means for the enriching of towns and cities, by the reason of traffic with foreign nations, with exportation, transportation, and receite of variety of merchandizing ; so this city had it been built but one mile lower on the seaside, I doubt not but it had long before this been comparable to many a one of our greatest towns and cities in *Europe*, both for spaciousness of bounds, port, state, and riches. It is said, that King *James* the fifth (of famous memory) did graciously offer to purchase for them, and to bestow upon them freely, certain low and pleasant grounds a mile from them on the seashore, with these conditions, that they should pull down their city, and build it in that more commodious place, but the citizens refused it ; and so now it is like (for me), to stand where it doth, for I doubt such another proffer of removal will not be presented to them, till two days after the fair.

Now have with you for *Leith*, whereto I no sooner came, but I was well entertained by Master *Barnard Lindsay*, one of the grooms of his Majesties bed-chamber, he knew my estate was not guilty, because I brought guilt with me (more than my sins, and they would not pass for current there) he therefore did replenish the vaustity * of my empty

* VAUSTITY.—Emptiness.

purse, and discharged a piece at me with two bullets of gold, each being in value worth eleven shillings white money; and I was creditably informed, that within the compass of one year, there was shipped away from that only port of *Leith*, fourscore thousand boles of wheat, oats, and barley into *Spain*, *France*, and other foreign parts, and every bole contains the measure of four English bushels, so that from *Leith* only hath been transported three hundred and twenty thousand bushels of corn; besides some hath been shipped away from Saint *Andrews*, from *Dundee*, *Aberdeen*, *Dysart*, *Kirkaldy*, *Kinghorn*, *Burntisland*, *Dunbar*, and other portable towns, which makes me to wonder that a kingdom so populous as it is, should nevertheless sell so much bread-corn beyond the seas, and yet to have more than sufficient for themselves.

So I having viewed the haven and town of *Leith*, took a passage boat to see the new wondrous Well,* to which many a one that is not well, comes far and near in hope to be made well: indeed I did hear that it had done much good, and that it hath a rare operation to expel or kill divers maladies; as to provoke appetite, to help much for the avoiding of the gravel in the bladder, to cure sore eyes, and old ulcers, with many other virtues which it hath, but I (through the mercy of God, having no

**See* Anderson's The Cold Spring of Kinghorn Craig, Edinb. 1618.

need of it, did make no great inquisition what it had done, but for novelty I drank of it, and I found the taste to be more pleasant than any other water, sweet almost as milk, yet as clear as crystal, and I did observe that though a man did drink a quart, a pottle, or as much as his belly could contain, yet it never offended or lay heavy upon the stomach, no more than if one had drank but a pint or a small quantity.

I went two miles from it to a town called *Burntisland*, where I found many of my especial good friends, as Master *Robert Hay*, one of the Grooms of his Majesty's Bed-chamber, Master *David Drummond*, one of his Gentlemens-Pensioners, Master *James Acmootye*, one of the Grooms of the Privy Chamber, Captain *Murray*, Sir *Henry Witherington* Knight, Captain *Tyrie*, and divers others: and there Master *Hay*, Master *Drummond*, and the good old Captain *Murray* did very bountifully furnish me with gold for my expenses, but I being at dinner with those aforesaid gentlemen, as we were discoursing, there befel a strange accident, which I think worth the relating.

I know not upon what occasion they began to talk of being at sea in former times, and I (amongst the rest) said, I was at the taking of *Cadiz*; whereto an English gentleman replied, that he was the next good voyage after at the Islands: I answered him

that I was there also. He demanded in what ship I was? I told him in the Rainbow of the Queens: why (quoth he) do you not know me? I was in the same ship, and my name is *Witherington.*

Sir, said I, I do remember the name well, but by reason that it is near two and twenty years since I saw you, I may well forget the knowledge of you. Well said he, if you were in that ship, I pray you tell me some remarkable token that happened in the voyage, whereupon I told him two or three tokens; which he did know to be true. Nay then, said I, I will tell you another which (perhaps) you have not forgotton; as our ship and the rest of the fleet did ride at anchor at the Isle of *Flores* (one of the Isles of the *Azores)* there were some fourteen men and boys of our ship, that for novelty would go ashore, and see what fruit the island did bear, and what entertainment it would yield us; so being landed, we went up and down and could find nothing but stones, heath and moss, and we expected oranges, lemons, figs, musk-mellions,and potatoes; in the mean space the wind did blow so stiff, and the sea was so extreme rough, that our ship-boat could not come to the land to fetch us, for fear she should be beaten in pieces against the rocks; this continued five days, so that we were almost famished for want of food: but at last (I squandering up and down) by the providence

of God I happened into a cave or poor habitation, where I found fifteen loaves of bread, each of the quantity of a penny loaf in *England*, I having a valiant stomach of the age of almost of a hundred and twenty hours breeding, fell to, and ate two loaves and never said grace : and as I was about to make a horse-loaf of the third loaf, I did put twelve of them into my breeches, and my sleeves, and so went mumbling out of the cave, leaning my back against a tree, when upon the sudden a gentleman came to me, and said, " Friend, what are you eating ? Bread, (quoth I,) For God's sake, said he, give me some. With that, I put my hand into my breech, (being my best pantry) and I gave him a loaf, which he received with many thanks, and said, that if ever he could requit it, he would.

I had no sooner told this tale, but Sir *Henry Witherington* did acknowledge himself to be the man that I had given the loaf unto two and twenty years before, where I found the proverb true, that men have more privilege than mountains in meeting.

In what great measure he did requite so small a courtesy, I will relate in this following discourse in my return through *Northumberland:* so leaving my man at the town of *Burntisland*, I told him, I would but go to *Stirling*, and see the Castle there, and withal to see my honourable friends the Earl of

Mar, and Sir *William Murray* Knight, Lord of *Abercairney*, and that I would return within two days at the most: but it fell out quite contrary; for it was and five and thirty days before I could get back again out of these noble men's company. The whole progress of my travel with them, and the cause of my stay I cannot with gratefulness omit; and thus it was.

A worthy gentleman named Master *John Fenton*, did bring me on my way six miles to *Dunfermline*, where I was well entertained, and lodged at Master *John Gibb* his house, one of the Grooms of his Majesty's Bed-chamber, and I think the oldest servant the King hath: withal, I was well entertained there by Master *Crighton* at his own house, who went with me, and shewed me the Queens Palace; (a delicate and Princely Mansion) withal I saw the ruins of an ancient and stately built Abbey, with fair gardens, orchards, meadows belonging to the Palace: all which with fair and goodly revenues by the suppression of the Abbey, were annexed to the crown. There also I saw a very fair church, which though it be now very large and spacious, yet it hath in former times been much larger. But I taking my leave of *Dunfermline*, would needs go and see the truly noble Knight Sir *George Bruce*, at a town called the *Culross:* there he made me right welcome, both with variety of fare, and after

all, he commanded three of his men to direct me to see his most admirable coal mines ; which (if man can or could work wonders) is a wonder ; for myself neither in any travels that I have been in, nor any history that I have read, or any discourse that I have heard, did never see, read, or hear of any work of man that might parallel or be equivalent with this unfellowed and unmatchable work : and though all I can say of it, cannot describe it according to the worthiness of his vigilant industry, that was both the occasion, inventor, and maintainer of it : yet rather than the memory of so rare an enterprise, and so accomplished a profit to the commonwealth shall be raked and smothered in the dust of oblivion, I will give a little touch at the description of it, although I amongst writers, am like he that worse may hold the candle.

The mine hath two ways into it, the one by sea and the other by land ; but a man may go into it by land, and return the same way if he please, and so he may enter into it by sea, and by sea he may come forth of it : but I for varietys sake went in by sea, and out by land. Now men may object, how can a man go into a mine, the entrance of it being into the sea, but that the sea will follow him, and so drown the mine? To which objection thus I answer, that at low water mark, the sea being ebbed away, and a great part of the sand bare ; upon this

same sand (being mixed with rocks and crags) did the master of this great work build a round circular frame of stone, very thick, strong, and joined together with glutinous or bituminous matter, so high withal that the sea at the highest flood, or the greatest rage of storm or tempest, can neither dissolve the stones so well compacted in the building or yet overflow the height of it. Within this round frame, (at all adventures) he did set workmen to dig with mattocks, pickaxes, and other instruments fit for such purposes. They did dig forty feet down right into and through a rock. At last they found that which they expected, which was sea coal, they following the vein of the mine, did dig forward still: so that in the space of eight and twenty, or nine and twenty years, they have digged more than an English mile under the sea, so that when men are at work below, an hundred of the greatest ships in *Britain* man sail over their heads. Besides, the mine is most artificially cut like an arch or a vault, all that great length, with many nooks and bye-ways: and it is so made, that a man may walk upright in the most places, both in and out. Many poor people are there set on work, which otherwise through the want of employment would perish. But when I had seen the mine, and was come forth of it again; after my thanks given to Sir *George Bruce*, I told him, that if the plotters of the

Powder Treason in England had seen this mine, that they (perhaps) would have attempted to have left the Parliament House, and have undermined the Thames, and so to have blown up the barges and wherries, wherein the King, and all the estates of our kingdom were. Moreover, I said, that I could afford to turn tapster at *London*, so that I had but one quarter of a mile of his mine to make me a cellar, to keep beer and bottled ale in. But leaving these jests in prose, I will relate a few verses that I made merrily of this mine.

THAT have wasted, months, weeks, days, and hours
In viewing kingdoms, countries, towns, and towers,
Without all measure, measuring many paces,
And with my pen describing many places,
With few additions of mine own devising,
(Because I have a smack of *Coryatizing*[1])

[1]CORYATIZING.—Thomas Coryate, an English traveller, who called himself the "Odcombian leg-stretcher." He was the son of the rector of Odcombe, and in 1611 published an account of his travels on the Continent with the singular title of "Coryates Crudities. Hastily gobled up in five Moneths travells in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, commonly called the Grisons country, Helvetia, alias Switzerland, some parts of high Germany, and the

Our *Mandeville*, *Primaleon*, *Don Quixote*,
Great *Amadis*, or *Huon*, travelled not
As I have done, or been where I have been,
Or heard and seen, what I have heard and seen;
Nor Britain's *Odcombe* (*Zany* brave *Ulysses*)
In all his ambling, saw the like as this is.
I was in (would I could describe it well)
A dark, light, pleasant, profitable hell,
And as by water I was wafted in,
I thought that I in *Charon's* boat had been,
But being at the entrance landed thus,
Three men there (instead of *Cerberus*)
Convey'd me in, in each one hand a light
To guide us in that vault of endless night,
There young and old with glim'ring candles burning
Dig, delve, and labour, turning and returning,
Some in a hole with baskets and with bags,
Resembling furies, or infernal hags:
There one like *Tantalus* feeding, and there one,
Like *Sisyphus* he rolls the restless stone.
Yet all I saw was pleasure mixed with profit,
Which proved it to be no tormenting Tophet[2]:*

Netherlands; Newly digested in the hungary aire of Odcombe in the county of Somerset, and now dispersed to the nourishment of the travelling members of this Kingdome, &c. London, printed by W. S., Anno Domini 1611." Taylor had an especial grudge against Coryat, for having had influence enough to procure his "Laugh and be Fat"—directed against the traveller—to be burned; and that he never failed to "feed fat the ancient grudge," may be seen in the many pieces of ridicule levelled at the author of the "Crudities," even after his death.

*TOPHET.—The Hebrew name for *Hell*,

For in this honest, worthy, harmless hell,
There ne'er did any damned Devil dwell;
And th' owner of it gains by 't more true glory,
Than *Rome* doth by fantastic Purgatory.
A long mile thus I passed, down, down, steep, steep,
In deepness far more deep, than *Neptunes* deep,
Whilst o'er my head (in fourfold stories high)
Was earth, and sea, and air, and sun, and sky:
That had I died in that *Cimmerian*[1] room,
Four elements had covered o'er my tomb:
Thus farther than the bottom did I go,
(And many Englishmen have not done so;)
Where mounting porpoises, and mountain whales,
And regiments of fish with fins and scales,
'Twixt me and heaven did freely glide and slide,
And where great ships may at an anchor ride:
Thus in by sea, and out by land I past,
And took my leave of good Sir *George* at last.

The sea at certain places doth leak, or soak into the mine, which by the industry of Sir *George Bruce*, is all conveyed to one well near the land; where he hath a device like a horse-mill, that with three horses and a great chain of iron, going downward many fathoms, with thirty-six buckets fastened

[1]CIMMERIAN.—Pertaining to the Cimmerii, or their country; extremely and perpetually dark. The Cimmerii were an ancient people of the land now called the Crimea, and their country being subject to heavy fogs, was fabled to be involved in deep and continual obscurity. Ancient poets also mention a people of this name who dwelt in a valley near Lake Avernus, in Italy, which the sun was said never to visit.

to the chain, of the which eighteen go down still to be filled, and eighteen ascend up to be emptied, which do empty themselves (without any man's labour) into a trough that conveys the water into the sea again; by which means he saves his mine, which otherwise would be destroyed with the sea, besides he doth make every week ninety or a hundred tons of salt, which doth serve most part of *Scotland*, some he sends into *England*, and very much into *Germany*: all which shows the painful industry with God's blessings to such worthy endeavours: I must with many thanks remember his courtesy to me, and lastly how he sent his man to guide me ten miles on the way to *Stirling*, where by the way I saw the outside of a fair and stately house called *Allaway*, belonging to the Earl of *Mar* which by reason that his honour was not there, I past by and went to *Stirling*, where I was entertained and lodged at one Master *John Archibalds*, where all my want was that I wanted room to contain half the good cheer that I might have had there! he had me into the castle, which in few words I do compare to *Windsor* for situation, much more than *Windsor* in strength, and somewhat less in greatness: yet I dare affirm that his Majesty hath not such another hall to any house that he hath neither in *England* or *Scotland*, except Westminster Hall which is now no dwelling hall

for a prince, being long since metamorphosed into a house for the law and the profits.

This goodly hall was built by King *James* the fourth, that married King *Henry* the Eight's sister, and after was slain at *Flodden field;* but it surpasses all the halls for dwelling houses that ever I saw, for length, breadth, height and strength of building, the castle is built upon a rock very lofty, and much beyond *Edinburgh* Castle in state and magnificence, and not much inferior to it in strength, the rooms of it are lofty, with carved works on the ceilings, the doors of each room being so high, that a man may ride upright on horseback into any chamber or lodging. There is also a goodly fair chapel, with cellars, stables, and all other necessary offices, all very stately and befitting the majesty of a king.

From *Stirling* I rode to Saint *Johnstone*,[1] a fine town it is, but it is much decayed, by reason of the want of his Majesty's yearly coming to lodge there. There I lodged one night at an inn, the goodman of the house his name being *Patrick Pitcairne*, where my entertainment was with good cheer, good lodging, all too good to a bad weary guest. Mine host told me that the Earl of *Mar*, and Sir *William Murray* of *Abercairney* were gone to the great hunting to the *Brae* of *Mar*[2]; but if

[1] PERTH. [2] BRAEMAR.

I made haste I might perhaps find them at a town called *Brekin*, or *Brechin*, two and thirty miles from Saint *Johnstone* whereupon I took a guide to *Brechin* the next day, but before I came, my lord was gone from thence four days.

Then I took another guide, which brought me such strange ways over mountains and rocks, that I think my horse never went the like; and I am sure I never saw any ways that might fellow them I did go through a country called *Glen Esk*, where passing by the side of a hill, so steep as the ridge of a house, where the way was rocky, and not above a yard broad in some places, so fearful and horrid it was to look down into the bottom, for if either horse or man had slipped, he had fallen without recovery) a good mile downright; but I thank God, at night I came to a lodging in the Laird of *Edzell's* land, where I lay at an Irish house, the folks not being able to speak scarce any English, but I supped and went to bed, where I had not laid long, but I was enforced to rise, I was so stung with Irish musquitoes, a creature that hath six legs, and lives like a monster altogether upon man's flesh, they do inhabit and breed most in sluttish houses, and this house was none of the cleanest, the beast is much like a louse in *England*, both in shape and nature; in a word, they were to me the *A.* and the *Z.* the prologue and the epilogue, the

first and the last that I had in all my travels from *Edinburgh;* and had not this Highland Irish house helped me at a pinch, I should have sworn that all *Scotland* had not been so kind as to have bestowed a louse upon me: but with a shift that I had, I shifted off my cannibals, and was never more troubled with them.

The next day I travelled over an exceeding high mountain, called mount *Skene*, where I found the valley very warm before I went up it; but when I came to the top of it, my teeth began to dance in my head with cold, like Virginal's jacks;* and withal, a most familiar mist embraced me round, that I could not see thrice my length any way: withal, it yielded so friendly a dew, that did moisten through all my clothes: where the old Proverb of a Scottish mist was verified, in wetting me to the skin. Up and down, I think this hill is six miles, the way so uneven, stony, and full of bogs, quagmires, and long heath, that a dog with three legs will out-run a horse with four; for do what we could, we were four hours before we could pass it.

Thus with extreme travel, ascending and descending, mounting and alighting, I came at night to the place where I would be, in the Brae of *Mar*, which is a large county, all composed of such mountains, that Shooter's Hill, Gad's Hill, Highgate

*VIRGINAL JACK.—A keyed instrument resembling a spinet.

Hill, Hampstead Hill, Birdlip Hill, or Malvern's Hills, are but mole-hills in comparison, or like a liver, or a gizard under a capon's wing, in respect of the altitude of their tops, or perpendicularity of their bottoms. There I saw Mount *Ben Aven*, with a furred mist upon his snowy head instead of a night-cap : (for you must understand, that the oldest man alive never saw but the snow was on the top of divers of those hills, both in summer, as well as in winter.) There did I find the truly Noble and Right Honourable Lords *John Erskine* Earl of Mar, *James Stuart* Earl of Murray, *George Gordon* Earl of Enzie, son and heir to the Marquess of Huntly, *James Erskine* Earl of Buchan, and *John* Lord *Erskine*, son and heir to the Earl of Mar, and their Countesses, with my much honoured, and my best assured and approved friend, Sir *William Murray* Knight, of *Abercairney*, and hundred of others Knights, Esquires, and their followers; all and every man in general in one habit, as if *Lycurgus* had been there, and made laws of equality : for once in the year, which is the whole month of August, and sometimes part of September, many of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom (for their pleasure) do come into these Highland Countries to hunt, where they do conform themselves to the habit of the Highland men, who for the most part speak nothing but Irish;

and in former time were those people which were called the *Red-shanks.*[1] Their habit is shoes with but one sole apiece ; stockings (which they call short hose) made of a warm stuff of divers colours, which they call tartan: as for breeches, many of them, nor their forefathers never wore any, but a jerkin of the same stuff that their hose is of, their garters being bands or wreaths of hay or straw, with a plaid about their shoulders, which is a mantle of divers colours, of much finer and lighter stuff than their hose, with blue flat caps on their heads, a handkerchief knit with two knots about their neck; and thus are they attired. Now their weapons are long bows and forked arrows, swords and targets, harquebusses, muskets, dirks, and Lochaber axes. With these arms I found many of them armed for the hunting. As for their attire, any man of what degree soever that comes amongst them, must not disdain to wear it; for if they do, then they will disdain to hunt, or willingly to bring in their dogs: but if men be kind unto them, and be in their habit; then are they conquered with kindness, and the sport will be plentiful. This was the reason that I found so

[1]RED-SHANKS.—A contemptuous appellation for Scottish Highland clansmen and native Irish, with reference to their naked hirsute limbs, and "As lively as a *Red-Shank*" is still a proverbial saying :—"And we came into Ireland, where they would have landed in the north parts. But I would not, because there the inhabitants were all *Red-shanks.*"—*Sir Walter Raleigh's* Speech on the Scaffold.

many noblemen and gentlemen in those shapes. But to proceed to the hunting.

My good Lord of *Mar* having put me into that shape,[1] I rode with him from his house, where I saw the ruins of an old castle, called the castle of *Kindroghit* [Castletown]. It was built by King *Malcolm Canmore* (for a hunting house) who reigned in *Scotland* when *Edward* the Confessor, *Harold*, and Norman *William* reigned in *England:* I speak of it, because it was the last house that I saw in those parts; for I was the space of twelve days after, before I saw either house, corn field, or habitation for any creature, but deer, wild horses, wolves, and such like creatures, which made me doubt that I should never have seen a house again.[2]

Thus the first day we travelled eight miles, where there small cottages built on purpose to lodge in, which they call Lonchards, I thank my good Lord *Erskine*, he commanded that I should always be lodged in his lodging, the kitchen being always on the side of a bank, many kettles and pots boiling, and many spits turning and winding, with great variety of cheer: as venison baked, sodden, roast, and stewed beef, mutton, goats, kid, hares, fresh salmon, pigeons, hens, capons, chickens, partridge, moor-coots, heath-cocks, capercailzies, and

[1] PUT ME INTO THAT SHAPE.—That is, invested him in Highland attire.

[2] "Probably the district around the skirts of Ben Muicdui."—*Chambers'* Domestic Annals of Scotland.

termagants [ptarmigans]; good ale, sack, white, and claret, tent, (or Alicante) with most potent *Aquavitæ.*

All these, and more than these we had continually, in superfluous abundance, caught by Falconers, Fowlers, Fishers, and brought by my Lord's tenants and purveyors to victual our camp, which consisted of fourteen or fifteen hundred men and horses; the manner of the hunting is this: five or six hundred men do rise early in the morning, and they do disperse themselves divers ways, and seven, eight, or ten miles compass, they do bring or chase in the deer in many herds, (two, three, or four hundred in a herd) to such or such a place, as the Nobleman shall appoint them; then when day is come, the Lords and gentlemen of their companies, do ride or go to the said places, sometimes wading up to their middles through bournes and rivers: and then: they being come to the place, do lie down on the ground, till those foresaid scouts which are called the Tinchel, do bring down the deer: but as the proverb says of a bad cook, so these Tinchel-men do lick their own fingers; for besides their bows and arrows, which they carry with them, we can hear now and then a harquebuss or a musket go off, which they do seldom discharge in vain: Then after we had stayed there three hours or thereabouts, we might perceive the deer appear on the hills round about us, (their heads making a show like

a wood) which being followed close by the Tinchel, are chased down into the valley where we lay; then all the valley on each side being waylaid with a hundred couple of strong Irish greyhounds, they are let loose as the occasion serves upon the herd of deer, so that with dogs, guns, arrows, dirks, and daggers, in the space of two hours, fourscore fat deer were slain, which after are disposed of some one way, and some another, twenty and thirty miles, and more than enough left for us to make merry withal at our rendezvous. I liked the sport so well, that I made these two sonnets following.

WHY should I waste invention to indite,
Ovidian fictions, or Olympian games?
My misty Muse enlightened with more light,
To a more noble pitch her aim she frames.
I must relate to my great Master JAMES,
The Caledonian annual peaceful war;
How noble minds do eternize their fames,
By martial meeting in the Brae of *Mar:*
How thousand gallant spirits came near and far,
With swords and targets, arrows, bows, and guns,
That all the troop to men of judgment, are
The God of Wars great never conquered sons,
The sport is manly, yet none bleed but beasts,
And last the victor on the vanquished feasts.

IF sport like this can on the mountains be,
Where *Phœbus* flames can never melt the snow ;
Then let who list delight in vales below,
Sky-kissing mountains pleasure are for me :
What braver object can man's eyesight see,
Than noble, worshipful, and worthy wights,
As if they were prepared for sundry fights,
Yet all in sweet society agree ?
Through heather, moss, 'mongst frogs, and bogs, and fogs,
'Mongst craggy cliffs, and thunder-battered hills,
Hares, hinds, bucks, roes, are chased by men and dogs,
Where two hours hunting fourscore fat deer kills.
Lowland, your sports are low as is your seat,
The Highland games and minds, are high and great.

Being come to our lodgings, there was such baking, boiling, roasting, and stewing, as if Cook Ruffian had been there to have scalded the devil in his feathers : and after supper a fire of fir-wood as high as an indifferent May-pole : for I assure you, that the Earl of *Mar* will give any man that is his friend, for thanks, as many fir trees (that are as good as any ship's masts in England) as are worth if they were in any place near the Thames, or

any other portable river) the best earldom in England or Scotland either: For I dare affirm, he hath as many growing there, as would serve for masts (from this time to the end of the world) for all the ships, caracks, hoys, galleys, boats, drumlers, barks, and water-crafts, that are now, or can be in the world these forty years.

This sounds like a lie to an unbeliever; but I and many thousands do know that I speak within the compass of truth: for indeed (the more is the pity) they do grow so far from any passage of water, and withal in such rocky mountains, that no way to convey them is possible to be passable, either with boat, horse, or cart.

Thus having spent certain days in hunting in the Brae of *Mar*, we went to the next county called *Badenoch*, belonging to the Earl of *Enzie*, where having such sport and entertainment as we formerly had; after four or five days pastime, we took leave of hunting for that year; and took our journey toward a strong house of the Earl's, called *Ruthven* in *Badenoch*, where my Lord of *Enzie* and his noble Countess (being daughter to the Earl of *Argyle*) did give us most noble welcome three days.

From thence we went to a place called *Balloch Castle*,* a fair and stately house, a worthy gentleman being the owner of it, called the Laird of *Grant;*

*BALLOCH CASTLE.—Now called Castle-Grant.

his wife being a gentlewoman honourably descended being sister to the right Honourable Earl of *Athol*, and to Sir *Patrick Murray* Knight; she being both inwardly and outwardly plentifully adorned with the gifts of grace and nature: so that our cheer was more than sufficient; and yet much less than they could afford us. There stayed there four days, four Earls, one Lord, divers Knights and Gentlemen, and their servants, footmen and horses; and every meal four long tables furnished with all varieties: our first and second course being three score dishes at one board; and after that always a banquet: and there if I had not forsworn wine till I came to *Edinburgh* I think I had there drunk my last.

The fifth day with much ado we gate from thence to *Tarnaway*, a goodly house of the Earl of *Murrays*,[1] where that Right Honourable Lord and his Lady did welcome us four days more. There was good cheer in all variety, with somewhat more than plenty for advantage: for indeed the County of *Murray* is the most pleasantest and plentiful country in all *Scotland;* being plain land, that a coach may be driven more than four and thirty miles one way in it, alongst by the sea-coast.

From thence I went to *Elgin* in *Murray*,[2] an ancient City, where there stood a fair and beautiful church with three steeples, the walls of it and the

[1] MORAY. [2] MORAYLAND.

steeples all yet standing; but the roofs, windows, and many marble monuments and tombs of honourable and worthy personages all broken and defaced: this was done in the time when ruin bare rule, and Knox knocked down churches.

From *Elgin* we went to the Bishop of *Murray* his house which is called *Spiny*, or *Spinay:* a Reverend Gentleman he is, of the noble name of *Douglas*, where we were very well welcomed, as befitted the honour of himself and his guests.

From thence we departed to the Lord Marquess of *Huntlys* to a sumptuous house of his, named the *Bog of Geethe*, where our entertainment was like himself, free, bountiful and honourable. There (after two days stay) with much entreaty and earnest suit, I gate leave of the Lords to depart towards *Edinburgh:* the Noble Marquess, the Earl of *Mar*, *Murray*, *Enzie*, *Buchan*, and the Lord *Erskine;* all these, I thank them, gave me gold to defray my charges in my journey.

So after five and thirty days hunting and travel I returning, past by another stately mansion of the Lord Marquesses, called *Stroboggy*, and so over *Carny* mount to *Brechin*, where a wench that was born deaf and dumb came into my chamber at midnight (I being asleep) and she opening the bed, would feign have lodged with me: but had I been a *Sardanapalus*, or a *Heliogabulus*, I think that

either the great travel over the mountains had tamed me; or if not, her beauty could never have moved me. The best parts of her were, that her breath was as sweet as sugar-candian,* being very well shouldered beneath the waste; and as my hostess told me the next morning, that she had changed her maiden-head for the price of a bastard not long before. But howsoever, she made such a hideous noise, that I started out of my sleep, and thought that the Devil had been there: but I no sooner knew who it was, but I arose, and thrust my dumb beast out of my chamber; and for want of a lock or a latch, I staked up my door with a great chair.

Thus having escaped one of the seven deadly sins as at *Brechin*, I departed from thence to a town called *Forfor;* and from thence to *Dundee*, and so to *Kinghorn*, *Burntisland*, and so to *Edinburgh*, where I stayed eight days, to recover myself of falls and bruises, which I received in my travel in the Highland mountainous hunting. Great welcome I had showed me all my stay at *Edinburgh*, by many worthy gentlemen, namely, old Master *George Todrigg*, Master *Henry Livingston*, Master *James Henderson*, Master *John Maxwell*, and a number of others, who suffered me to want no wine or good cheer, as may be imagined.

*SUGAR-CANDIAN,—*i.e.*, Sugar-candy.

Now the day before I came from *Edinburgh*, I went to *Leith*, where I found my long approved and assured good friend Master *Benjamin Jonson*, at one Master *John Stuarts* house; I thank him for his great kindness towards me: for at my taking leave of him, he gave me a piece of gold of two and twenty shillings[1] to drink his health in *England.*

[1]A PIECE OF GOLD OF TWO-AND-TWENTY SHILLINGS.—"This was a considerable present; but Jonson's hand and heart were ever open to his acquaintance. All his pleasures were social; and while health and fortune smiled upon him, he was no niggard either of his time or talents to those who needed them. There is something striking in Taylor's concluding sentence, when the result of his (Jonson's) visit to Drummond is considered:—but there is one *evil that walks*, which keener eyes than John's have often failed to discover.—I have only to add, in justice to this honest man (Taylor) that his gratitude outlived the subject of it. He paid the tribute of a verse to his benefactor's memory:—the verse indeed, was mean: but poor Taylor had nothing better to give."—Lt. Col. Francis Cunningham's edition of Gifford's Ben Jonson's Works, p. xli.

"In the summer of 1618 Scotland received a visit from the famous Ben Jonson. The burly Laureate walked all the way, among the motives for a journey then undertaken by few Englishmen, might be curiosity regarding a country from which he knew that his family was derived, his grandfather having been one of the Johnsons of Annandale. He had many friends too, particularly among the connections of the Lennox family, whom he might be glad to see at their own houses. Among those with whom he had amicable intercourse, was William Drummond, the poet, then in the prime of life, and living as a bachelor in his romantic mansion of Hawthornden, on the Esk, seven miles from Edinburgh. It is probable that Drummond and Jonson had met before in London, and indulged together in the "wit-combats" at the Mermaid and similar scenes. Indeed, there is a prevalent belief in Scotland that it was mainly to see Drummond at Hawthornden that Jonson came so far from home, and certain it is, from Drummond's report of his '*Conversations*,' that he designed 'to write a Fisher or Pastoral (Piscatory?) Play—and make the stage of it on the Lomond Lake—he also contemplated writing in prose his 'Foot Pilgrimage to Scotland,' which, with a feeling very natural in one who found so much to admire where so little had been known, he spoke

And withal, willed me to remember his kind commendations to all his friends: So with a friendly farewell, I left him as well, as I hope never to see him in a worse estate: for he is amongst noblemen and gentlemen that know his true worth, and their own honours, where, with much respective love he is worthily entertained.

So leaving *Leith* I returned to *Edinburgh*, and within the port or gate, called the *Nether-Bow*, I discharged my pockets of all the money I had: and as I came pennyless within the walls of that city at my first coming thither; so now at my departing from thence, I came moneyless out of it again; having in company to convey me out, certain gentlemen, amongst the which Master *James Acherson*, Laird of *Gasford*, a gentleman that brought me to his

of entitling 'A DISCOVERY.' Unfortunately, this work, as well as a poem in which he called Edinburgh—

'The Heart of Scotland, Britain's other eye,'

has not been preserved to us. We can readily see that the work contemplated must have been of a general character, from Jonson's letters to Drummond on the subject of it. How much to be regretted that we have not the Scotland of that day delineated by so vigorous a pen as that of the author of *Sejanus!*"—*Chambers'* Domestic Annals of Scotland, vol. I.

Whether Taylor's "Penniless Pilgrimage" really did interfere with, and prevent the publication of Ben Jonson's 'Foot Pilgrimage' would now be difficult to say. It is very evident from Taylor's remarks in his Dedication "To all my loving adventurers, &c.," he had been accused by the critics that he "*did undergo this project, either in malice, or mockage of Master Benjamin Jonson.*" It is quite certain that Taylor lost no time in getting *his* "Pilgrimage" printed "at the charges of the author" immediately on his return to London on the fifteenth of October 1618.

house, where with great entertainment he and his good wife did welcome me.

On the morrow he sent one of his men to bring me to a place called *Adam*, to Master *John Acmootye* his house, one of the Grooms of his Majesty's Bed-chamber; where with him and his two brethren, Master *Alexander*, and Master *James Acmootye*, I found both cheer and welcome, not inferior to any that I had had in any former place.

Amongst our viands that we had there, I must not forget the Sole and Goose *(sic)*, a most delicate fowl, which breeds in great abundance in a little rock called the *Bass*, which stands two miles into the sea. It is very good flesh, but it is eaten in the form as we eat oysters, standing at a side-board, a little before dinner, unsanctified without grace; and after it is eaten, it must be well liquored with two or three good rouses* of sherry or canary sack. The Lord or owner of the *Bass* doth profit at the least two hundred pound yearly by those geese; the *Bass* itself being of a great height, and near three quarters of a mile in compass, all fully replenished with wild fowl, having but one small entrance into it, with a house, a garden, and a chapel in it; and on the top of it a well of pure fresh water.

From *Adam*, Master *John* and Master *James Acmootye* went to the town of *Dunbar* with me,

*ROUSE.—A full glass, a bumper.

where ten Scottish pints of wine were consumed, and brought to nothing for a farewell: there at Master *James Baylies* house I took leave, and Master *James Acmootye* coming for *England*, said, that if I would ride with, that neither I nor my horse should want betwixt that place and *London*. Now I having no money nor means for travel, began at once to examine my manners and my want: at last my want persuaded my manners to accept of this worthy gentleman's undeserved courtesy. So that night he brought me to a place called *Cockburnspath*, where we lodged at an inn, the like of which I dare say, is not in any of his Majesty's Dominions. And for to show my thankfulness to Master *William Arnot* and his wife, the owners thereof, I must explain their bountiful entertainment of guests, which is this:

Suppose ten, fifteen, or twenty men and horses come to lodge at their house, the men shall have flesh, tame and wild fowl, fish with all variety of good cheer, good lodging, and welcome; and the horses shall want neither hay or provender: and at the morning at their departure the reckoning is just nothing. This is this worthy gentlemen's use, his chief delight being only to give strangers entertainment *gratis:* and I am sure, that in *Scotland* beyond *Edinburgh*, I have been at houses like

castles for building; the master of the house his beaver being his blue bonnet, one that will wear no other shirts, but of the flax that grows on his own ground, and of his wife's, daughters', or servants' spinning; that hath his stockings, hose, and jerkin of the wool of his own sheep's backs; that never (by his pride of apparel) caused mercer, draper, silk-man, embroiderer, or haberdasher to break and turn bankrupt: and yet this plain home-spun fellow keeps and maintains thirty, forty, fifty servants, or perhaps, more, every day relieving three or fourscore poor people at his gate; and besides all this, can give noble entertainment for four or five days together to five or six earls and lords, besides knights, gentlemen and their followers, if they be three or four hundred men, and horse of them, where they shall not only feed but feast, and not feast but banquet, this is a man that desires to know nothing so much, as his duty to God and his King, whose greatest cares are to practise the works of piety, charity, and hospitality: he never studies the consuming art of fashionless fashions, he never tries his strength to bear four or five hundred acres on his back at once, his legs are always at liberty, not being fettered with golden garters, and manacled with artificial roses, whose weight (sometime) is the last reliques of some decayed Lordship: Many of these

worthy housekeepers there are in *Scotland*, amongst some of them I was entertained; from whence I did truly gather these aforesaid observations.

So leaving *Cockburnspath*, we rode to *Berwick*, where the worthy old Soldier and ancient Knight, Sir *William Bowyer*, made me welcome, but contrary to his will, we lodged at an Inn, where Master *James Acmootye* paid all charges: but at *Berwick* there was a grievous chance happened, which I think not fit the relation to be omitted.

In the river of *Tweed*, which runs by *Berwick*, are taken by fishermen that dwell there, infinite numbers of fresh salmons, so that many households and families are relieved by the profit of that fishing; but (how long since I know not) there was an order that no man or boy whatsoever should fish upon a Sunday: this order continued long amongst them, till some eight or nine weeks before Michaelmas last, on a Sunday, the salmons played in such great abundance in the river, that some of the fishermen (contrary to God's law and their own order) took boats and nets and fished, and caught near three hundred salmons; but from that time until Michaelmas day that I was there, which was nine weeks, and heard the report of it, and saw the poor people's miserable lamentations, they had not seen one salmon in the river; and some of them were in despair that they should never see any more there; affirming it

to be God's judgment upon them for the profanation of the Sabbath.

The thirtieth of September we rode from *Berwick* to *Belford* from *Belford* to *Alnwick*, the next day from *Alnwick* to *Newcastle*, where I found the noble Knight, Sir *Henry Witherington*; who, because I would have no gold nor silver, gave me a bay mare, in requital of a loaf of bread that I had given him two and twenty years before, at the Island of *Flores*, of the which I have spoken before. I overtook at *Newcastle* a great many of my worthy friends, which were all coming for *London*, namely, Master *Robert Hay*, and Master *David Drummond*, where I was welcomed at Master *Nicholas Tempests* house. From *Newcastle* I rode with those gentlemen to *Durham*, to *Darlington*, to *Northallerton*, and to *Topcliffe* in *Yorkshire*, where I took my leave of them, and would needs try my pennyless fortunes by myself, and see the city of *York*, where I was lodged at my right worshipful good friend, Master Doctor *Hudson* one of his Majesty's chaplains, who went with me, and shewed me the goodly Minster Church there, and the most admirable, rare-wrought, unfellowed[1] chapter house.

From *York* I rode to *Doncaster*, where my horses were well fed at the Bear, but myself found out the honorable Knight, Sir *Robert Anstruther* at his

[1] UNFELLOWED.—*i.e.*, not matched.

father-in-law's, the truly noble Sir *Robert Swifts* house, he being then High Sheriff of *Yorkshire*, where with their good Ladies, and the right Honourable the Lord *Sanquhar*, I was stayed two nights and one day, Sir *Robert Anstruther* (I thank him) not only paying for my two horses' meat, but at my departure, he gave me a letter to *Newark* upon *Trent*, twenty eight miles in my way, where Master *George Atkinson* mine host made me as welcome, as if I had been a French Lord, and what was to be paid, as I called for nothing, I paid as much; and left the reckoning with many thanks to Sir *Robert Anstruther.*

So leaving *Newark*, with another gentleman that overtook me, we came at night to *Stamford*, to the sign of the Virginity (or the Maidenhead) where I delivered a letter from the Lord *Sanquhar;* which caused Master *Bates* and his wife, being the master and mistress of the house, to make me and the gentleman that was with me great cheer for nothing.

From *Stamford* the next day we rode to *Huntington*, where we lodged at the Postmaster's house, at the sign of the Crown; his name is *Riggs.* He was informed who I was, and wherefore I undertook this my pennyless progress: wherefore he came up to our chamber, and supped with us, and very bountifully called for three quarts of wine and sugar, and four jugs of beer. He did drink and

begin healths like a horse-leech and swallowed down his cups without feeling, as if he had had the dropsy, or nine pound of sponge in his maw. In a word, as he is a post, he drank post, striving and calling by all means to make the reckoning great, or to make us men of great reckoning. But in his payment he was tired like a jade, leaving the gentleman that was with me to discharge the terrible shot, or else one of my horses must have lain in pawn for his superfluous calling, and unmannerly intrusion.

But leaving him, I left *Huntington*, and rode on the Sunday to *Puckeridge*, where Master *Holland* at the Falcon, (mine old acquaintance) and my loving and ancient host gave me, my friend, my man, and our horses excellent cheer, and welcome, and I paid him with, not a penny of money.

The next day I came to *London*, and obscurely coming within Moorgate, I went to a house and borrowed money : and so I stole back again to *Islington*, to the sign of the Maidenhead,[1] staying till Wednesday, that my friends came to meet me, who knew no other, but that Wednesday was my

[1]TO ISLINGTON TO THE SIGN OF THE MAIDENHEAD.—This then roadside Public-house, we are informed from recent enquiries, was situate at the corner of Maiden Lane, Battle Bridge, now known as King's Cross, from a statue of George IV.—a most execrable performance—taken down 1842. The "Old Pub" is turned into a gin palace, and named the Victoria, while Maiden Lane—an ancient way leading from Battle Bridge to Highgate Hill—is known now as York Road.

first coming; where with all love I was entertained with much good cheer: and after supper we had a play of the Life and Death of *Guy of Warwick*,[1] played by the Right Honourable the Earl of *Derby* his men. And so on the Thursday morning being the fifteenth of October, I came home to my house in *London.*

THE EPILOGUE TO ALL MY ADVENTURERS AND OTHERS.

THUS did I neither spend, or beg, or ask,
By any course, direct or indirectly:
But in each tittle I performed my task,
According to my bill most circumspectly.
I vow to God, I have done SCOTLAND wrong,
(And (justly) against me it may bring an action)
I have not given it that right which doth belong,
For which I am half guilty of detraction:

[1] GUY OF WARWICK.—There are several versions and editions of this work. In the book of the Stationers' Company, John Trundle—he at the sign of NO-BODY—on the 15th of January, 1619, entered "a play, called the Life and Death of Guy Earl of Warwick, written by John Day and Thomas Dekker." See Baker's Biog. Dram., page 274, vol. 2.—"Well, if he read this with patience I'll be gelt, and troll ballads for Master Trundle yonder, the rest of my mortality."—*Ben Jonson's* Every Man in his Humour, act i. sc. 2.

Yet had I wrote all things that there I saw,
Misjudging censures would suppose I flatter,
And so my name I should in question draw,
Where asses bray, and prattling pies do chatter :
Yet (armed with truth) I publish with my pen,
That there the Almighty doth his blessings heap,
In such abundant food for beasts and men ;
That I ne'er saw more plenty or more cheap.
Thus what mine eyes did see, I do believe ;
And what I do believe, I know is true :
And what is true unto your hands I give,
That what I give, may be believed of you.
But as for him that says I lie or dote,
I do return, and turn the lie in's throat.
Thus gentlemen, amongst you take my ware,
You share my thanks, and I your moneys share.

Yours in all observance and gratefulness,
ever to be commanded,

JOHN TAYLOR.

FINIS.

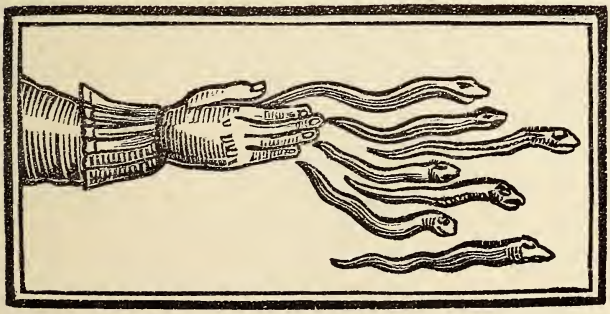
A Kickfey Winfey:

OR

A Lerry Come-Twang:

Wherein *Iohn Taylor* hath Satyrically
fuited 800. *of his bad debtors that*
will not pay him for his returne
of hisI ourneyfrom Scotland.

My debters like 7 eeles with slip'rie tailes
One sort I cach, 6 slips away and failes.



London
Printed by *Nicholas Okes*, for *Mathew*
Walbanck, dwelling at *Grayes Inne Gate*,
1619.

TO
THE WORTHY GENTLEMAN,
Master *Raphe* Wormlaighton; the
hopeful son of his Noble Father,
Raphe Wormlaighton Esquire.

GRAY'S Inn Wormlaighton, *a true Scholar, right*
With love and thanks, you paid me at first sight;
Your worthy father gave me what was due,
And for his love, I give my thanks to you.

J. T.

TO THE MIRROR OF GOOD FELLOWSHIP, THE PATtern of true Friendship, *and the only nonparallel of jovial Entertainment*; Master *George Hilton*, at the sign of the Horse-shoe, at *Daventry*; J. Taylor* wisheth daily increase of good guests, true payment, hearts content in this life, and afterward as much happiness as his soul can desire.

KIND Sir, I have seen oftentimes men offering to snuff a candle, have against their wills put it clean out; and an unskilful Chirurgeon taking a small green wound in hand, hath brought it to an old ulcer. I would be loth, for my part, to imitate either of these examples; for my intent is, confession of the wrong I did you, and an endeavour to make amends. I do confess that I did you wrong in print, in my book of my Travels [to Scotland], and

**See* page 9 of Taylor's *Penniless Pilgrimage*.

now in print, I do make you a public satisfaction; for, I protest to God, that I have heard so much good report of you, that I am double sorry that I was so mistaken, and that I have been so long time before I have printed my recantation. It was your tapster's want of wit, and my want of discretion, that was the grounds of my too much credulity and temerity. For his part I wish him no more harm, but that chalk may be his best payments, thunder may sour his hogsheads, rats may gnaw out his spigots at midnight, and himself to commit his wit to the keeping of a fool while he lives; and your ostlers, for gaping so greedily like gudgeons upon me, I pray that they may every day mourn in litter and horse dung. But these are but jests by the way: for as many as know you, have told me, that if you had been at home, my entertainment had been better. If it had been so, it had been more than you owed me, and more than I at that time could have requited: but I would have stretched my wit upon the tenters of invention, in the praise of inns and inn-keepers, I would have put the forgetful world in mind of the good service that *Rahab* the innkeeper did at *Jericho*, in hiding and preserving the spies that were sent by *Caleb* and *Joshua;* I would have made the oblivious loggerheaded Age remember, that the Redeemer of the world did grace an inn with his blessed birth: what place then

but an inn was the High Court of Heaven and earth, the residence and lodging of the immortal King, of never-ending eternity? This and more I would have done, but what is passed cannot be recalled, and it is too late to put old omittings to new committings. And so, my noble and thrice worthy host of hosts, I omit not to commit you and yours to the protection of the Lord of Hosts, desiring you to take this merry Pamphlet in good part, or in earnest of my better amends, and as a qualifier of your just anger.

Yours in the best of his
endeavours to be commanded,

JOHN TAYLOR.

THE WHY AND THE WHEREFORE.

I HAVE published this Pamphlet, to let my rich debtors understand, that as often as I meet them, I do look that they should pay me: and although I am shamefaced in not asking my due, yet I would not have them shameless in detaining it from me, because the sums are but small, and very easy for them (in general) to pay, and would do me a particular good to receive.

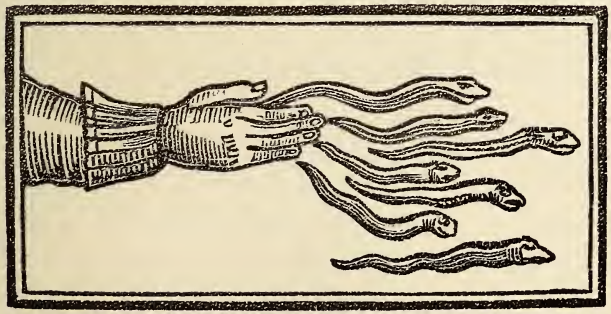
Secondly, I have sent this into the world, to inform some, that through their want do shun and avoid my sight and company, that they are much deceived in my disposition; for I ever did esteem an honest heart and a willing mind, as well as their performances.

Thirdly, there are some great men, who by reason of their extraordinary employments, my small acquaintance, and less means of access unto them, with my want of impudency, and their men's want of courtesy to inform them; all these are lets and demurs, against my satisfaction.

Lastly, the daily abuses that I have concerning the book of my Travels, wherein I am accused for lies, and falsifications; but I do and ever will steadfastly stand to the truth of every tittle of it, except the abuse that I did to Master Hilton *at* Daventry, *and that was not done on known malice neither, but on blind ignorant information: and there is a second edition of my books of travels coming forth, wherein I will satirize, cauterize, and stigmatize all the whole kennel of curs that dare malicously snarl against manifest, apparent, and well known truths. In the mean space, you that are my debtors, if you please to pay me, you shall therein put yourselves out of a bad number amongst which you yet are placed: if you will not pay me, take this bone to gnaw upon, that I do hope to be ever better furnished with money, than you shall be with honesty.*

A TABLE OF THE GENERAL HEADS, *containing seven parts.*

1 THOSE that have paid.
2 Those that would pay if they could.
3 Those that walk invisible, and are not to be found.
4 Those that say they will pay, who knows when?
5 Those that are dead.
6 Those that are fled.
7 Those roarers that can pay, and will not.



Those that do ever mean to pay,
Nothing at all this book doth say;
To such my satire talketh still
As have not paid, nor ever will.

A KICKSEY WINSEY:

OR,

A LERRY COME-TWANG;

Wherein *John Taylor* hath satirically *suited* 800 *of his bad debtors*, that will not pay him for his return *of his Journey from Scotland.*

1. *My thanks to those that have paid.*

YOU worthy worthies, of that liberal tribe,
Who freely gave your words, or did subscribe:
And were not itched with the vain-glorious worm,
To write and lie, but promise and perform,
Black swans of *Britain*, I protest you are,
And seem (to me) each one a blazing star;
For this inconstant age so few affords
Of men, whose deeds do counterpoise their words,
That finding one, methinks I see a wonder,
More than December's fruit, or winter's thunder;

Ingratitude, I hold a vice so vile,
That I could ne'er endure it a breathing while :
And therefore ere I'll prove a thankless jade,
Time in his course shall run quite retrograde ;
Yea, everything shall hate his proper kind,
Before I'll harbour an ungrateful mind :
And still I vow to quit you in some part,
With my best wishes, and a thankful heart :
So much to you, my *Muse* hath sung or said,
Whose loving bounties hath the sculler paid.

2. *Those that would pay if they could.*

AND as for you that would pay if you could,
I thank you, though you do not as you should,
You promised fair, and wrote as free as any,
But time hath altered since, the case with many ;
Your monies, like low tides, are ebbed too low,
And when, 'tis lowest, 'twill begin to flow.
To seek a breech from breechless men, 'twere vain,
And fruitless labour would requit my pain :
It were no charity (as I suppose)
To bid one wipe his nose, that wants a nose ;
And sure my conscience would be less than little,
To enrich myself, by robbing of the spittle :
No, honest friends (to end this vain dispute)
Your barren states may spring, and bring forth fruit ;

Your wills are good, and whilst I keep your bills,
Instead of payment I accept good wills ;
On hope and expectation I will feed,
And take your good endeavours for the deed ;
Praying that crosses in your minds may cease,
And crosses in your purses may increase.

3. *Those that are hard for me to find, and being found, were better lost.*

ANOTHER sort of debtors are behind,
Some I know not, and some I cannot find :
And some of them lie here and there, by spirts,
Shifting their lodgings oftener than their shirts.
Perchance I hear where one of these men lies,
And in the morning up betimes I rise,
And find in Shoreditch where he lodged a night ;
But he to *Westminster* hath ta'en his flight.
Some two days after thither do I trot,
And find his lodging, but yet find him not,
For he the night before (as people tell)
Hath ta'en a chamber about *Clerkenwell.*
Thither go I, and make a privy search,
Whilst he's in *Southwark*, near St. *George's Church.*
A pox upon him, all this while think I,
Shall I ne'er find out where my youth doth lie ?

And having sought him many a weary bout,
At last, perhaps I find his chamber out :
But then the gentleman is fast in bed,
And rest hath seized upon his running head :
He hath took cold with going late by water,
Or sat up late at ace, deuse, tray, and cater [quatre]
That with a sink [cinq] of fifty pieces price,
He sleeps till noon before his worship rise ;
At last he wakes ; his man informs him straight,
That I at door do on his pleasure wait ;
Perhaps I am requested to come near,
And drink a cup of either ale or beer,
Whilst sucking English fire, and Indian vapour,
At last I greet him with my bill of paper :
Well *John* (quoth he) this hand I know is mine,
But I this day do purpose to go dine
At the Half Moon[1] in *Milk-street*, prithee come,
And there we'll drink, and pay this petty sum.
Thus many a street by me recrossed and crossed,
I in and out, and too and fro, am tossed,
And spend my time and coin to find one out,
Which having found, rewards me with a flout.
In this base fashion, or such like as this,
To me their scurvey daily dealing is ;

[1]The Half-Moon.—During a long series of years the Half-Moon Tavern maintained a distinguished notoriety, and is historically recorded as the scene of many public city events. Half-Moon passage, leading from Cheapside to the Tavern, is now named Cooper's-alley.

As one's in study, the other's deep in talk,
Another's in his garden gone to walk:
One's in the barber's suds, and cannot see,
Till chin and chaps are made a Roman T:
And for his making thus a gull of me,
I wish his cut may be the Grecian P. [1]*
These men can kiss their claws, with *Jack*, how is't?
And take and shake me kindly by the fist,
And put me off with dilatory cogs,
And swear and lie, worse than so many dogs,
Protesting they are glad I am returned,
When they'd be gladder I were hanged or burned.
Some of their pockets are oft stored with chink,
Which they had rather waste on drabs, dice, drink,
Than a small petty sum to me to pay,
Although I meet them every other day;
For which to ease my mind to their disgrace,
I must (perforce) in print proclaim them base;
And if they pay me not (unto their shames)
I'll print their trades, their dwellings, and their names,
That boys shall hiss them as they walk along,
Whilst they shall stink, and do their breeches wrong:
Pay then, delay not, but with speed disburse,
Or if you will, try but who 'll have the worse.

*This *cut* (the Greek P) probably symbolical of a gallows.

4. *Those that will and do daily pay me in drink and smoke.*

FOURTH crew I must drop from out my quill,
Are some that have not paid, yet say they will:
And their remembrance gives my muddy mood,
More joy than of those that will ne'er be good.
These fellows my sharp *Muse* shall lash but soft,
Because I meet them to their charges oft,
Where at the tavern (with free frolic hearts)
They welcome me with pottles, pints, and quarts;
And they (at times) will spend like honest men,
Twelve shillings, rather than pay five or ten.
These I do never seek from place to place,
These make me not to run the wild goose chase;
These do from day to day not put me off,
And in the end reward me with a scoff.
And for their kindness, let them take their leisure,
To pay or not pay, let them take their pleasure.
Let them no worser than they are, still prove:
Their powers may chance outdo me, not their love;
I meet them to my peril, and their cost,
And so in time there's little will be lost.

Yet the old proverb I would have them know,
The horse may starve the whilst the grass doth grow.

5. *Those that are dead.*

FIFTH sort (God be with them) they are dead,
And everyone my quittance under's head:
To ask them coin, I know they have it not,
And where nought is, there's nothing to be got,
I'll never wrong them with invective lines,
Nor trouble their good heirs, or their assigns.
And some of them, their lives lost to me were,
In a large measure of true sorrow dear;
As one brave lawyer, whose true honest spirit
Doth with the blest celestial souls inherit,
He whose grave wisdom gained pre-eminence,
To grace and favour with his gracious prince:
Adorned with learning, loved, approved, admired,
He, my true friend, too soon to dust retired.
Besides, a number of my worthy friends
(To my great loss) death brought unto their ends.
Rest, gentle spirits, rest, with eternizing,
And may your corpse have all a joyful rising:
There's many living, every day I see,
Who are more dead than you in pay to me.

6. *Those that are fled.*

SIXTH, with tongues glib, like the tails of eels,
Hath shewed this land and me foul pairs of heels.
To *Ireland*, *Belgia*, *Germany*, and *France*,
They are retired to seek some better chance.
'Twas their unhappy inauspicious fate,
The Counters, or King *Luds* unlucky gate;[1]
Bonds being broke, the stones in every street,
They durst not tread on, lest they burnt their feet;
Smoke by the pipe, and ginger by the race,
They loved with ale, but never loved the mace.
And these men's honesties are like their states,
At piteous, woeful, and at low prized rates;
For partly they did know when they did take
My books, they could no satisfaction make,
And honesty this document doth teach,
That man shall never strive above his reach,
Yet have they reached, and over-reached me still,
To do themselves no good, and me much ill.
But, farewell, friends, if you again do come.
And pay me either all, or none, or some:

[1]The Counters, or King Lud's Unlucky Gate.—City prisons. There were two Counters, or Compters; one in Wood-street, under the control of one of the Sheriffs; the other in the Poultry, under the superintendence of the other. Ludgate was also a prison for debtors.

I look for none, and therefore still delay me,
You only do deceive me, if you pay me.
Yet that deceit from you were but my due,
But I look ne'er to be deceived by you.
Your stocks are poor, your creditors are store,
Which God increase, and decrease, I implore.

7. *Those that are as far from honesty, as a Turk is from true Religion.*

EVENTHLY, and last's a worthy worthless crew,
Such as heaven hates, and hell on earth doth spew,
And God renounce, and damn them, are their prayers,
Yet some of these sweet youths are good men's heirs
But up most tenderly they have been brought,
And all their breeding better fed than taught:
And now their lives float in damnation's stream,
To stab, drab, kill, swill, tear, swear, stare, blaspheme:
In imitation worse than devil's apes,
Or incubuses thrust in human shapes:
As bladders full of other's wind is blown,
So self-conceit doth puff them of their own:

They deem their wit all other men surpasses,
And other men esteem them witless asses.
These puckfist[1] cockbrained coxcombs, shallow pated,
Are things that by their tailors are created;
For they before were simple shapeless worms,
Until their makers licked them into forms.
'Tis ignorant idolatry most base,
To worship satin Satan, or gold lace,
T'adore a velvet varlet, whose repute
Stinks odious, but for his perfumed suit.
If one of these to serve some Lord doth get,
His first task is to swear himself in debt:
And having pawned his soul to hell for oaths,
He pawns those oaths for newfound fashion clothes.
His carcase cased in this borrowed case,
Imagines he doth me exceeding grace:
If when I meet him, he bestows a nod,
Then must I think me highly blest of God,
And though no wiser than flat fools they be,
A good luck on them, they are too wise for me;
They with a courtly trick or a flim-flam,
Do nod at me, whilst I the noddy am:
One part of gentry they will ne'er forget,
And that is, that they ne'er will pay their debt.

[1] PUCKFIST.—The puff-ball, or fungus; an empty boasting fellow.

To take, and to receive, they hold it fit,
But to requite, or to restore's no wit.
And let them take and keep, but knocks, and pox,
And all diseases from *Pandora's* box.
And which of them says that I rave or rail,
Let him but pay, and bid me kiss his *T.*
But sure the devil hath taught them many a trick,
Beyond the numbering of arithmetic.
I meet one, thinking for my due to speak,
He with evasions doth my purpose break,
And asks what news I hear from *France* or *Spain*,
Or where I was in the last shower of rain;
Or when the court removes, or what's a clock,
Or where's the wind (or some such windy mock)
With such fine scimble, scemble, spitter-spatter,
As puts me clean besides the money-matter?
Thus with poor mongrel shifts, with what, where when?
I am abused by these things, like men,
And some of them do glory in my want,
They being Romists, I a Protestant:
Their apostatical injunction saith,
To keep their faith with me, is breach of faith:
For 'tis a maxim of such Catholics,
'Tis meritorious to plague heretics;
Since it is so, pray pay me but my due,
And I will love the cross as well as you.
And this much further I would have you know,

My shame is more to ask, than yours to owe :
I beg of no man, 'tis my own I crave,
Nor do I seek it but of them that have,
There's no man was enforced against his will,
To give his word, or sign unto my bill.
And is't not shame, nay, more than shame to hear,
That I should be returned above a year,
And many rich men's words, and bills have passed,
And took of me both books, both first and last,
Whilst twice or thrice a week, in every street,
I meet those men, and not my money meet.
Were they not able me amends to make,
My conscience then would sooner give than take :
But most of those I mean, are full pursed hinds,
Being beggarly in nothing but their minds :
Yet sure methinks, if they would do me right,
Their minds should be as free to pay, as write.
Near threescore pounds, the books I'm sure did cost,
Which they have had from me, and I think lost :
And had not these men's tongues so forward been,
Ere I my painful journey did begin,
I could have had good men in meaner raiment,
That long ere this, had made me better payment :
I made my journey for no other ends,
But to get money, and to try my friends :
And not a friend I had, for worth or wit
Did take my book, or pass his word, or writ :
But I (with thankfulness) still understood

They took, in hope to give, and do me good.
They took a book worth 12 pence, and were bound
To give a crown, an angel, or a pound,
A noble, piece, or half piece, what they list,
They passed their words, or freely set their fist.
Thus got I sixteen hundred hands and fifty,
Which sum I did suppose was somewhat thrifty;
And now my youths, with shifts, and tricks, and cavils,
Above eight hundred, play the sharking javels.
I have performed what I undertook,
And that they should keep touch with me I look.
Four thousand, and five hundred books I gave
To many an honest man, and many a knave:
Which books, and my expense to give them out,
(A long year seeking this confused rout)
I'm sure it cost me sevenscore pounds and more,
With some suspicion that I went on score.
Besides, above a thousand miles I went,
And (though no money) yet much time I spent;
Taking excessive labour, and great pains,
In heat, cold, wet, and dry, with feet and brains:
With tedious toil, making my heart-strings ache,
In hope I should content both give and take,
And in requital now, for all my pain,
I give content still, and get none again.
None, did I say? I'll call that word agen,
I meet with some that pay me now and then,

But such a toil I have those men to seek,
And find (perhaps) 2, 3, or 4 a week,
That too too oft, my losings gettings be,
To spend 5 crowns in gathering in of three.
And thus much to the world I dare avow,
That my oft walks to get my money now,
With my expenses, seeking of the same,
Returning many a night home, tired and lame,
Meeting some thirty, forty in a day,
That sees me, knows me, owes me, yet none pay.
Used and abused thus, both in town and court,
It makes me think my Scottish walk a sport;
I muse of what stuff these men framed be,
Most of them seem mockado unto me,[1]
Some are stand-further off, for they endeavour,
Never to see me, or to pay me never.
When first I saw them, they appeared rash,
And now their promises are worse than trash;
No taffety[2] more changeable than they,
In nothing constant, but no debts to pay.
And therefore let them take it as they will,
I'll canvas them a little with my quill.
To all the world I humbly do appeal,
And let it judge, if well these men do deal,

[1]MOCKADO.—A kind of woollen stuff, made in imitation of velvet, and sometimes called mock-velvet.

[2]TAFFETY.—A fine smooth stuff of silk, having a wavy and variegated lustre imparted to it by pressure and heat.

Or whether for their baseness, 'twere not fitter,
That I should use more gall, and write more bitter?
I wrote this book before, but for this end,
To warn them, and their faults to reprehend;
But if this warning will not serve the turn,
I swear by sweet Satiric *Nash* his urn,
On every pissing post, their names I'll place
Whilst they past shame, shall shame to show their face,
I'll hail fell *Nemesis*, from *Dis* his den,
To aid and guide my sharp revenging pen;
That fifty Pope's bulls never shall roar louder,
Nor fourscore cannons when men fire their powder.
There's no wound deeper than a pen can give,
It makes men living dead, and dead men live;
It can raise honour drowned in the sea,
And blaze it forth in glory, cap-a-pie.
Why, it can scale the battlements of heaven,
And stellify men 'mongst the planets seven:
It can make misers, peasants, knaves and fools,
The scorn of goodness, and the devils close stools.
Forgot had been the thrice three worthies' names,
If thrice three *Muses* had not writ their fames:
And if it not with flattery be infected,
Good is by it extolled, and bad corrected.
Let judgment judge them what mad men are those
That dare against a pen themselves oppose,
Which (when it likes) can turn them all to loathing,

To anything, to nothing, worse than nothing,
Yet e'er I went, these men to write did like,
And used a pen more nimbly than a pike;
And writ their names (as I supposed) more willing,
Than valiant soldiers with their pikes are drilling,
No paper bill of mine had edge upon it,
Till they their hands and names had written on it;
And if their judgments be not overseen,
They would not fear, the edge is not so keen.
Some thousands, and some hundreds by the year
Are worth, yet they their piece or half-piece fear;
They on their own bills are afraid to enter,
And I upon their pieces dare to venture:
But whoso at the bill hath better skill,
Give me the piece, and let him take the bill,
I have met some that odiously have lied,
Who to deceive me, have their names denied.
And yet they have good honest Christian names,
As *Joshua*, *Richard*, *Robert*, *John*, and *James:*
To cheat me with base inhumanity,
They have denied their Christianity,
A half-piece or a crown, or such a sum,
Hath forced them falsify their Christendom:
Denying good ill names with them agree,
And they that have ill names, half hanged be,
And sure I think, my loss would be but small,
If for a quittance they were hanged up all.
Of such I am past hope, and they past grace,

And hope and grace both past's, a wretched case,
It may be that for my offences passed,
God hath upon me this disturbance cast:
If it be so, I thank His name therefore,
Confessing I deserve ten times much more;
But as the devil is author of all ill,
So ill for ill, on th' ill he worketh still;
Himself, his servants, daily lie and lurk,
Man's care on earth, or pains in hell to work.
See how the case then with my debtors stands:
They take the devil's office out of his hands;
Tormenting me on earth, for passed evils,
And for the devil, doth vex me worse than devils.
In troth 'tis pity, proper men they seem,
And those that know them not, would never deem
That one of them would basely seem to meddle,
To be the devil's hangman, or his beadle.
For shame, for honesty, for both, for either,
For my deserts desertless, or for neither
Discharge yourselves from me, you know wherefore,
And never serve or help the devil more.
I have heard some that lawyers do condemn,
But I still must, and will speak well of them;
Though never in my life they had of me
Clerks, Counsellors, or yet Attorneys fee,
Yet at my back return, they all concurred,
And paid me what was due, and ne'er demurred.
Some Counter Serjeants, when I came again,

(Against their natures) dealt like honest men.
By wondrous accident perchance one may
Grope out a needle in a load of hay:
And though a white crow be exceeding rare,
A blind man may (by fortune) catch a hare,
So may a Serjeant have some honest tricks,
If too much knavery doth not overmix.
Newgate (the university of stealing)
Did deal with me with upright honest dealing,
My debtors all (for ought that I can see)
Will still remain true debtors unto me;
For if to paying once they should incline,
They would not then be debtors long of mine.
But this report I fear, they still will have,
To be true debtors even to their grave.
I know there's many worthy projects done,
The which more credit, and more coin have won,
And 'tis a shame for those (I dare maintain)
That break their words, and not requite their pain:
I speak to such, if any such there be,
If there be none, would there were none for me.
Thus all my debtors have increased my talent,
Except the poor, the proud, the base, the gallant.
Those that are dead, or fled, or out of town:
Such as I know not, nor to them am known,
Those that will pay (of which there's some small number)
And those that smile to put me to this cumber,

In all they are eight hundred and some odd,
But when they'll pay me's only known to God.
Some crowns, some pounds, some nobles, some a royal,
Some good, some naught, some worse, most bad in trial.
I, like a boy that shooting with a bow
Hath lost his shaft where weeds and bushes grow;
Who having searched, and raked, and scraped, and tost
To find his arrow that he late hath lost:
At last a crotchet comes into his brain,
To stand at his first shooting place again:
Then shoots, and lets another arrow fly,
Near as he thinks his other shaft may lie:
Thus vent'ring, he perhaps finds both or one,*
The worst is, if he lose both, he finds none.
So I that have of books so many given,
To this compared exigent am driven:
To shoot this pamphlet, and to ease my mind,
To lose more yet, or something lost to find.
As many brooks, fords, showers of rain and springs,
Unto the *Thames* their often tribute brings,
These subjects paying, not their stocks decrease,
Yet by those payments, *Thames* doth still increase:

See The Merchant of Venice, act i, sc. 1.

"In my school days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch,
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both
I oft found both."

So I that have of debtors such a swarm,
Good they might do me, and themselves no harm,
Invective lines, or words, I write nor say
To none but those that can, and will not pay :
And whoso pays with good, or with ill will,
Is freed from out the compass of my quill.
They must not take me for a stupid ass,
That I (unfeeling) will let these things pass.
If they bear minds to wrong me, let them know,
I have a tongue and pen, my wrongs to show ;
And be he ne'er so brisk, or neat, or trim,
That bids a pish for me, a tush for him ;
To me they're rotten trees, with beauteous rinds,
Fair formed caskets of deformed minds.
Or like dispersed flocks of scattered sheep,
That will no pasture, or decorum keep :
Some wildly skipping into unknown grounds,
Stray into foreign and forbidden bounds ;
Where some through want, some through excess have got
The scab, the worm, the murrain, or the rot.
But whilst they wander guideless, uncontrolled,
I'll do my best to bring them to my fold ;
And seeing sheepfold hurdles here are scant,
I am enforced to supply that want
With railing : and therefore mine own to win,
Like rotten forlorn sheep, I'll rail them in.

In defence of Adventures upon returns.

HORASMUCH as there are many, who either out of pride, malice, or ignorance, do speak harshly, and hardly of me and of divers others, who have attempted and gone dangerous voyages by sea with small wherries or boats, or any other adventure upon any voyage by land, either riding, going, or running, alledging that we do tempt God by undertaking such perilous courses, (which indeed I cannot deny to be true) yet not to extenuate or make my faults less than they are, I will here approve that all men in the world are adventurers

upon return, and that we do all generally tempt the patience and long suffering of God, as I will make it appear as followeth.

Whosoever is an idolator, a superstitious heretic, an odious and frequent swearer, or liar, a griping usurer, or uncharitable extortioner, doth tempt God, adventure their souls, and upon return, lose heaven.

Whosoever is a whore-master, doth adventure his health, and wealth, and his returns are endless misery, beggary, and the pox.

Whosoever doth contrive, plot, or commit treason, doth adventure his soul to the devil and his body to the hangman.

Whosoever doth marry a young and beautiful maid, doth adventure a great hazard for a blessing or a curse.

Whosoever goes a long journey, and leaves his fair wife at home, doth most dangerously adventure for horns, if she be not the honester.

He that sets his hand to a bond, or passes his word for another man's debt, doth *adventure* a great hazard to pay both principle and interest. *Probatum est.*

That pastor who is either negligent or uncharitable in his function, doth *adventure* more than he will ever recover.

A merchant doth adventure ship, and goods, amongst flats, shoals, deeps, pirates, shelves, rocks, gusts, storms, flaws, tempests, mists, fogs, winds, seas, heats, colds, and calms, and all for hope of profit, which often fails.

That tradesman that daily trusts more ware than he receives money for, doth *adventure* for *Ludgate*, a breaking, or a cracking of his credit.

He or she who are proud either of beauty, riches, wit, learning, strength, or any thing which is transitory, and may be lost, either by fire, water, sickness, death, or any other casualty, do *adventure* to be accounted vain-glorious, and ridiculous coxcombs.

He that puts confidence in drabs, dice, cards, balls, bowls, or any game lawful or unlawful, doth adventure to be laughed at for a fool, or die a beggar unpited.

He that eats and drinks till midnight, and fights and brawls till day-light, doth *adventure* for little rest that night.

To conclude, I could name and produce abundance more of adventurers; but as concerning adventuring any more dangerous voyages to sea, with wherries, or any extraordinary means, I have done my last, only my frailty will now and then provoke me to adventure upon some of those

infirmities or vices, which attend on our mortalities. which I think I shall be free from committing before my debtors have paid me all my money.

• • •

FINIS.

LONDON,
Printed by *Nicholas Okes*, for *Matthew Walbank*, dwelling at *Grayes Inn Gate*.
1619.

TAYLORS FAREWEL,

TO

THE TOWER-BOTTLES.

Printed at *Dort.* 1622.

THE ARGUMENT.

ABOUT three hundred and twenty years since, or thereabouts, (I think in the reign of King Richard *the Second) there was a gift given to the Tower, or to the Lieutenants thereof, for the time then and for ever being, which gift was two black Leather Bottles, or Bombards of wine, from every ship that brought wine into the river of* Thames; *the which hath so continued until this day, but the merchants finding themselves aggrieved lately, because they thought the Bottles were made bigger than they were formerly wont to be, did wage law with the Lieutenant (Sir* Gervis Helwis *by name) in which suit the Lieutenant had been overthrown, but for such witnesses as I found that knew his right for a long time in their own knowledge. But I having had the gathering of these wines for many years, was at last discharged from my place because I would not buy it, which because it was never bought or sold before, I would not or durst not venture upon so unhonest a novelty, it being sold indeed at so high a rate, that whoso bought it must pay thrice the value of it: whereupon I took occasion to take leave of the Bottles in this following Poem, in which the reader must be very melancholy, if the reading thereof do not make him very merry.*

JOHN TAYLOR.

TAYLOR'S FAREWELL TO THE TOWER-BOTTLES.

BY your leave Gentlemen, I'll make some sport,
Although I venture half a hanging for 't:
But yet I will no peace or manners break
For I to none but Leather-bottles speak.
No anger spurs me forward, or despite
Insomuch plain verse I talk of wrong and right.
The loser may speak, when the winner wins,
And madly merrily my muse begins.
Mad Bedlam *Tom*, assist me in thy rags,
Lend me thy army of foul fiends and hags:
Hobgoblins, elves, fair fairies, and foul furies,
Let me have twelve gross of infernal juries,
With *Robin Goodfellow* and bloody bone
Assist my merry Muse, all, every one.
I will not call to the *(a) Pegassian* nine, (a) The 9 Muse.
In this they shall not aid me in a line:
Their favours I'll reserve till fitter time.
To grace some better business with my rhyme,

Plain home-spun stuff shall now proceed from me,
Much like unto the picture of we *(b)* three.
And now I talk of three, just three we are,
Two false Black bottles, and myself at jar.
And reader when you read our cause of strife,
You'll laugh or else lie down, I'll lay my life,
But as remembrance lamely can rehearse,
In sport I'll rip the matter up in verse.
Yet first here down I think it fit to set
By what means first, I with those Bottles met.
Then stroke your beard my masters and give ear,
I was a waterman twice four long year,
And lived in a contented happy state.
Then turn'd the whirling wheel of fickle Fate,
From water unto wine: Sir *William Waad*
Did freely, and for nothing turn my trade.
Ten years almost the place I did retain,
And *(c)* glean'd great *Bacchus* blood from *France* and *Spain*,
Few ships my visitation did escape,
That brought the sprightful liquor of the grape:
My Bottles and myself did oft agree,
Full to the top all merry came *We three.*
Yet always 'twas my chance in *Bacchus* spite
To come into the Tower unfox'd[1] upright.
But as men's thoughts a world of ways do range,
So as Lieutenants chang'd, did customs *(d)* change:

(b) The picture of two fools, and the third looking on, I do fitly compare with the two black Bottles and myself.

(c) I filled the two Bottles, being in quantity six gallons from every ship that brought wines up the river of Thames.

(d) The wines had been continually brought into the Lieutenant's cellar of the Tower for 16 years and never sold till now of late with in this four or five years.

[1] UNFOX'D.—*i.e.*, not drunk.

The ancient use us'd many years before,
Was sold, unto the highest rate and more,
At such a price, which whosoe'er did give,
Must play the thief, or could not save and live.
Which to my loss, I manifestly found
I am well sure it cost me thirty pound
For one year, but before the next year come,
'Twas almost mounted to a *(e)* double sum :
Then I, in scorn, contempt, and vile disgrace,
Discarded was, and thrust quite from my place,
There *Bacchus* almost cast me in the mire,
And I from wine to water did retire.
But when the blind misjudging world did see,
The strange unlook'd for parting of *us three*,
To hear but how the multitude did judge,
How they did mutter, mumble, prate and grudge,
That for some *(f)* faults I surely had committed,
I, in disgrace thus from my place was quitted.
These imputations griev'd me to the heart,
(For they were causeless and without desert)
And therefore, though no man above the ground
That knew the Bottles would give twenty *(g)* pound
Rather than I would branded be with shame,
And bear the burthen of desertless blame,
To be an owl, contemptuously bewondered.
I would *(h)* give threescore, fourscore, or a hundred.
For I did vow, although I were undone,
I would redeem my credit overrun,

(e) It was sol at these hard rates by another Lieutenant, (an honest religious gentleman, and a good housekeeper) by the persuasions of some of his double diligent servants

(f) Against all the world I oppose myself in this point, but yet I purpose to confess more than any man can accuse me of.

(g) Except he were a fool, or a mad man.

(h) I'd hear that that Lieutenant was to leave his place which made me bargain

And 'tis much better in a jail to rot,
To suffer begg'ry, slavery, or what not,
Than to be blasted with that wrong of wrongs,
Which is the poison of backbiting tongues.
Hoisted aloft unto this mounting tax,
Bound fast in bonds in parchment and with wax,
Time gallop'd, and brought on the payment day,
And for three months I eighteen pounds did pay.
Then I confess, I play'd the thief in grain,
And for one bottle commonly stole twain.
But so who buys the place, and means to thrive,
Must many times for one take four or five.
For this I will maintain and verify,
It is an office no true man can buy.
And by that reason sure I should say well,
It is unfit for any man to sell :
For till at such an extreme rate I bought,
To filch or steal, I scarcely had a thought,
And I dare make a vow 'fore God and men,
I never play'd the thief so much as then.
But at the last my friendly stars agreed,
That from my heavy bonds I should be *(i)* freed:
Which if I ever come into again,
Let hanging be the guerdon for my pain.
Then the *(k)* old custom did again begin,
And to the Tower I brought the Bottles in,
For which for serving more than half a year,
I (with much love) had wages and good cheer,

with him at any price, in hope that he would not stay the full receiving, which fell out as I wished it.

(i) That Lieutenant left his place, by which I was eased of my hard payments.

(k) By this Lieutenant that now is.

Till one *(l)* most valiant, ignorantly stout,
Did buy, and over-buy, and buy me out.
Thus like times football, was I often tost,
In dock out-nettle, up-down, blest and crost,
Out fac'd and fac'd, grac'd, and again disgrac'd,
And as blind fortune pleas'd, displac'd, or plac'd,
And thus, for ought my *(m)* *Augury* can see,
Divorc'd and parted ever are *we three.*
Old *Naboth*, my case is much worse than thine,
Thou but the vineyard lost, I lost the wine:
Two witnesses (for bribes) thee false accus'd,
(Perhaps) some prating knaves have me abus'd:
Yet thy wrong's more than mine, the reason why,
For thou wast *(n)* stoned to death, so am not I.
But as the dogs, did eat the flesh and gore
Of *Jezebel*, that Royal painted whore,
So may the gallows eat some friends of mine,
That first striv'd to remove me from the wine.
This may by some misfortune be their lot,
Although that any way I wish it not.
But farewell Bottles never to return,
Weep you in sack, whilst I in ale will mourn;
Yet though you have no reason, wit, or sense,
I'll senseless chide you for your vile offence,
That from your foster father me would slide
To dwell with ignorance, a blind-fold guide,
For who in *Britain* knew (but *(o)* I) to use you,
And who but I knew how but to abuse you;

(l) A desperate cloth-worker, that did hunger and thirst to undo himself

(m) Augury is a kind of soothsaying by the flight of birds.

(n) Naboth was stoned to death, so am not I.

(o) My Bottles do deserve a little reproof.

My speech to you, no action sure can bear,
From *Scandalum magnatum* I am clear.
When upland tradesmen thus dares take in hand
A wa'try business, they not understand :
It did presage things would turn topsy-turvy,
And the conclusion of it would be scurvy,
But leaving him unto the course of fate,
Bottles let you and I a-while debate,
Call your extravagant wild humours home,
And think but whom you are departed from ;
I that for your sakes have given stabs and stripes,
To give you suck from hogsheads and from pipes,
I that with pains and care you long have nurs'd,
Oft fill'd you with the best, and left the worst.
And to maintain you full, would often pierce,
The best of butts, a puncheon, or a tierce,
Whil'st pipes and sackbuts were the instruments
That I played on, to fill your full contents.
With bastart, sack, with allegant, and Rhenish,
Your hungry maws I often did replenish,
With malmsey, muscadel, and Corsica,
With white, red, claret, and liatica,
With hollock, sherry, malaga, canary,
I stuft your sides up with a sursarara, [*certiorari*]
That though the world was hard, my care was still,
To search and labour you might have your fill,
That when my master did or sup or dine,

He had his choice of *(p)* fifteen sorts of wine.
And as good wines they were I dare be bold,
As any seller in this land did hold.
Thus from these Bottles I made honour spring,
Befitting for the castle of a king.
This Royalty my labour did maintain,
When I had meat and wages for my pain.
Ingrateful *Bottles*, take it not amiss
That I, of your unkindness tell you this,
Sure if you could speak, you could say in brief,
Your greatest want, was still my greatest grief.
Did I not often in my bosom hug you,
And in mine arms would (like a father) lug you,
Have I not run through tempests, gusts, and storms,
And met with danger in strange various forms,
All times and tides, with, and against the stream,
Your welfare ever was my labours theme.
Sleet, rain, hail, wind, or Winter's frosty chaps,
Jove's lightning, or his dreadful thunderclaps,
When all the elements in one conspire,
Sad earth, sharp air, rough water, flashing fire,
Have warr'd on one another, as if all
This world of nothing, would to nothing fall.
When showering hail-shot, from the storming heav'n,
Nor blustering gusts by *Æolus*, belching driven,
Could hold me back, then oft I search'd and sought,
And found, and unto you the purchase brought.
All weathers, fair, foul, sunshine, wet and dry,

(p) This was a credit to the King's Castle, and to the Lieutenant thereof.

I travailed still, your paunches to supply.
Oft have I fought, and swagger'd in your right,
And fill'd your still by either sleight or might.
And in the exchequer I stood for your cause,
Else had you been confounded by the laws,
(q) I found and brought 3 witnesses that knew and took their oaths for the quantities of the Bottles for 50 years.
I did produce such *(q)* witnesses which cross'd
The merchant's suit, else you had quite been lost,
And (but for me) apparently 'tis known,
You had been kicksey-winsey over-thrown,
And for my service and my much pains taken,
I am cashier'd, abandon'd, and forsaken.
I knew it well, and said, and swore it too,
That he that bought me would himself undo,
And I was promis'd, that when he gave o'er,
That I should fill you, as I did before,
For which four years with patience I did stay,
Expecting he would break or run away,
Which though it be fallen out as I expected,
Yet nevertheless my service is rejected.
Let men judge if I have not cause to write
Against my fortune, and the world's despight,
(r) 14 years.
That in my prime of strength, so long a *(r)* space,
I toiled and drudged, in such a gainless place,
Whereas the best part of my life I spent,
And to my power gave every man content.
In all which time which I did then remain,
I gave no man occasion to complain,
For unto all that know me, I appeal,

To speak if well or ill I used to deal,
Or if there be the least abuse in me,
For which I thus from you should sund'red be.
For though my profit by you was but small,
Yet sure my gain was love in general.
And that I do not lye nor speak amiss,
I can bring hundreds that can witness this,
Yet for all this, I ever am put off,
And made a scorn, a by-word and a scoff.
It must some villains information be,
That hath maliciously abused me,
But if I knew the misinforming elf,
I would write lines should make him hang himself.
Be he a great man that doth use me ill,
(That makes his will his law, and law his will)
I hold a poor man may that great man tell,
How that in doing ill, he doth not well,
But Bottles black, once more have at you breech,
For unto you I only bend my speech
Full fourteen times had *Sol's* illustrious rays,
Ran through the *Zodiac*, when I spent my days
To conserve, reserve, preserve and deserve,
Your loves, when you with wants were like to starve.
A gross of moons, and twice 12 months beside,
I have attended you all time and tides.
If I gain'd twelve pence by you all that time,
May I to Tyburn for promotion climb,
For though the blind world understand it not,

I know there's nothing by you can be got,
Except a drunken pate, a scurvy word.
And now and then be tumbled over board,
And those these mischiefs I have kept me frō,
No other Bottleman could e'er do so,
'Tis known you have been stabb'd, thrown in the Thames,
And he that fil'd you beaten, with exclaims,
Merchants, who have much abused been
Which exigents, I never brought you in.
But I with peace and quietness got more,
Than any brabling e'er could do before
The warders knows, each Bottleman (but I)
Had always a crack'd crown, or a black eye,
Oft beaten like a dog, with a scratch'd face,
Turn'd empty, beaten back with vile disgrace.
These injuries myself did bring in quiet,
And still with peace I fill'd you free from riot;
My labours have been dedicate to you,
And you have dealt with me, as with a *Jew*,
For unto thousand witnesses 'tis known.
I did esteem your welfare as mine own,
But an objection from my words may run,
That seeing nothing by you may be won,
Why I do keep this deal of do about you
When as I say, I can live best without you.
I answer, though no profit you do bring,
Yet there is many a profitable thing,

Which I of *(s)* mariners might often buy,
Which unto me would yield commodity.
And I expected when the time should be,
That I should fill you, as 'twas promised me,
Whereby some other profit might be got,
Which I in former times remembered not,
All which could do the Custom-house *(t)* no wrong,
Which to repeat here, would be over-long,
But I was slighted with most vile disgrace,
And one that was my prentice plac'd in *(u)* place.
But holla, holla, Muse come back, come back,
I speak to none but you, you Bottles black.
You that are now turn'd monsters, most ingrate,
Where you have cause to love most, most do hate,
You that are of good manners quite derived,
Worse than the beast *(x)* from whence you are derived.
If you be good for nothing but what's naught,
Then sure you have been better fed than taught,
Besides the world will tax me, and say still
The fault was mine, that nurtur'd you so ill.
Persisting thus in your injurious wrong,
It shows you are drunk with being empty long.
Long fasting sure, hath made you weak and dull,
For you are steadiest, when you are most full.
Methinks I hear you say the fault's not yours,
You are commanded by superior powers,
But if the choice were yours, you had much rather
That I, than any one the wines should gather.

(s) This course never came into my mind in 14 years whilst I kept the place.

(t) A jar of olives or oil, a few potatoes, oranges, lemons, and divers other things, which a man may buy, get, and save by.

(u) The fellow was ever a true man to me, and I envy not his happiness, but yet I have very foul play offered me.

(x) They are made of a beast hides

Alas poor fools, I see your force is weak,
Complain you cannot, wanting power to speak;
If you had speech, it may be you would tell,
How with you and the merchants I dealt well,
But 'tis no matter though you silent be,
My fourteen years long service speaks for me;
And for the merchants still my friends did prove,
I'll tell them somewhat to requite their love.
First let their wisdoms but collect and sum,
How many ships with wine do yearly come,
And they will find that all these Bottles shall
Not fill *(y)* nine hogsheads, at the most of all,
Then he that for them three tun dares to give,
The case is plain, he must or beg or thieve.
I do not say that you have been abus'd,
But you may partly guess how we were used,
Indeed *(z)* I think we ne'er so soon had parted,
Had friendly outsides been but friendly hearted,
The sweet bait covers the deceiving hooks,
And false hearts can put on good words and looks:
All is not gold the proverb says that glisters,
And I could wish their tongues were full of blisters,
That with their flatt'ring diligence most double,
Themselves, and you, and I, thus much did trouble,
For misinforming paltry knaves must be,
The instruments of such indignity.
But as the fairest gardens have some weeds, [breeds,
And mongst the cleanest flock, some scab'd sheep

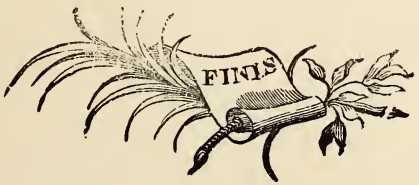
(y) *At 3 gallons from a ship, and some but 1 gallon and a half. 1 account 30, ships allowance is the quantity of a hogshead whereby it may be easily found in the custom house if I speak true or not*

(z) *Now I speak of the bottles again.*

Or as the tare amongst the wheat doth grow,
Good only for what's ill, yet makes a show.
So there's no greatness fixed on the ground,
But claw-back sycophants may there be found.
For 'tis a maxim held in every nation,
Great men are waited on by adulation.
No doubt but some doth to the court resort,
And sure the Tower must imitate the Court,
As *Cæsars* palace may (perhaps) have many,
So *Cæsars* castle cannot say not any.
I have found some that with each wind would move,
With hearts all hatred, and with tongues all love,
Who with hats moved, would take me by the fist,
With compliments of honest *Jack* how ist ?
I'm glad to see thee well with all my heart,
Long have I longed to drink with thee a quart,
I have believed this dross had been pure gold,
When presently I have been bought and sold
Behind my back (for no desert and cause)
By those that kindly cap'd and kissed their claws,
For one of them (an ancient reverend scribe)
Received forty shillings for a bribe,
On purpose so to bring the case about
To put another in, and thrust me out.
Long was the time this business was a brewing,
Until fit opportunity accruing,
I was displaced, yet spite the bribed shark,
The man that gave the bribe did miss the mark.

O Bottles, Bottles, Bottles, Bottles, Bottles,
Platos Divine works, nor great *Aristotles*,
Did e'er make mention of a gift so Royal,
Was ever bought and sold like slaves disloyal.
For since King *Richard* second of that name,
(I think) your high prerogative you claim:
And thus much here to write I dare be bold,
You are a gift not given to be sold,
For sense or reason never would allow,
That you should e're be bought and sold till now.
Philosophers with all their documents,
Nor aged times with all their monuments,
Did ever mention such untoward elves,
That did more idly cast away themselves.
To such low ebb your baseness now doth shrink,
Whereas you yearly did make thousands drink,
The hateful title now to you is left,
You are instruments of beggary and of theft.
But when I filled you (I dare boldly swear)
From all these imputations you were clear,
Against which I dare, dare, who dare or can,
To answer him and meet him man to man,
Truth arms me, with the which I will hold bias.
Against the shock of any false *Goliahs*.
Bottles you have not wanted of your fill,
Since you have left me, by your heedless will,
You scarce have tasted penury or want.
(For cunning thieves are seldom ignorant)

Yet many times you have been filled with trash,
Scarce good enough your dirty skins to wash.
All this I know, and this I did divine,
But all's one, draff is good enough far swine.
I do not here inveigh, or yet envy,
The places profit, none can come thereby,
And in my hand it lies (if so I please)
To spoil it, and not make it worth a pease.
And to the world I'll cause it to appear,
Who e're gives for you twenty pounds a year.
Must from the merchants pilfer fourscore more,
Or else he cannot live and pay the score.
And to close up this point, I say in brief,
Who buys it is a begger or a thief,
Or else a fool, or to make all agree,
He may be fool, thief, begger, all the three,
So you false Bottles to you both adieu,
The *Thames* for me, not a *Denier* for you.



THE VNNATURALL FATHER:

OR,

A Cruell Murther committed by

one *IOHN ROVVSE*, of the Towne of *Ewell*, ten miles from *London*, in the County of *Surry*,

Vpon two of his owne Children.

By IOHN TAYLOR,

AT LONDON,
Printed in the Yeare 1621.

THE UNNATURAL FATHER.

AS a Chain consists of divers links, and every link depends, and is inyok'd upon one another: Even so our sins, being the Chain wherewith Satan doth bind and manacle us, are so knit, twisted, and sodered together, that without our firm faith ascending, and Gods grace descending, we can never be freed from those infernal fetters; for Sloth is linked with drunkenness, Drunkenness with Fornication and Adultery, and Adultery with Murder, and so of all the rest of the temptations, suggestions, and actions, wherewith miserable men and women are insnared and led captive into perpetual perdition, except the mercy of our gracious God be our defence and safe guard.

For a lamentable example of the Devils malice, and mans misery; this party, of whom I treat at this time, was a wretch, not to be matched, a fellow

not to be fellowed, and one that scarce hath an equal, for matchless misery, and unnatural Murder. But to the matter.

This *John Rowse* being a Fishmonger in *London*, gave over his trade and lived altogether in the town of *Ewell*, near *Nonsuch*,* in the county of *Surrey*, ten miles from *London*, where he had land of his own for himself and his heirs for ever to the value of fifty pounds a year, with which he lived in good and honest fashion, being well reputed of all his neighbours, and in good estimation with Gentlemen and others that dwelt in the adjoining villages.

Until at the last he married a very honest and comely woman, with whom he lived quietly and in good fashion some six months, till the Devil sent an instrument of his, to disturb their Matrimonial

*Nonsuch, a royal retreat, built by Henry VIII. with an excess of magnificence and elegance, even to ostentation; one would imagine everything that architecture can perform to have been employed in this one work; there are everywhere so many statues that seem to breathe, so many miracles of consummate art, so many casts that rival even the perfection of Roman antiquity, that it may well obtain and justify its name of Nonsuch, being without an equal, or as the poet sings:

"This, which no equal has in art or fame,
Britons deservedly do Nonsuch name."

The palace itself is so encompassed with parks full of deer, delicious gardens, groves ornamented with trellis-work, cabinets of verdure, and walks so embrowned by trees, that it seems to be a place pitched on by Pleasure herself to dwell in along with Health. The materials of Nonsuch House were valued at £7,020. Not a vestige is now standing, but the coloured bricks, stones, &c. plentifully introduced into the houses and garden walls of Cheam, prove that the materials have not been entirely destroyed.—*Cooke's* Surrey.

happiness : for they wanting a Maidservant, did entertain into their house a Wench, whose name was *Jane Blundell*, who in short time was better acquainted with her Masters bed than honesty required, which in time was found out and known by her Mistress, and brake the peace, in such sort, between the said *Rowse* and his Wife, that in the end, after two years continuance, it brake the poor womans heart, that she died and left her husband a widower, where he and his Whore were the more free to use their cursed contentments, and ungodly embracements.

Yet that estate of being unmarried, was displeasing to him, so that he took to wife another woman, who for her outward feature, and inward qualities was every way fit for a very honest man, although it were her hard fortune to match otherwise.

With this last Wife of his he lived much discontented, by reason of his keeping his lewd Trull in his house, so that by his daily riot, excessive drinking and unproportionable spending, his estate began to be much impoverished, much of his land mortgaged and forfeited, himself above two hundred pounds indebted, and in process of time to be (as a lewd liver) of all his honest neighbours rejected and contemned.

His estate and credit being almost past recovery wasted and impaired, he forsook his Wife, came up

to *London* with his Wench where he fell into a new league with a corrupted friend; who (as he said) did most courteously cozen him of all that ever he had, and whom at this time I forbear to name, because it was *John Rowse* his request before his execution, that he should not be named in any Book or Ballad, but yet upon a Die his name may be picked out betwixt a Cinq and a Trois. This false friend of his (as he said) did persuade him to leave his Wife for altogether, and did lodge and board him and his paramour certain weeks in his house, and afterward caused him and her to be lodged (having chang'd his name) as Man and Wife in an honest mans house near Bishops-gate, at *Bevis Marks*, where they continued so long, till his money was gone, (as indeed he never had much, but now and then small petty sums from his secret friend aforesaid) and he being fearful to be smooked out by his Creditors, was counselled to leave his Country and depart for *Ireland;* and before his going over Sea, his friend wrought so, that all his land was made over in trust to him, and Bonds, Covenants, and Leases made, as fully bought and sold for a sum of two hundred and threescore pounds; of all which money the said *Rowse* did take the Sacrament at his death, that he never did receive one penny, but he said now and then he had five or ten shillings at a time from his said friend, and never above twenty shillings;

and all that ever he had of him, being summed together, was not above three and twenty pounds, the which moneys his friend did pay himself out of his rents. But some more friend to him, than he was to himself, did doubt that he was cheated of his land: whereupon (to make all sure) he said that his false friend did so far prevail with him, that he the said *Rowse* took an oath in the open Court at Westminster Hall, that he had lawfully sold his land, and had received the sum above said, in full satisfaction and payment, and his said friend did vow and protest many times unto him, with such oaths, and vehement curses, that he never would deceive his trust, but that at any time when he would command all those forged Bonds and Leases, that he would surrender them unto him, and that he should never be damnified by them or him, to the value of one half penny. Upon which protestations (he said) he was enticed to undo himself out of all his earthly possessions, and by a false Oath to make hazard of his inheritance in Heaven.

In *Ireland* he staid not long, but came over again, and was by his friend persuaded to go into the Low Countries: which he did, never minding his Wife and two small children which he had by her, having likewise a brace of bastards by his Whore (as some say) but he said that but one of them was of

his begetting. But he, after some stay in *Holland*, saw that he could not fadge there, according to his desire and withal, suspecting that he was cheated of his land, and above all, much perplexed in his Conseience for the false oath that he had taken, pondering his miserable estate, and rueing his unkindness to his Wife, and unnatural dealing to his Children, thinking with himself what course were best to take to help himself out of so many miseries which did incompass him, he came over again into *England* to his too dear friend, demanding of him his Bonds and Leases of his Land which he had put him in trust withal. But then his friend did manifest himself what he was, and told him plainly, that he had no writings, nor any land of his, but what he had dearly bought and paid for. All which (*Rowse* replied unto him) was false, as his own Conscience knew. Then said the other, have I not here in my custody your hand and seal to confirm my lawful possession of your land? and moreover have I not a record of an oath in open Court, which you took concerning the truth of all our bargain? And seeing that I have all these especial points of the Law, as an Oath, Indentures, and a sure possession, take what course you will, for I am resolved to hold what I have

These (or the like) words, in effect passed betwixt *Rowse* and his friend (Trusty *Roger*) which entering at his ears, pierced his heart like daggers;

and being out of money, and credit, a man much infamous for his bad life, indebted beyond all possible means of payment; a perjured wretch to cozen himself, having no place or means to feed or lodge, and fearful of being arrested, having so much abused his Wife, and so little regarded his Children, being now brought to the pits, brim of desperation, not knowing amongst these calamities which way to turn himself, he resolved at last to go home to *Ewell* again to his much wronged Wife for his last refuge in extremity.

The poor Woman received him with joy, and his Children with all gladness welcomed home the prodigal Father, with whom he remained in much discontentment and perplexity of mind: the Devil still tempting him to mischief and despair, putting him in mind of his former better estate, comparing pleasures past with present miseries: and he revolving that he had been a man in that Town, had been a Gentlemans companion, of good reputation and calling, that he had Friends, Lands, Money, Apparel and Credit, with means sufficient to have left for the maintenance of his Family, and that now he had nothing left him but poverty and beggary, and that his two Children were like to be left to go from door to door for their living.

Being thus tormented and tost with restless imaginations; he seeing daily to his further grief,

the poor case of his Children, and fearing that worse would befall them hereafter, he resolved to work some means to take away their languishing lives, by a speedy and untimely death, the which practice of his (by the Devils instigation and assistance) he effected as followeth.

To be sure that no body should stop or prevent his devilish enterprise; he sent his Wife to *London* on a frivolous errand, for a riding coat: and she being gone somewhat timely, and too soon in the morning, both her children being in bed and fast asleep, being two very pretty Girls, one of the age of six years, and the other four years old, none being in the house but themselves, their unfortunate Father, and his ghostly Counseller, the doors being fast locked, he having an excellent spring of water* in the cellar of his house (which, to a good mind that would have employed it well, would have been a blessing: for the water is that of christaline purity, and clearness, that Queen *Elizabeth* of famous memory would daily send for it for her own use) in which he purposed to drown his poor innocent children sleeping: for he going into the chamber where they lay, took the youngest of them named *Elizabeth*, forth of her bed, and carried her down the stairs into his cellar, and there put her in the

*Spring of Water.—The Spring Hotel, renowned for its beautiful gardens and wedding breakfasts, and now kept by Mr. John King, a very civil and obliging "mine host," occupies the site.

spring of water, holding down her head under that pure element with his hands, till at last the poor harmless soul and body parted one from another.

Which first act of this his inhuman tragedy being ended, he carried the dead corpse up three pair of stairs, and laying it down on the floor, left it, and went down into the chamber where his other daughter, named *Mary*, was in bed; being newly awaked, and seeing her father, demanded of him where her Sister was? To whom he made answer that he would bring her where she was. So taking her in his arms, he carried her down towards the cellar: and as he was on the cellar stairs, she asked him what he would do, and whither he would carry her? Fear nothing, my Child (quoth he) I will bring thee up again presently: and being come to the spring, as before he had done with the other, so he performed the last unfatherly deed upon her, and to be as good as his word, carried her up the stairs and laid her by her sister; that done, he laid them out, and covered them both with a sheet, walking up and down his house, weeping and lamenting his own misery, and his friends treachery, that was the main ground of all his misfortunes, and the death of his Children: and though there was time and opportunity enough for him to fly, and to seek for safety; yet the burthen and guilt of his conscience was so heavy to him, and his desperate case was so extreme

that he never offered to depart; but as a man weary of his life, would, and did stay, till such time as he was apprehended and sent to Prison, where he lay till he was rewarded with a just deserved death.

What his other intents were, after he had drowned his Children is uncertain; for he drew his sword, and laid it naked on a table, and after he gat a poor woman down into the cellar, and in the same place where the two infants lost their lives, he did help the woman to wring a buck of his clothes, and then he requested her to help to convey his goods out of his house; for he said that he feared, that the Sheriff of Surrey would come and seize upon all. But the woman not thinking of any of the harm that was done, imagined that he had meant that his goods would be seized for debt, and not for murder.

But to return to the miserable Mother of the murdered Children, she said that her heart throbbed all the day, as fore-boding some heavy mischance to come: and having done her business that she came about to *London*, as soon as she came home, she asked for her Children; to whom her husband answered that they were at a neighbours house in the Town. Then said she, I will go thither to fetch them home. No, quoth he, I will go myself presently for them. Then said his Wife, let the poor woman that is here, go and bring them home. But at last she saw such delay was used, she was

going herself; then her Husband told her that he had sent them to a Kinsmans of his at a village called *Sutton*, four miles from *Ewell*, and that he had provided well for them, and prayed her to be contented and fear nothing, for they were well. These double tales of his, made her to doubt somewhat was amiss: therefore she intreated him for Gods sake to tell her truly where they where. Whereupon he said, If you will needs know where they are, go but up the stairs into such a chamber, and there you shall find them. But in what a lamentable perplexity of mind the poor woman was, when she perceived how and which way they lost their lives, any Christian that hath an heart of flesh may imagine. Presently the Constable was sent for, who took him into his custody, who amongstother talk, demanded of him why and how he could commit so unnatural a fact, as to murder his Children? To whom he answered, that he did it, because he was not able to keep them, and that he was loth they should go about the Town a begging: and moreover, that they were his own, and being so, that he might do what he would with them, and that they had their lives from him, and therefore he had taken their lives from them, and was contented to lose his life for them: for he was sure that their miseries were past, and for his part, he had an assured hope to go to them, though they could not come to him.

So being had before Justice, his examination was very brief; for he confest all the whole circumstances of the matter freely; so that he was sent to the common Prison of *Surrey*, called the *White Lion*, where he remained fourteen or fifteen weeks a wonderful penitent Prisoner, never, or very seldom, being without a Bible or some other good book meditating upon; and when any one did but mention his Children, he would fetch a deep sigh, and weep, desiring every one to pray for him: and upon his own earnest request, he was prayed for at *Pauls* Cross, and at most of the Churches in *London*, and at many in the Country, and at the Sessions holden at *Croydon*, the latter end of *June* last, he made such free confession at the Bar, declaring the manner of his life, his odious Drinking, his abominable Whoring, his cruel Murder, and the false dealing of his deceitful friend, which was the cause of his final wreck: with which Relations of his pronounced, with such vehemency and protestations, he moved all that heard him to commiseration and pity.

So, according to Law and Justice, he was there condemned and judged (for the murdering of his two children) to be hanged; which judgment was executed on him at the common Gallows, at Croydon, on Monday, the second day of *June*, 1621, where he died with great penitency and remorse of conscience.

This was the lamentable end of *John Rowse*, a man of the age of fifty years, and one that might have lived and died in better fashion, if he had laid hold on the grace of heaven, and craved Gods protection and fatherly assistance; but of all that herein is declared, this one thing which I now declare, is most lamentable and remarkable; which is, that *Ewell* being a market town, not much above ten miles from *London*, in a Christian Kingdom, and such a Kingdom, where the all-saving Word of the ever-living God is most diligently, sincerely, and plentifully preached; and yet amidst this diligence, as it were in the circle or centre of his sincerity, and in the flood of this plenty, the Town of *Ewell* hath neither Preacher nor Pastor: for although the Parsonage be able to maintain a sufficient Preacher, yet the living being in a Laymans hand, is rented out to another for a great sum, and yet no Preacher maintained there. Now the chief Landlord out of his portion, doth allow but seven pounds yearly for a Reader, and the other that doth hire the Parsonage at a great rent, doth give the said Reader four pound the year more out of his means and courtesy: and by this means the Town is served with a poor old man that is half blind, and by reason of his age can scarcely read: for all the world knows, that so small a stipend cannot find a good Preacher books, and very hardly bread to live on; so that the poor souls

dwelling there, are in danger of famishing, for want of a good Preacher to break the Bread of Life unto them: for a Sermon amongst them, is as rare as as warm weather in *December*, or ice in *July:* both which I have seen in *England*, though but seldom.

And as the Wolf is most bold with the Sheep, when there is either no shepherd, or an impotent insufficient one, so the Devil (perhaps) took his advantage of this wretched man, seeing he was so badly guarded, and so weakly guided to withstand his force and malice: for where God is least known and called upon, there Satan hath most power and domination. But howsoever, I wish with all my heart, that that Town and many more were better provided than they are, and then such numbers of souls would not be in hazard to perish; nor so many sufficient scholars that can preach and teach well, live in penury through want of maintenance. I could run further upon this point, but that I do shortly purpose to touch it more to be quick in another book.

By this mans fall, we may see an example of Gods Justice against Drunkenness, Whoredom, and Murder; the Devil being the first Author, who was a Murderer from the beginning: who filled *Cain* with envy, that he murdered his brother *Abel:* who tempted *David* first to Adultery, and afterwards to Murder; who provoked *Herod* to cause the blessed

Servant of God *John Baptist* to lose his head, because he told him it was not lawful for him to marry his brother *Philips* Wife; and who was the provoker of the aforesaid *Herod* to murder all the innocent male children in his Kingdom. And let us but mark and consider the plagues and punishments that God hath inflicted upon Murderers, Adulterers, and incestuous persons: First *Cain*, although by his birth he was the first man that ever was born, a Prince by his birth, and heir apparent to all the world; yet for the Murder by him committed on his brother, he was the first Vagabond and Runagate on the face of the earth, almost fearful of his own shadow: and after he had lived a long time terrified in Conscience, was himself slain (as is supposed) by *Lamech*, *Simeon* and *Levi* the sons of *Jacob* were accursed of their Father for the slaughter of the *Sichemites; Joab* the Captain of *Davids* host, was slain for the murdering of *Abner; David* himself, for the death of *Urias*, and the Adultery committed with *Bethsheba*, was continually plagued and vexed with the Sword of War, with the Rebellion of his own sons, and with the untimely deaths of *Amnon*, and *Absolom*. *Baanah* and *Rechab*, for the slaying of *Ishbosheth* the son of *Saul*, they were both by *Davids* commandment put to death, who had both their hands and feet cut off, and were afterward hanged over the Pool in *Hebron:*

Samuel 2. 4. The examples are infinite out of divine and human Histories, that God did never suffer Murder to go unrewarded: and this miserable man, of whom I have here related is a most manifest spectacle of Gods revenging vengeance, for that crying and heinous sin.

As concerning Lust and Incontinency, it is a short pleasure, bought with long pain, a honeyed poison, a Gulf of shame, a Pickpurse, a breeder of diseases, a gall to the Conscience, a corrosive to the heart, turning mans wit into foolish madness, the bodies bane, and the souls perdition : it is excessive in youth and odious in age ; besides, God himself doth denounce most fearful threats against Fornicators and Adulterers, as the Apostle saith, that Whoremongers and Adulterers shall not inherit the Kingdom of Heaven, 1. *Cor.* 6. 9. And God himself saith, that he will be a swift witness against Adulterers, *Mal.* 3. 5. And the Wise man saith, *that because of the whorish woman, a man, is brought to a morsel of bread, and a woman will hunt for the precious life of a man:* For, saith he, *can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burnt? or can a man go up on hot Coals, and his feet not be burnt? So he that goeth into his neighbours Wife, shall not be innocent, Prov.* 6. 27, 28, 29. *Abimelech,* one of the sons of *Gideon,* murdered three-score and ten of his Brethren ; and in reward thereof (by the

Just Judgment of God) a woman with a piece of a millstone beat out his brains, after he had usurped the Kingdom three years, *Judges* the 9. Our English Chronicles make mention, that *Roger Mortimer*, Lord Baron of Wallingford, murdered his Master King *Edward* the second, and caused the Kings Uncle, *Edmund* Earl of *Kent*, causelessly to be beheaded: but Gods Justice overtook him at last, so that for the said Murders he was shamefully executed. *Humphrey* Duke of *Gloucester* was murdered in the Abbey of *Bury* by *William de la Poole* Duke of Suffolk, who afterward was beheaded himself on the Sea by a Pirate. *Arden* of *Feversham*, and *Page* of *Plymouth*, both their Murders are fresh in memory, and the fearful ends of their wives and their Aiders in those bloody actions will never be forgotten.

It is too manifestly known, what a number of Stepmothers and Strumpets have most inhumanly murdered their Children, and for the same have most deservedly been executed. But in the memory of man (nor scarcely in any History) it is not to be found, that a Father did ever take two Innocent Children out of their beds, and with weeping tears of pitiless pity, and unmerciful mercy, to drown them shewing such compassionate cruelty, and sorrowful sighing, remorseless remorse in that most unfatherly and unnatural deed.

All which may be attributed to the malice of the Devil, whose will and endeavour is that none should be saved, who lays out his traps and snares, entangling some with Lust, some with Covetousness, some with Ambition, Drunkenness, Envy, Murder, Sloth, or any Vice whereto he sees a man or a woman most inclined unto, as he did by this wretched man, lulling him, as it were, in the cradle of sensuality, and ungodly delight, until such time as all his means, reputation, and credit was gone, and nothing left him but misery and reproach. Then he leads him along through doubts and fears, to have no hope in Gods Providence persuading his Conscience that his sins were unpardonable, and his estate and credit unrecoverable.

With these suggestions, he led him on to despair, and in desperation to kill his Children, and make shipwreck of his own Soul in which the diligence of the Devil appeareth, that he labours and travels incessantly: and as Saint *Bernard* saith, in the last day shall rise in condemnation against us, because he hath ever been more diligent to destroy souls, than we have been to save them. And for a Conclusion let us beseech God of his infinite mercy to defend us from all the subtle temptations of Satan.

JOHN ROWSE his Prayer for pardon of his lewd life, which he used *to pray in the time of his imprisonment.*

GOD of my Soul and Body, have mercy upon me; the one I have cast away by my Folly, and the other is likely to perish in thy Fury, unless in thy great mercy thou save it. My Sins are deep Seas to drown me; I am swallowed up in the bottomless gulf of my own transgressions. With *Cain* I have been a Murderer, and with *Judas* a Betrayer of the Innocent. My body is a slave to Satan, and my wretched Soul is devoured up by Hell. Black have been my thoughts, and blacker are my deeds. I have been the Devils instrument, and am now become the scorn of men; a Serpent upon earth, and an Outcast from Heaven. What therefore can become of me (miserable Caitiff? If I look to my Redeemer, to him I am an Arch-Traitor, if upon Earth, it is drowned with blood of my shedding, if into Hell, there I see my Conscience burning in the

Brimstone Lake. God of my Soul and Body have mercy therefore upon; Save me, O Save me, or else I perish for ever; I die for ever in the world to come, unless (sweet Lord) thou catchest my repentant Soul in thine Arms; O save me, save me, save me.

JOHN ROWSE of *Ewell* his own Arraignment, Confession, Condemnation, and Judgment of himself whilst he lay Prisoner in the *White Lion*, for drowning of his *two Children.*

I Am arraign'd at the black dreadful Bar;
Where Sins (so red as Scarlet) Judges are;
All my Indictments are my horrid Crimes,
Whose Story will affright succeeding Times,
As (now) they drive the present into wonder,
Making Men tremble, as trees struck with Thunder.
If any asks what evidence comes in?
O 'tis my Conscience, which hath ever been

A thousand witnesses : and now it tells
A Tale, to cast me to ten thousand Hells.
The Jury are my Thoughts (upright in this,)
They sentence me to death for doing amiss :
Examinations more their need not then,
Than what's confest here both to God and Men.
That Crier of the Court is my black Shame,
Which when it calls my Jury doth proclaim,
Unless (as they are summon'd) they appear,
To give true Verdict of the Prisoner,
They shall have heavy Fines upon them set,
Such, as may make them die deep in Heavens debt :
About me round sit and Innocence and Truth,
As Clerks to this high Court ; and little Ruth
From Peoples eyes is cast upon my face :
Because my facts are barbarous, damn'd and base.
The Officers that 'bout me (thick) are plac'd,
To guard me to my death, (when I am cast)
Are the black stings my speckled soul now feels,
Which like to Furies dog me, close at heels.
The Hangman that attends me, is Despair,
And gnawing worms my fellow-Prisoners are.

His Indictment for Murder of his Children.

THE first who (at this Sessions) loud doth call me
Is Murder, whose grim visage doth appal me;
His eyes are fires, his voice rough wind out-roars,
And on my head the Divine vengeance scores:
So fast and fearfully I sink to ground,
And wish I were in twenty Oceans drown'd.
He says, I have a bloody Villain been,
And (to prove this) ripe Evidence steps in,
Brow'd like myself: Justice so brings about,
That black sins still hunt one another out:
'Tis like a rotten frame ready to fall;
For one main Post being shaken, pulls down all.
To this Indictment, (holding up my hand,)
Fettered with Terrors more than Irons stand,
And being asked what to the Bill I say,
Guilty, I cry. O dreadful Sessions day!

His Judgment.

FOR these thick Stygian streams in which th'ast swom,
Thy guilt hath on thee laid this bitter doom;
Thy loath'd life on a Tree of shame must take
A leave compelled by Law, e'er old age make
Her signed Pass-port ready. Thy offence
No longer can for days on earth dispense.
Time blot thy name out of this bloody roll,
And so the Lord have mercy on my Soul.

His speech what he could say for himself.

O WRETCHED Caitiff! what persuasive breath,
Can call back this just Sentence of quick death?
I beg no boon, but mercy at Gods hands,
(The King of Kings, the Sovereign that commands
Both Soul and Body) O let him forgive
My Treason to his Throne, and whilst I live,
Jibbets and Racks shall torture limb by limb,

Through worlds of Deaths I'll break to fly to him.
My Birth-day gave not to my Mothers womb,
More ease, than this shall joys, whene'er it come.
My body mould to earth, sins sink to Hell,
My penitent Soul win Heaven, vain world farewell.

FINIS.

SIR
Gregory Nonsence

His Newes from no place.

Written on purpose, with much study to
no end, plentifully stored with want of
wit, learning, Iudgement, Rime and
Reason, and may seeme very fitly
for the vnderstanding of
Nobody.

Toyte, Puncton, Ghemorah, Molushque,
Kaycapepson.

This is the worke of the Authors, without bor-
rowing or stealing from others.

By *Iohn Taylor.*

Printed in *London*, and are to bee sold be-
tweene *Charing-Crosse*, and *Algate.*
1700.

To the (Sir Reverence) Right Worshipped Mr. Trim Tram Senseless, Great Image of Authority and *Hedgborough* of the famous City of *Gotham*, and to the rest of that admired and unmatchable Senate, with their Corruptions and Families.

MOST Honorificicabilitudinitatibus, *I having studied the seven Lub berly Sciences (being nine by computation) out of which I gathered three conjunctions four mile Ass-under, which with much labour, and great ease, to little or no purpose, I have noddicated to your gray, grave, and gravelled Prate ection. I doubt not but I might have had a Patron nearer hand, as the Dean of Dunstable, or the Beadle of Leighton Buzzard, but that I know the Phrase, Method and Style, is not for every mans understanding, no my most renowned Pythagor-Asses, for you this Hogshead of invention was brewed and broached, for I am ignorantly persuaded, that your wisdom can pick as much matter out of this Book in one day, as both the Universities can in twelve months, and thirteen Moons, with six times*

four years to boot. I know your bounties too exding, for as old mother Baly *said, the wit of man was much, when she saw a dog muzzled. Every man is not born to make a Monument for the Cuckoo; to send a Trifoot home alone, to drive sheep before they have them, or to Trundle cheeses down a hill. So saluting you with more prespect than the Mayor of* Loo *did the Queens Ape, I take leave to leave you, and rest yours to bid you welcome, if you came within a mile of my house to stay all night.*

Yours Rolihaytons.

To Nobody.

UPON a Christmas Even, somewhat nigh Easter, anon after Whitsuntide, walking in a Coach from London to Lambeth by water, I overtook a man that met me in the morning before Sunset, the wind being in *Capricorn*, the Sign *Southwest*, with silence I demanded many questions of him, and he with much pensiveness did answer me merrily to the full, with such ample and empty replications, that both our understandings being equally satisfied, we contentiously agreed to finish and prosecute the narration of the Unknown Knight Sir *Gregory Nonsence:* so sitting down upon our shoulders, resting uneasily on a bank of Sycamores, under a tree of Odoriferous and contagious Camomile, after three sighs, smilingly uttered in the Hebrew Character, two groans from the Chaldean Dialect, five sobs from the Arabian Cinquapace, six dumps from the German Idiom, nine Moods of melancholy from the Italian tongue, With one hub bub from the Hibernian outcry. And last he laughed in the Cambrian tongue, and began to declare in the Utopian speech, what I have here with most diligent negligence Translated into the English Language, in which if the Printer hath

placed any line, letter or syllable, whereby this large volume may be made guilty to be understood by any man, I would have the Reader not to impute the fault to the Author, for it was far from his purpose to write to any purpose, so ending at the beginning, I say as it is ap plausefully written and commended to posterity in the Midsummer nights dream. If we offend, it is with our good will, we came with no intent, but to offend, and show our simple skill.

Rolihaytons.

The names of such Authors Alphabetically recited, as are simply mentioned in this Work.

AMADIS de Gaul.
Archy Arms.
Bevis of Hampton.
Boe to a Goose.
Charing Cross.
Coakley.
Dusmore Cow.
Davy Wager.
Evanwich Muff.
Frier and the boy.
Fubs his Travels.
Garagantua.
Gammon of West Phallia,
Grigs Granam.
Hundred merry tales.
Huon of Burdeux.
Iack Drum.
Knight of the Sun.
Knave of Diamonds.
Lanum.
Long Meg.
Mad Mawlin.
Nobody.
O tool.
Proofs of OOOO.
Quinborough Oysters.
Ready money.
Shooters Hill.
Singer.
Sir Thomas Persons.
Tarleton.
Tom Derry.
Tom Thumb.
Unguentum Album.
Will Summers.
Wit whither wilt thou?
Woodcock of our side.
Xampelloes Quiblines.
Yard of Ale.
Zany on tumbling.

SIR GREGORY NONSENSE;

HIS NEWS FROM NO PLACE.

IT was in June the eight and thirtieth day,
That I embarked was on Highgate hill,
After discourteous friendly taking leave :
Of my young Father *Madge* and Mother *John*,
The wind did ebb, the tide flow'd North Southeast,
We hoist our Sails of Colloquintida.
And after 13. days and 17. nights,
(With certain Hieroglyphic hours to boot)
We with tempestuous calms and friendly storms,
Split our main top-mast, close below the keel.
And I with a dull quick congruity,
Took 19. ounces of the Western wind,
And with the pith of the pole Artichoke,
Sail'd by the flaming Coast of Trapezond,
There in a Fort of melting Adamant,
Arm'd in a Crimson Robe, as black as jet,

I saw *Alcides* with a Spiders thread,
Lead *Cerberus* to the Pronontic sea,
Then cutting further through the marble Main,
'Mongst flying Bulls, and 4. leg'd Turkeycocks,
A dumb fair spoken, wellfaced aged youth,
Sent to me from the stout Stimphalides,
With tongueless silence thus began his speech :
Illustrious flap-jack, to thy hungry doom,
Low as the ground I elevate my cause,
As I upon a Gnat was riding late.
In quest to parley with the Pleiades,
I saw the Duke of Hounsditch gaping close,
In a green arbour made of yellow starch,
Betwixt two Brokers howling Madrigals,
A Banquet was served in of lampreys bones,
Well pickl'd in the Tarbox of old time,
When *Demogorgon* sail'd to *Islington ;*
Which I perceiving with nine chads of steel,
Straight flew upon the coast of Pimlico.
T'inform great *Prester John*, and the *Mogul*,
What ex'lent Oysters were at *Billingsgate.*
The *Mogul* (all enraged with these news,)
Sent a black snail post to *Tartaria*,
To tell the Irishmen in *Saxony*,
The dismal down downfall of old Charing Cross.
With that nine butter Firkins in a flame,
Did coldly rise to Arbitrate the cause :
Guessing by the Cinderesses of Wapping,

Saint *Thomas Watrings* is most ominous.
For though an Andiron, and a pair of Tongs,
May both have breeding from one teeming womb,
Yet by the calculation of Pickt-hatch,
Milk must not be so dear as Muscadel.
First shall Melpomene in Cobweb Lawn
Adorn great *Memphis* in a Mussel boat,
And all the Muses clad in Robes of Air,
Shall dance Levoltons with a Whirligig,
Fair *Pluto* shall descend from Brazen Dis,
And *Polyphemus* keep a Seamsters shop,
The Isle of *Wight* shall like a dive-dapper,
Devour the Egyptian proud *Pyramids*,
Whilst *Cassia Fistula* shall gormandize,
Upon the flesh and blood of Croydon coal dust,
Then on the banks of Shoreditch shall be seen,
What 'tis to serve the great Utopian Queen.
This fearful period with great joyful care,
Was heard with acclamations, and in fine,
The whilst a lad of aged Nestors years,
Stood sitting in a Throne of massy yeast,
(Not speaking any word) gave this reply:
Most conscript Umpire in this various Orb,
I saw the Cedars of old, *Lebanon*,
Read a sad Lecture unto *Clapham* heath.
At which time a strange vision did appear,
His head was Buckram, and his eyes were sedge,
His arms were blue bottles, his teeth were straw,

His legs were nine well squar'd Tobacco Pipes,
Cloth'd in a garment all of Dolphins eggs,
Then with a voice erected to the ground,
Lifting aloft his hands unto his feet,
We thus began, Cease friendly cutting throats,
Clamour the Promulgation of your tongues,
And yielded to Demagorgons policy.
Stop the refulgent method of your moods,
For should live old *Paphlagonias* years,
And with *Sardanapalus* match in virtue.
Yet *Atropos* will with a Marigold,
Run through the Mountains of the Caspian Sea.
When you shall see above you and beneath,
That nothing kills a man so soon as death,
Aquarius join'd with *Pisces*, in firm league,
With Reasons and vindictive Arguments,
That pulveriz'd the King of Diamonds,
And with a diogorical relapse,
Squeaz'd through the Cinders of a Butterfly,
Great *Oberon* was mounted on a Wasp,
To signify this news at Dunstable.
The Weathercock at Pancrage in a fume,
With Patience much distracted hearing this,
Reply'd thus briefly without fear or wit,
What madness doth thy Pericranion seize,
Beyond the Dragons tail Artiphilax.
Think'st thou a Wolf thrust though a sheep-skin
glove,

Can make me take this Goblin for a Lamb :
Or that a Crocodile in Barley broth,
Is not a dish to feast don Belzebub,
Give me a Medlar in a field of blue,
Wrapt up stigmatically in a dream,
And I will send him to the gates of Dis,
To cause him fetch a sword of massy Chalk,
With which he won the fatal Theban field,
From Romes great mitred Metropolitan.
Much was the quoil this braving answer made,
When presently a German Conjurer,
Did ope a learned Book of Palmistry,
Cram'd full of mental reservations :
The which beginning with a loud low voice,
With affable and kind discourtesy,
He spake what no man heard or understood,
Words tending unto this or no respect,
Spawn of a Tortoise hold thy silent noise,
For when the great Leviathan of Trumps,
Shall make a breach in *Sinons* Tennis Court.
Then shall the pigmy might *Hercules*,
Skip like a wilderness in Woodstreet Counter,
The *Taurus* shall in league with *Hannibal*,
Draw *Bacchus* dry, whilst *Boreas* in a heat,
Envelop'd in a Gown of Icicles :
With much discretion and great want of wit,
Leave all as wisely as it was at first.
I mused much how those things could be done.

When straight a water Tankard answer'd me,
That it was made with a Parenthesis,
With thirteen yards of Kersey and a half,
Made of fine flax which grew on Goodwin sands,
Whereby we all perceived the Hernshaws breed,
Being trusted with a charitable doom,
Was near Bunhill, when straght I might descry,
The Quintescence of Grub street well distilled
Through Cripplegate in a contagious Map.
Bright *Phæton* all angry at the sight,
Snatcht a large Wool-pack from the pismires mouth.
And in a Tailors Thimble boil'd a Cabbage.
Then all the standers-by, most Reverend, rude,
Judg'd the case was most obscure and clear,
And that three salt Enigramates well apply'd
With fourscore Pipers and *Arions* Harp,
Might catch *Garagantua* through an auger-hole,
And 'twas no doubt but mully *Mahomet*,
Would make a quaffing bowl of *Gorgons* skull,
Whilst gormondizing *Tantalus* would weep,
That *Polypheme* should kiss *Auroras* lips,
Tri-formed *Cinthia* in a Cinquefoil shape,
Met with the Dogstar on Saint *Davids* day,
But said *Grimalkin* mumbling up the Alps,
Made fifteen fustain fumes of Pastycrust.
This was no sooner known at *Amsterdam*,
But with an Ethiopian Argosy,
Man'd with Flap-dragons, drinking upsy-freeze,

They past the purple gulf of Basingstoke.
This being finished, search to an end,
A full odd number of just sixteen dogs,
Drenched in a sulphur flame of scalding Ice,
Sung the Besonian Whirlpools of *Argeire*,
Mixt with pragmatical potatoe pies,
With that I turn'd my ears to see these things,
And on a crystal wall of Scarlet dye,
I with mine eyes began to hear and note,
What these succeeding verses might portend,
Which furiously an Anabaptist squeak'd,
The audience deafly list'ning all the while.

A most learned-Lye, and Illiterate Oration, in lame galloping Rhyme, fustainly pronounced by *Nimshag*, a *Gimnosophical Philosopher*, *in the presence of* Achitophel Smell-smock, Annani-Ass, Aretine, Iscariot-Nabal, Fransiscus Ra-viliaco, Garnetto Jebusito, Guido Salpetro Favexit Povderio, *and many other grave Senators of Limbo. Translated out of the vulgar* Language, of *Terra incognita*, and is as material as any part of the Book the meaning whereof *a blind man may see without Spectacles as well at midnight as at noon day.*

THE Story of *Richardo*, and of *Bindo*,
Appear'd like *Nilus* peeping through a window :
Which put the wand'ring Jew in much amazement,
In seeing such a voice without the casement,
When lo a Bull, (long nourish'd in *Cocitus*,
With sulphur horns sent by the Emp'ror *Titus*,
Ask'd a stigmatic *Paracelsian* question,
If *Alexander* ever lov'd *Ephestion.*

I seeing each to other were much adverse,
In mirth and sport set down their minds in sad verse,
Which as my brains with care have coin'd and minted,
With plenteous want of judgment here 'tis printed,
But if *Grimalkin* take my line in dudgeon,
The case is plain, I pray good Readers judge ye on,
That *Æsop* that old fabulistic *Phrygian*,
From the Nocturnal flood or lake call'd *Stygian*,
Came to the Court at *Creet*, clad like a Legate,
The Porter kindly to him open'd the Gate,
He past through *Plutoes* Hall in Hell most horrid,
Where gnashing cold mixt with combustions torrid,
Where all things that are good and goodness wanted,
Where plants of mans perdition still are planted,
Where Ghosts and Goblins all in sulphur suited,
And all the fiends like Cuckolds were cornuted.
At last he audience got in *Plutoes* presence,
And of his whole Embassage this was the sense:
To thee Tartarian Monarch now my Rhyme-is,
And therefore mark my Prologue, or *Imprimis*,
Thou that in *Limbo* art as 'twere *Rex Regnant*,
Bear with my wit, which is not sharp or pregnant,
I come from Hounsditch, Long-lane, and from Bridewell,
Where all that have liv'd ill, have all not died well,

Where as the Vices show like Virtues Cardinal,
Where's money store, and conscience very hard in all,
Through thy protection they are monstrous thrivers,
Not like the Dutchman in base Doits and Stivers,
For there you may see many a greedy grout-head,
Without wit, or sense, almost without-head,
Held and esteem'd a man whose zeal is fervent,
And makes a show as he were not your servant.
To tell this news I came from many a mile hence,
For we do know there's odds 'twixt talk and silence.
With that the smug-fac'd *Pluto* shook his vestment,
Deep ruminating what the weighty Jest meant,
Calling to mind old *Dodonæus* Herbal,
With Taciturnity and Actions verbal,
Quoth he, I care not for Friend or Kinsman,
Nor do I value honesty two pins man :
But 'tis a Maxim Mortals cannot hinder,
The doughty deeds of Wakefields huff-cap Pindar,
Are not so pleasant as the fair *Aurora*,
When *Nimrod* rudely played on his Bandora.
For 'tis not fit that any Turk or Persian,
Should in a Cloak-bag hide a fever Tertian,
Because the Dog-star in his cold Meridian,
Might arm himself in fury most quotidian.
With that, most quick a Pettifoggers tongue went,
(Well oil'd with *Aurum Argent*, or such *Unguent*)
Is't fit (quoth he) here should be such encroachment,

By such whose fathers ne'er knew what a Coach
meant;
Or shall their Scutchions fairly be endorsed,
Who riding backward jadishly were horsed?
For though in *India* it be rare and frequent,
Where to the wall most commonly the weak went,
Yet neither can the *Soldan* or the *Sophy*,
Shew any Precedents for such a Trophy.
By Rules of Logic, he's a kind a Cative,
And makes no reckoning of his Country native,
That doth with feeble strength, love with derision.
And without bloodshed makes a deep incision,
Why should a man lay either life or limb ny,
To be endangered by a falling Chimney.
For though the prosecution may be quaintly,
Yet may the execution end but faintly,
Let's call to mind the famous acts of *Hector*,
When aged *Ganymede* carousing *Nectar*,
Did leave the Greeks much matter to repine on;
Until the Wooden-Horse of trusty *Synon*,
Foal'd a whole litter of mad Colts in Harness,
As furious as the host of *Holofernes*.
But to the purpose here's the long and short on't,
All that is said, hath not been much important,
Nor can it be that what is spoke is meant all,
Of any thing that happens accidental.
We will examine wisely what the Foe sent,
And whether he be innocent or nocent.

In weighty matters let's not be too serious,
There's many an Eunuch hath been thought venereous,
And 'tis a thing which often hath been heard on,
That he that labours, doth deserve his Guerdon.
Let us the first precedent time examine,
You'll find that hunger is the cause of famine,
The Birds in Summer that have sweetly chirped,
Ere winter hath been done, have been extirped.
He may wear Robes, that ne'er knew what a Rag meant,
And he that feasts, may fast without a fragment,
The end proves all, I care not for the Interim,
Time now that summers him, will one day winter him,
To outward view, and Senses all exterior,
Amongst all fools I never saw a verier,
Than he that doth his liberty prohibit,
To fall in danger of a fatal Jibbet.
Nor for this purpose here to talk come I,
How silver may be mock'd with Alchemy.
I oft have heard that many a Hawk have muted,
Whereby the Falconers Clothes have been polluted,
This may be avoided if the Knight *Sir Reverence*,
Be wary with a negligent perseverance:
For men of Judgment never think it decent,
To love a stinking Pole-cat well for the scent.
But if a man should seriously consider,
Where Charity is fled or who hath hid her,

He in the end would give this worthy sentence,
The earth hath been accursed since she went hence,
The times are biting, and the days Caniculer,
And mischief girds about the Globes orbiculer,
How from the Country all the plain Rusticity,
Lives by deceit, exiling plain simplicity.
A face like Rubies mix'd with Alabaster,
Wastes much in Physic, and her water-caster,
That whosoev'r perceives which way the stink went,
May scent and censure she's a great delinquent.
Why should a Bawd be furr'd Budge and Miniver,
As if she was a Lady, or Queen *Guiniver*,
When as perhaps there's many a modest Matron,
Hath scarcely meat, or money, clothes, or patron ?
And wherefore should a man be grown so stupid ;
To be a slave to *Venus* or to *Cupid?*
He's but a fool that hoping for a vain prize,
Being captived can have no bail or main prize.
For he that hath no shift let him determine,
He shall be bitten with Fleas, Lice or vermin.
This being all his speeches, *Pia Mater*,
He call'd a Sculler, and would go by water:
When straight the Stygian Ferryman a rare one,
Old amiable currish courteous *Charon*,
Row'd with a whirl-wind through the *Acheron* tic,
And thence unto the Azure Sea propontic,
There *Neptune* in a burning blue Pavilion,
In state did entertain this slow Postilion,

There *Proteus* in a Robe of twisted Camphire,
With a grave beard of monumental Samphire,
Quoth he, shall we whose Ancestors were war-like,
Whose rich Perfumes were only Leeks and Garlic,
Whose noble deeds nocturnal and diurnal,
Great Towns and Towers did topsy turvy turn all,
Shall all their valour be in us extinguish'd?
Great *Jove* forbid, there should be such a thing wish'd,
Though *Cleopatra* was *Octavian's* rival.
It is a thing that we may well connive all.
Amongst the Ancient it is undisputable,
That women and the winds were ever mutable,
And 'tis approved where people are litigious,
There every Epicure is not religious,
Old *Oceanus* knowing what they meant all,
Brought *Zephyrus* unto the Oriental,
And he by Argument would prove that love is
A thing that makes a wise man oft a Novice:
For 'tis approv'd, a Greyhound or a Beagle,
Were not ordain'd or made to hunt the Eagle,
Nor can the nimblest Cat that came from *Gotham*,
Search the profundity of *Neptunes* bottom.
Let roaring Cannons with the Welkin parley,
It's known, good liquor may be made with Barley,
And by experience many are assured,
Some grounds are fruitful, if they be manured.
For in the rudiments of health or sanity,

An arrant Whore is but a price of vanity:
Some men with fury will procrastinate,
And some with leaden speed make haste in at,
But in conclusion many things impurely,
Die in the birth, and never end maturely.
The man that seeketh straying minds to wean all,
From venial vices, or offences penal:
Had he the forces of the Turkish Navy,
He would lye down at last and cry *peccavi*,
Of one thing I have oftentimes took notice,
The fool that's old, and rich, much apt to dote is;
And by the light of *Pollux* and of *Castor*,
A Wolf in Shepherds weeds is no good Pastor.
Those that do live a Comic life by Magic,
Their Scenes in their Catastrophes are tragic.
And he that o'er the world would be chief Primate,
May give occasion for wise men to rhyme at.
Before men fell to wrangling disagreement.
A Lawyer understood not what a fee meant:
It was a time when Guilt did fear no censure,
But love, and peace, and charity was then sure.
Now fathers (for their bread) dig and delve it.
The whilst the Satin Sons are lin'd with Velvet.
Thus do I make a hotch potch mess of *Nonsense*,
In dark enigmas, and strange sense upon sense:
It is not foolish all, nor is it wise all,
Nor it is true in all, nor is it lies all.
I have not shew'd my wits acute or fluent,

Nor told which way of late the wandering Jew went:
For mine own part I never cared greatly,
(So I farewell) where those that dress the meat lie.
A miserable Knave may be close fisted,
And prodigal expence may be resisted,
I neither care what *Tom*, or *Jack*, or *Dick* said,
I am resolv'd and my mind is fixed,
The case is, not as he, or I, or you said,
Truth must be found, and witnesses produced,
My care is, that no captious Reader bear hence,
My understanding, wit, or reason here-hence.
On purpose to no purpose, I did write all,
And so at noon I bid you here all good night.

THEN with a touchbox of transalpine tar,
Turning thrice round, and stirring not a jot,
He threw five ton of red hot purple Snow,
Into a Pigmys mouth, nine inches square,
Which straight with melancholy mov'd,
Old *Bembus* Burgomaster of *Pickt-hatch*,
That plunging through the Sea of *Turnbull street*,
He safely did arrive at *Smithfield Bars*.
Then did the Turntripes on the Coast of *France*,
Catch fifteen hundred thousand grasshoppers,
With fourteen Spanish Needles bumbasted,
Poach'd with the Eggs of fourscore Flanders Mares,
Mounted upon the foot of *Caucasus*,
They whirl'd the football of conspiring fate,
And brake the shins of smug-fac'd *Mulciber:*
With that grim *Pluto* all in Scarlet blue,
Gave fair *Proserpina* a kiss of brass,
At which all Hell danc'd Trenchmore in a string.
Whilst *Acheron*, and *Termagant* did sing.
The Mold-warp all this while in white broth bath'd,
Did Carol *Didoes* happiness in love,

Upon a Gridiron made of whiting-mops,
Unto the tune of *John* come kiss me now,
At which *Avernus* Music gan to roar,
Enthron'd upon a seat of three-leav'd grass,
Whilst all the Hibernian Kernes in multitudes,
Did feast with Shamrocks stew'd in Usquebaugh.
At which banquet made of Monopolies,
Took great distate, because the Pillory
Was hunger-starv'd for want of Villains ears,
Whom to relieve, there was a Mittimus,
Sent from *Tartaria* in an oyster boat,
At which the King of *China* was amaz'd,
And with nine grains of Rhubarb stellified,
As low as to the altitude of shame,
He thrust four Onions in a Candle-case,
And spoil'd the meaning of the worlds misdoubt,
Thus with a Dialogue of crimson starch,
I was inflamed with a num-cold fire,
Upon the tenterhooks of *Charlemagne*,
The Dogstar howl'd, the Cat a Mountain smil'd,
And *Sisyphus* drank Muscadel and eggs,
In the horn'd hoof of huge *Bucephalus*,
Time turn'd about, and show'd me yesterday,
Clad in a Gown of mourning had I wist,
The motion was almost too late they said,
Whilst sad despair made all the World stark mad,
They all arose, and I put up my pen,
It makes no matter, where, why, how, or when.

Some Sense at last to *the Learned.*

YOU that in *Greek* and *Latin* learned are,
And of the ancient *Hebrew* have a share,
You that most rarely oftentimes have sung
In the *French*, *Spanish*, or *Italian tongue*,
Here I in *English* have employed my pen,
To be read by the learnedest *Englishmen*,
Wherein the meanest Scholar plain may see,
I understand their tongues, as they do me.

FINIS.

Printed at *London* by *N.O.*
1622.

A Verry Merry

VVherry-Ferry-

Voyage :

OR

Yorke for my Money :

Sometimes Perilous, sometimes Quarrellous,

Performed with a paire of Oares, by Sea from *London*, by IOHN TAYLOR, and IOB PENNELL.

And written by I. T.

LONDON.
Imprinted by *Edw: All-de.*
1622.

AS MUCH HAPPINESS AS MAY BE WISHED ATTEND

The Two hopeful Imps, of Gentility and Learning, Mr. Richard and George Hatton.

YOU forward pair, in towardly designs,
To you I send these soused salt-water lines:
Accept, read, laugh, and breathe, and to't again,
And still my muse, and I, shall yours remain.

John Taylor

PROLOGUE.

I NOW intend a Voyage here to write,
From London *unto* York, *help to indite,*
Great Neptune *lend thy aid to me, who past*
Through thy tempestuous waves with many a blast,
And then I'll true describe the towns, and men,
And manners, as I went and came agen.

A

VERY MERRY-WHERRY-FERRY VOYAGE;

OR, YORK FOR MY MONEY.

THE Year which I do call as others do,
Full 1600. adding twenty[a]two :
The Month of *July* that's for ever fam'd,
(Because 'twas so by[b] *Julius Cæsar* nam'd)
Just when six days, and to each day a night,
The dogged[c] Dog-days had began to bite,
On that day which doth blest Remembrance bring,
The name of an Apostle, and our King,
On that remarkable good day, Saint *James*,
I undertook my Voyage down the *Thames*.
The Sign in *Cancer*,[d] or the ribs and breast,
And *Æolus* blew sweetly, West Southwest.
Then after many farewells, cups and glasses,
(Which oftentimes hath made men worse than asses,)

a. The year of our Lord.

b. July was named so by Caesar.

c. The dog-days were 6 days entered.

d. I observe signs, winds, tides, days, hours, times, situations and manners

About the waist or[e] navel of the day,
Not being dry or drunk, I went my way.
Our Wherry somewhat old, or struck in age,
That had endur'd near 4. years Pilgrimage,
And carried honest people, Whores, and Thieves,
Some Sergeants, Bailiffs, and some[f] under-Sheriffs,
And now at last it was her lot to be
Th' adventurous bonny bark to carry me.
But as an old whores beauty being gone
Hides Natures wreck, with Art like painting on:
So I with colours finely did repair
My boats defaults, and made her fresh and fair.
Thus being furnish'd with good wine and beer.
And bread and meat (to banish hungers fear)
With Sails, with Anchor, Cables, Sculls and Oars,
With Card and Compass, to know Seas and Shores,
With Lanthorn, Candle, Tinder-box and Match,
And with good courage, to work, ward, and watch,
Well man'd, well ship'd, well victual'd, well appointed,
Well in good health, well timbered and well jointed,
All wholly well, and yet not half fox'd[1] well,
Twixt *Kent*, and *Essex*, we to *Gravesend* fell.
There I had welcome of my friendly Host,
(A *Gravesend* trencher, and a *Gravesend* toast)

e. Noon if you'll like it so.

f. Boats are like barbers chairs, hackneys. or whores: common to all estates.

[1] HALF-FOXED.—Timber is said to be *foxed*, when it becomes discoloured in consequence of incipient decay.

Good meat and lodging at an easy rate,
And rose betimes, although I lay down late.
Bright *Lucifer* the Messenger of day,
His burnished twinkling splendour did display:
Rose cheek'd *Aurora* hid her blushing face,
She spying *Phœbus* coming gave him place,
Whilst *Zephyrus*, and *Auster*, mix'd together,
Breath'd gently, as fore-boding pleasant weather;
Old *Neptune* had his Daughter *Thames* supplied,
With ample measure of a flowing tide,
But *Thames* supposed it was but borrowed goods,
And with her ebbs, paid *Neptune* back his floods.
Then at the time of this auspicious dawning,
I roused my men, who scrubbing, stretching, yawning,
Arose, left *Gravesend*, rowing down the stream,
And near to *Lee*, we to an anchor came.
Because the sand were bare, and water low,
We rested there, till it two hours did flow :
And then to travel went our galley-foist,*
Our anchor quickly weigh'd, our sail soon hoist,
Where thirty miles we past, a mile from shore,
The water two[g] foot deep, or little more.
Thus past we on the brave East Saxon Coast
From 3. at morn, till 2. at noon almost,
By *Shoebury*, *Wakering*, *Foulness*, *Tillingham*,
And then we into deeper water came.
There is a crooked bay runs winding far,

g. *These flat sands are called the Spits*

* Galley Foist—A long barge with oars.

To *Maldon*, *Estreford*, and *Colchester*,
Which cause 'twas much about, (to ease mens pain)
I left the land, and put into the main.
With speed, the crooked way to scape and pass,
I made out straight for *Frinton* and the *Nass*.
But being 3. leagues then from any land,
And holding of our main-sheet in my hand,
We did espy a coal-black cloud to rise,
Forerunner of some tempest from the skies;
Scarce had we sail'd a hundred times our length,
But that the wind began to gather strength:
Stiff *Æolus* with *Neptune* went to cuffs:
With huffs, and puffs, and angry counter-buffs,
From boisterous gusts, they fell to fearful flaws,
Whilst we 'twixt wind and water, near Deaths jaws,
Tost like a cork upon the mountain main,
Up with a whiff, and straightway down again,
At which we in our minds much troubled were,
And said, *God bless us all, what weather's here?*
For (in a word) the seas so high did grow,
That ships were forc'd to strike their topsails low:
Meantime (before the wind) we scudded brave,
Much like a duck, on top of every wave.
But nothing violent is permanent,
And in short space away the Tempest went.
So farewell it; and you that Readers be,
Suppose it was no welcome Guest to me:
My company and I, it much perplext,

And let it come when I send for it next.
But leaving jesting, Thanks to God I give,
'Twas through his mercy we did scape and live,
And though these things with mirth I do express,
Yet still I think on God with thankfulness.
Thus ceased the storm, and weather gan to smile,
And we row'd near the shore of *Horsly* Isle.
Then did illustrious *Titan* gin to steep
His chariot in the Western Ocean deep
We saw the far-spent day, withdraw his light,
And made for *Harwich*, where we lay all night.
There did I find an Hostess with a tongue
As nimble as it had on gimmals* hung :
'Twill never tire, though it continual toil'd,
And went as yare, as if he had been oil'd:
All's one for that, for ought which I perceive,
It is a fault which all our Mothers have:
And is so firmly grafted in the sex,
That he's an ass that seems thereat to vex.
Apollos beams began to gild the hills
And West Southwest the wind the welkin fills,
When I left *Harwich*, and along we row'd
Against a smooth calm flood that stifly flow'd,
By *Bawdsey* Haven, and by *Orford Nass*,
And so by *Aldborough* we at last did pass.
By *Lowestoff* we to *Yarmouth* made our way,
Our third days travel being Saturday,
There did I see a town well fortified,

*GIMMAL.—Any joined work whose parts move within each other.

Well govern'd, with all Natures wants supplied;
The situation in a wholesome air,
The buildings (for the most part) sumptuous fair,
The people courteous, and industrious, and
With labour makes the sea enrich the land.
Besides (for ought I know) this one thing more,
The town can scarcely yield a man a whore:
It is renowned for fishing, far and near,
And sure in *Britain* it hath not a pheer.[h]
But noble *Nash*, thy fame shall live always,
Thy witty Pamphlet, the red[i] Herring praise,
Hath done great *Yarmouth* much renowned right,
And put my artless Muse to silence quite.
On Sunday we a learned sermon had,
Taught to confirm the good, reform the bad,
Acquaintance in the town I scarce had any,
And sought for none, in fear to find too many,
Much kindness to me by mine Host was done,
(A Mariner[i] nam'd *William Richardson)*
Besides mine Hostess gave to me at last,
A cheese with which at sea we break our fast.
The gift was round, and had no end indeed,
But yet we made an end of it with speed:
My thanks surmounts her bounty, all men sees,
My gratitudes in print: but where's the *Cheese*,
So on the Monday, betwixt one and twain,
I took leave, and put to sea again,
Down *Yarmouth* Road we row'd with cutting speed,

h. It hath not a fellow in England for fishing.

i. A book called the Praise of the Red Herring.

i. And a ship Carpenter.

(The wind all quiet, arms must do the deed)
Along by *Castor*, and sea-bordering towns,
Whose cliffs and shores abide stern *Neptunes* frowns,
Sometimes a mile from land, and sometimes two,
(As depths or sands permitting us to do)
Till drawing towards night, we did perceive
The wind at East, and Seas began to heave:
The rolling billows all in fury roars
And tumbled us, we scarce could use our oars:
Thus on a lee-shore darkness began to come,
The Sea grew high, the winds 'gan hiss and hum:
The foaming curled waves the shore did beat,
(As if the Ocean would all *Norfolk* eat)
To keep at sea was dangerous I did think,
To go to land I stood in doubt to sink:
Thus landing, or not landing (I suppos'd)
We were in peril[j] round about inclos'd;
At last to row to shore I thought it best,
'Mongst many evils, thinking that the least:
My men all pleas'd to do as I command,
Did turn the boats head opposite to land,
And with the highest wave that I could spy,
I bade them to row to shore immediately.
When straight we all leap'd over-board in haste,
Some to the knees, and some up to the waist,
Were suddenly 'twixt owl-light and the dark,
We pluck'd the boat beyond high-water mark.

j. Were we in a puzzle.

And thus half soused, half stewed, with Sea and sweat,
We land at *Cromer* Town, half dry, half wet.
But we supposing all was safe and well,
In shunning[k] *Scylla*, on *Charybdis* fell:
For why, some women, and some children there
That saw us land, were all possessed with fear:
And much amaz'd, ran crying up and down,
That enemies were come to take the town.
Some said that we were Pirates, some said Thieves,
And what the women says, the men believes,
With that four Constables did quickly call,
Your Aid! to Arms your men of *Cromer* all!
Then straightway forty men with rusty Bills,
Some arm'd in ale, all of approved skills,
Divided into four stout Regiments,
To guard the Town from dangerous events;
Brave Captain[l] *Pescod* did the Van-guard lead,
And Captain *Clarke* the Rearward governed,
Whilst Captain *Wiseman*, and hot Captain *Kimble*,
Were in main Battalia fierce and nimble:
One with his squadron watch'd me all the night,
Lest from my lodging I should take my flight:
A second (like a man of simple note)
Did by the sea side all night watch my boat,
The other two, to make their names renowned,
Did guard the Town, and bravely walk the round.
And thus my boat, myself, and all my men,

k. We were like Flounders alive in a frying-pan that leaped into the fire to save themselves.

l. These were the names of the cumbersome Cromorian Constables.

Were stoutly guarded, and regarded then :
For they were all so full with fear possessed,
That without mirth it cannot be expressed.
My invention doth curvet, my Muse doth caper,
My pen doth dance out lines upon the paper,
And in word I am as full of mirth,
As mighty men are at their first sons birth.
Methinks *Moriscoes* are within my brains,
And *Heys*, and *Antics* run through all my veins :
Heigh, to the tune of *Trenchmore** I could write
The valiant men of *Cromers* sad affright :
As sheep do fear the wolf, or geese the fox,
So all amazed were these senseless blocks :
That had the town been fir'd, it is a doubt,
But that the women there had pist it out,
And from the men reek'd such a fearful scent,
That people three * miles thence mus'd what it meant, *m. People did come thither 3. or 4. miles about, to know what the matter was.*
And he the truth that narrowly had sifted,
Had found the Constables, had need t'have shifted.
They did examine me, I answer'd then
I was *John Taylor* and a Waterman,
And that my honest fellow *Job* and I,
Were servants to King *James* his Majesty,
How we to *York*, upon a mart were bound,
And that we landed, fearing to be drown'd,
When all this would not satisfy the crew,
I freely ope'd my trunk, and bade them view,
I shew'd them Books, of Chronicles and Kings,

*TRENCHMORE.—A boisterous dance to a lively tune.

Some prose, some verse, and idle sonnetings,
I shew'd them all my Letters to the full :
Some to *Yorks* Archbishop, and some to *Hull*,
But had the twelve Apostles sure been there
My witnesses, I had been ne'er the[n] near.
And let me use all Oaths that I could use,
They still were harder of belief than Jews.
They wanted Faith, and had resolv'd before,
Not to believe what e'er we said or swore.
They said the world was full of much deceit,
And that my Letters might be[o] counterfeit :
Besides, there's one thing bred the more dislike,
Because mine Host was known a Catholic.
These things concurring, people came in clusters,
And multitudes within my lodging musters,
That I was almost worried unto death,
In danger to be stifled with their breath.
And had mine Host took pence apiece of those,
Who came to gaze on me, I do suppose,
No *Jack* an *Apes*, *Baboon*, or *Crocodile*
E'er got more money in so small a[p] while.
Besides, the peasants did this one thing more,
They call'd and drank four shillings on my score :
And like unmanner'd mongrels went their way,
Not spending ought, but leaving me to[q] pay.
This was the household business in mean space
Some rascals ran unto my boat apace,
And turn'd and tumbled her, like men of *Gotham*,

n. I had as good have said nothing.

o Diligent Officers.

p. The dancing on the ropes, or a Puppetplay, had come short of his takings accounting time for time.

q. This was more than I could willingly afford.

Quite topsy turvy upward with her bottom,
Vowing they would in tatters piece-meal tear
They cursed Pirates boat, that bred their fear;
And I am sure, their madness (to my harm)
Tore a board out, much longer than mine arm.
And they so bruis'd, and split our wherry, that
She leaked, we cast our water with a hat.
Now let men judge, upon this truths revealing,
If Turks or Moors could use more barb'rous dealing;
Or whether it be fit I should not write
Their envy, foolish fear, and mad despite.
What may wise men conceive, when they shall note,
That five unarmed men, in a wherry boat,
Naught to defend, or to offend with stripes,
But one old[r] sword and two Tobacco-Pipes,
And that of Constables a murnivall,[1]
Men, women, children, all in general,
And that they all should be so valiant, wise,
To fear we would a Market Town surprise.
In all that's writ I vow I am no liar,
I muse the beacons were not set on fire.
The dreadful names of *Talbot*, or of *Drake*,
Ne'er made the foes of *England* more to quake
Than I made *Cromer;* for their fear and dolor,
Each man might smell out by his neighbours[s] choler.
At last the joyful morning did approach,
And *Sol* began to mount his flaming coach:

r. And the sword was rusty with salt water, that it had need of a quarters warning ere it would come out.

s. A brave scent.

[1] MURNIVALL.—Four cards of the same rank.

Then did I think my Purgatory done,
And 'rose betimes intending to be gone ;
But holla! stay, *'twas otherways* with me,
The mass of Constables were shrunk to three :
Sweet Mr. *Pescods* double diligence
Had horsed himself, to bear intelligence
To Justices of Peace within the land,
What dangerous business there was now in hand:
There was I forc'd to tarry all the while,
Till some said he rode four and twenty mile,
In seeking men of Worship, Peace and *Quorum*,
Most wisely to declare strange news before um.
And whatsoever tales he did recite,
I'm sure he caus'd Sir *Austin Palgrave*, Knight,
And Mr. *Robert Kemp* a Justice there
Came before me, to know how matters were.
As conference 'twixt them and I did pass,
They quickly understood me what I was :
And though they knew me not in prose and looks,
They had read of me in my verse, and books ;
My businesses account I there did make,
And I and all my company did take
The lawful Oath of our Allegiance then,
By which we were believ'd for honest men.
In duty, and in all humility
I do acknowledge the kind courtesy
Of those two Gentlemen ; for they did see,
How much the people were deceiv'd in me.

They gave me coin, and wine, and sugar too,
And did as much as lay in them to do,
To find them that my boat had torn and rent,
And so to give them worthy punishment.
Besides Sir[t] *Austin Palgrave* bade me this,
To go but four miles, where his dwelling is,
And I and all my company should there
Find friendly welcome, mix'd with other cheer.
I gave them thanks, and so I'll give them still,
And did accept their cheer in their good will.
Then 3. a clock at afternoon and past,
I was discharged from *Cromer* at the last.
But for men shall not think that enviously
Against this Town I let my lines to fly:
And that I do not lie, or scoff, or fable,
For them I will write something charitable.
It is an Ancient Market Town that stands
Upon a lofty cliff of mouldring sands:
The sea against the cliffs doth daily beat,
And every tide into the land doth eat,
The Town is poor, unable by expense,
Against the raging sea to make defence:
And every day it eateth further in,
Still waiting, washing down the sand doth win,
That if some course be not ta'en speedily,
The Town's in danger in the Sea to lie.
A goodly Church stands on these brittle grounds,

t. He would have had us to have staid three or four days with him.

Not many fairer in Great *Britain's* bounds :
And if the sea shall swallow it, as some fear,
Tis not ten thousand pounds the like could rear.
No Christian can behold it but with grief,
And with my heart I wish them quick relief.
So farewell *Cromer*, I have spoke for thee,
Though thou did'st much unkindly deal with me,
And honest Mariners, I thank you there
Labouriously you in your arms did bear
My boat for me, three furlongs at the least,
When as the tide of ebb was so decreased,
You waded, and you launched her quite afloat,
And on your backs you bore us to our boat.
The unkindness that I had before, it come,
Because the Constables were troublesome :
Longed to be busy, would be men of action,
Whose labours was their travels satisfaction :
Who all were born when wit was out of town,
And therefore got but little of their own :
So farewell *Pescod*, *Wiseman*, *Kimble*,[u] *Clarke*,
Four sons of *Ignorance* (or much more dark)
You made me loose a day of brave calm weather,
So once again farewell, fare ill together.
Then 'longst the *Norfolk* coast we rowed out-right,
To *Blackney*, when we saw the coming night,
The burning *eye* of day began to wink,
And into *Thetis* lay his beams to shrink :
And as he went, stained the departed sky,

u. They longed for employment, and rather than be idle, would be ill occupied.

With red, blue, purple, and vermillion dye,
Till all our Hemisphere laments his lack,
And mourning night puts on a robe of black,
Bespangled diversely with golden sparks,
Some moveable, some Sea-mens fixed marks.
The milky way that blest *Astraea* went,
When as she left this Earthly continent,
Showed like a Crystal causeway to the Thrones
Of *Jove* and *Saturn*, paved with precious Stones.
Old *Oceanus*, *Neptune*,[v] *Inachus*,
And two and thirty huff-cap'd *Æolus*,
Had all ta'en truce and were in league combined,
No billows foaming, or no breath of Wind;
The solid Earth, the Air, the Ocean deep
Seemed as the whole world had been fast asleep.
In such a pleasant Even' as this came I
To *Blackney*, with my Ship and Company:
Whereas I found my entertainment good
For welcome, drinking, lodging, and for food.
The morrow when *Latonas* Sun 'gan rise,
And with his Light illumines mortal eyes:
When cocks did crow, and lambs did bleat and blee,
I mounted from my couch, and put to sea,
Like glass the Oceans face was smooth and calm,
The gentle Air breath'd like *Arabian* balm,
Gusts, storms and flaws, lay sleeping in their cells,
Whilst with much labour we ow'd o'r the *Wells*.

v. The God of Rivers, Springs, Brooks, Floods, and Fountains.

This was the greatest[w] day of work indeed.
And it behov'd us much, to make much speed:
For why, before that day did quite expire,
We past the dangerous *Wash*, to *Lincolnshire.*
And there in three hours space and little more,
We row'd to *Boston* from the *Norfolk* shore:
Which do report of people that dwell there,
Is six and twenty mile, or very near.
The way unknown, and we no Pilot had,
Flats, Sands and Shoals; and Tides all raging mad,
Which Sands our passage many times denied,
And put us sometimes[y] three or four miles wide,
Besides the Flood runs there with such great force,
That I imagine it out-runs a horse:
And with a head some 4. foot high then roars,
It on the sudden swells and beats the Shores.
It tumbled us a ground upon the Sands,
And all that we could do with wit, or hands,
Could not resist it, but we were in doubt,
It would have beaten our boats bottom out.
It hath less mercy than *Bear*, *Wolf*, or *Tiger*,
And in those Countries it is call'd the[z] *Higer.*
We much were unacquainted with those fashions,
And much it troubled us with sundry passions:
We thought the shore we never should recover,
And look'd still when our boat would tumble over.
But *He* that made all with his word of might,
Brought us to *Boston*, where we lodg'd all night.

w. We rowed above 100. miles that day.

y. Sands lying crookedly in onr way, making us go three or four miles about at low water

z. It is so called in Mr. Draytons second part of Polyolbion his treatise of Humber.

The morrow morning when the Sun 'gan peep,
I awak'd and rubb'd mine eyes, and shak'd off sleep,
And understanding that the River went,
From *Boston* up to *Lincoln*, and to *Trent*,
To *Humber*, *Ouse*, and *York*, and (taking pain)
We need not come in sight of Sea again,
I lik'd the motion, and made haste away
To *Lincoln*, which was 50. mile, that day :
Which City in the 3. King *Edwards* Reign,
Was th' only staple, for this Kingdoms gain
For Leather, Lead, and Wool, and then was seen
Five times ten Churches there, but now fifteen :
A brave Cathedral Church there now doth stand,
That scarcely hath a fellow in this land :
'Tis for a Godly use, a goodly frame,
And bears the blessed Virgin *Marys* name.
The Town is Ancient, and by course of Fate,
Through wars, and Time, defac'd and ruinate,
But Monarchies, & Empires, Kingdoms, Crowns,
Have rose or fell, as Fortune smiles or frowns :
And Towns, and Cities have their portions had
Of time-tost variations, good and bad.
There is a Proverb, part of which is this,
They say that *Lincoln was, and London is.*
From thence we past a ditch of weeds and mud,
Which they do (falsely) there call[a] *Forcedyke* Flood :
For I'll be sworn, no flood I could find there,
But dirt and filth, which scarce my boat would bear :

a. It is a passage cut through the land eight miles from Lincoln into Trent, but through either the peoples poverty or negligence it is grown up with weeds, and mud, so that in the summer it is in many places almost dry.

'Tis 8 miles long, and there our pains was such.
As all our travel did not seem so much,
My men did wade and draw the boat like horses,
And scarce could tug her on with all our forces:
Moil'd, toil'd, mir'd, tir'd, still labr'ing, ever doing,
Yet were we 9. long hours that 8. miles going.
At last when as the day was well-nigh spent,
We got from *Forcedykes* floodless flood to *Trent.*
Ev'n as the windows of the day did shut,
Down *Trents* swift stream, to *Gainsborough* we put,
There did we rest until the morning star,
The joyful doors of dawning did unbar:
To *Humbers* churlish streams, our course we fram'd,
So nam'd for drowning of a King so nam'd.
And there the swift ebb tide ran in such sort,
The wind at East, the waves break thick and short;
That in some doubts, it me began to strike,
For in my life, I ne'r had seen the like.
My way was up to *York*, but my intent
Was contrary, for from the fall of *Trent*
I[b] fifteen mile went downwards East Northwest,
When as my way was upward West Southwest,
And as against the wind we madly venture,
The waves like Pirates board our boat and enter,
But though they came in fury, and amain,
Like Thieves we cast them over-board again.

b. I went fifteen mile out of Trent down Humber on purpose to see Hull, when my way was quite contrary.

This conflict lasted two honrs to the full,
Until we gat to *Kingston* upon *Hull:*
For to that Town I had proved a friend,
That Letters did and Commendations send
By me unto the worthy Magistrate,
The Mayor, and some of's Brethren, in that State.
Besides I had some letters, of like charge,
From my good friend, the Master of the Large,
Unto some friends of his, that they would there
Give me[c] *Hull* Cheese, and welcome and good cheer.

[c] *Hull Cheese is much like a loaf out of a brewers basket, it is composed of two simples, malt and water, in one compound, and is cousin Germ in to the mightiest ale in England.*

Sunday at Mr. Mayors much cheer and wine,
Where as the *Hall* did in the Parlour dine,
At night with one that had been Sheriff I sup'd,
Well entertain'd I was, and half well Cup'd:
On Monday noon, I was invited then
To a grave Justicer, an Alderman,
And there such cheer as Earth and Waters yield,
Shew'd like a harvest in a plenteous *Field.*
Another I must thank for his good will,
For he *Prest*[d] *on* to bid me welcome still.

[d] *The meaning of those marks are only known to the townsmen there.*

There is a Captain of good Life and Fame,
And, *God with us*, I oft have call'd his Name,
He welcom'd me, as I had been his fellow,
Lent me his silken Colours, Black and Yellow,
Which to our mast made fast, we with a drum
Did keep, till we to *York* in triumph come.
Thanks to my loving Host and Hostess *Pease,*

There at mine Inn, each night I took mine ease:
And there I got a cantle[1] of *Hull* Cheese
e An ingenuous man named Machabeus. One Evening late, I thank thee[e] *Maccabees.*
Kind *Roger Parker*, many thanks to thee,
Thou shew'dst much undeserved love to me,
Laid my boat safe, spent time, coin and endeavour,
And mad'st money counted copper ever:
But as at feasts, the first course being past,
Men do reserve their dainties till the last,
So my most thanks I ever whil'st I live,
Will to the Mayor, and his Brethren give,
But most of all, to shut up all together
f. Mr. I. I. I give him thanks that did commend[f] me thither,
Their loves (like *Humber*) overflow'd the banks,
And though I ebb in worth, I'll flow in thanks.
Thus leaving off the men, now of the town
Some things which I observ'd I'll here set down:
And partly to declare it's praise and worth,
It is the only Bulwark of the North.
All other Towns for strength to it may strike,
And all the Northern parts have not the like.
The people from the Sea much wealth have won,
Each man doth live as he were *Neptunes* Son.
Th' Antiquity thereof a man may read
In Reverend *Camdens* works, and painful *Speed:*
How in King *Edwards* Reign first of that name

[1] CANTLE OF HULL CHEESE.—*i.e.*, a portion of strong ale.

Then called *Wyke.* Then did they *Kingston* frame,
And then the Townsmen cut a[g] River there,
An ex'lent Haven, a Defence or Pier :
Built with excessive charge, to save it from
Fierce *Humbers* Raging, that each Tide doth come.
From time to time, more Greatness still it gained,
Till lately when the Eighth King *Henry* Reign'd,
He made it greater by his often resort,
And many times kept there his Royal Court,
He Wall'd it well, built Battlements, and Gates,
And (more with Honour to augment their States)
He built two Blockhouses, and Castle strong,
To Guard the Town from all Invasive wrong.
He gave them much Munition, Swords, Shafts, Bows,
And Brazen Ordnance, as the world well knows,
Which Guns he gave them for the Towns defence,
But were in 88. all borrowed thence,
With promise they again should be sent back :
But the performance ever hath been slack.
Now in this Iron age, their Guns I see,
Are metal like the Age, and Iron be :
And glad they would be, if they could obtain,
To change that metal, for their own again.
Four well built Gates, with bolts, and locks, and bars,
For ornament or strength, in Peace or Wars;
Besides, to keep their Foes the further out,
They can Drown all the Land three miles about,

g. The river of Hull is 20. miles in length, cut with mens labour, to the infinite commodity of the country.

'Tis plentifully serv'd with Flesh and Fish,
As cheap, and reasonable men can wish.
And thus by Gods grace, and mans industry,
Dame Nature, or mens Art does it supply.
Some 10 years since fresh water there was scant,
But with much cost they have supplied that want;
By a most ex'lent water-works that's made,
And to the Town in pipes it is convey'd,
Wrought with most Artificial engines, and
Perform'd by th' art of the Industrious hand
Of Mr.[h] *William Maultby*, Gentleman,
So that each man of note there always can
But turn a cock within his house, and still
They have fresh-water always at their will,
This have they all unto their great content,
For which, they each do pay a yearly rent,
There is a Proverb, and a Prayer withal,
That we may not to three strange places fall:
From *Hull*, from *Halifax*, from *Hell*, 'tis thus,
From all these three, *Good Lord deliver us.*
This praying Proverb's meaning to set down,
Men do not wish deliverance from the Town:
The towns nam'd *Kingston*, *Hull's* the furious River:
And from *Hulls* dangers, I say *Lord deliver.*
At *Halifax*, the law so sharp doth deal,
That whoso more than I 3. Pence doth steal,
They have a Iyn that wondrous quick and well,
Sends thieves all headless unto Heav'n or Hell.

h. He built another fair waterworks at York, of free-stone, which doth the City exceeding service.

From *Hell* each man says, *Lord deliver me,*
Because from *Hell* can no redemption be :
Men may escape from *Hull* and *Halifax,*
But sure in *Hell* there is a heavier tax,
Let each one for themselves in this agree,
And pray, from *Hell good Lord deliver me.*
The Proverb and the Prayer expounded plain,
Now to the orders of the town again :
I think it merits praise for Government,
More than all towns in *Britains* continent,
As first their Charity doth much appear,
They for the poor have so[i] provided there,
That if a man should walk from Morn till Night,
He shall not see one beggar; nor a mite
Or anything shall be demanded ever,
But every one there doth their best endeavour
To make the idle work, and to relieve
Those that are old and past, or sickness grieve.
All poor mens children have a house most fit,
Whereas they sew, and spin, and card, and knit :
Where all of them have something still to do,
As their capacities will reach unto,
So that no idle person, Old or Young
Within the town doth harbour or belong.
It yearly costs five hundred pounds besides,
To fence the town, from *Hull* and *Humbers* tides,
For stakes, for bavins,[1] timber, stones, and piles,
All which are brought by water many miles,

i. Mark, for all is true.

[1]BAVIN.—A brushwood faggot.

For workmens labour, and a world of things,
Which on the town excessive charges brings.
All which with peril, industry and sweat,
They from the bowels of the ocean get,
They have a Bridewell, and and ex'lent skill,
To make some people work against their will :
And there they have their lodging and their meat,
Clean whips,[1] and every thing exceeding neat :
And thus with fair or foul means always, they
Give idle persons little time to play.
Besides, for every Sea or Marine cause
They have a house of *Trinity*, whose laws
And orders do confirm, or else reform
That which is right, or that which wrongs deform.
It is is a comely built well ordered place,
But that which most of all the House doth grace,
Are rooms for widows, who are old and poor,
And have been wives to Mariners before.
They are for House-room, food, or lodging, or
For firing, Christianly provided for,
And as some die, some do their places win,
As one goes out, another doth come in.
Should I in all things give the Town it's due,
Some fools would say I flatter'd, spake untrue :
Or that I partial in my writings were,
Because they made me welcome, and good cheer :
But for all those that such thoughts of me,
I rather wish that them I hang'd may see,

[1]WHIP.—A wisp of straw.

Then that they justly could report, that I
Did rhyme for victuals, hunger to supply;
Or that my Muse, or working brains should beat,
To flatter, fawn, or lie, for drink or meat:
Let Trencher-poets scrape for such base vails,
I'll take an oar in hand when writing fails;
And 'twixt the boat and pen, I make no doubt,
But I shall shift to pick a living out,
Without base flattery, or false coined words,
To mouldly Madams, or unworthy Lords;
Or whatsoe'er degree, or Towns, or Nations;
I ever did, and still with scorn such fashions.
Hear-say,[j] sometimes upon a lie may light,
But what I see and know, I dare to write.
Mine eyes did view, before my pen set down,
These things that I have written of this Town:
A new built Custom-house, a fair Town-Hall,
For solemn-meeting, or a festival:
A Mayor, twelve Aldermen, one Sheriff, Recorder,
A Town-clerk, altogether in one order,
And uniformity do govern so,
They need not flatter friend, or fear a foe,
A Sword, a Cap of maintenance, a Mace
Great, and well gilt, to do the Town more grace:
Are borne before the Mayor, and Aldermen,
And on festivities, or high-days then,
Those Magistrates their scarlet Gowns do wear,
And have six Sergeants to attend each year.

j. I write not by hearsay.

Now let men say what town in *England* is,
That truly can compare itself with this:
For situation, strength and Government,
For Charity, for plenty, for content,
For state ? and one thing more I there was told,
Not one *Recusant* all the Town doth hold,
Nor (as they say) ther's not a *Puritan*,
Or any nose-wife fool *Precisian*,
But great and small, with one consent and will,
Obey his Majestys Injunctions still.
They say that once therein two sisters dwelt,
Which inwardly the prick of Conscience felt,
They came to *London*, (having wherewithal)
To buy two bibles, all *Canonical*,
Th' *Apocrypha* did put them in some doubt,
And therefore both their books were bound without.
Except those two, I ne'er did hear of any
At *Hull*, though many places have too many.
But as one scabbed sheep a flock may mar,
So there's one man, whose nose did stand ajar:
Talk'd very scurvily, and look'd askew,
Because I in a worthy Towns-mans pew
Was placed at Church, when (God knows I ne'r thought,
To sit there, I was by the owner brought,)
This Squire of low degree displeased than
Said, I at most was but a Water-man,
And that they such great kindness setting forth,
Made more o'th flesh than e'er the broth was worth :

Which I confess, but yet I answer make,
'Twas more than I with manners could forsake;
He sure is some high-minded *Pharisee*,
Or else infected with their Heresy,
And must be set down in their catalogues.
They lov'd the highest seats in Synagogues,
And so (perhaps) doth he, for ought I know,
He may be mounted, when I sit below:
But let him not a Water-man despise,
For from the water he himself did rise,
And winds and water both on him have smil'd
Else, the great Merchant he had ne'er been styl'd:
His character I finely will contrive,
He's scornful proud, and talking talkative:
A great ingrosser of strange speech and news,
And one that would sit in the highest pews,
But bate an ace, he'll hardly win the game,
And if I list, I could *rake*[k] out his name.
Thanks Mr. Mayor, for my bacon gammon,
Thanks *Roger Parker*, for my small fresh salmon.
'Twas ex'lent good, and more the truth to tell ye,
Boil'd with a fine plum-pudding in the belly.
The sixth of August, well accompanied
With best of Towns-men to the waters side,
There did I take my leave, and to my ship
I with my drum and colours quickly skip:
The one did dub-a-dub and rumble, brave
The *Ensign* in the air did play and wave:

k But I was ever better with forks to scatter, than with rakes to gather, therefore I would not have the townsmen to mistake chalk for cheese, or Robert for Richard.

I launch'd, supposing all things had been done,
Bounce, from the Block-house, quoth a roaring gun.
And waving hats on both sides with content.
I cried Adieu, Adieu, and thence we went
Up *Humbers* flood that then amain did swell,
Winds calm, and water quiet as a well :
We row'd to *Ouse* with all our force and might,
To *Cawood*, where we well were lodg'd all night.
The morrow, when as *Phœbus* 'gan to smile,
I forwards set to *York* eight little mile :
But two miles short of *York* I landed then,
To see that reverend[l] Metropolitan,
That watchful Shepherd, that with care doth keep
Th'infernal wolf, from Heav'ns supernal sheep :
The painful preacher that, most free Alms-giver,
That though he live long, is too short a liver :
That man, whose age the poor do all lament,
All knowing, when his Pilgrimage is spent,
When earth to earth returns, as Natures debtor,
They far the proverb, *Seldom comes the better.*
His Doctrine and example speak his due,
And what all people says, must needs be true.
In duty I most humbly thank his Grace,
He at his table made me have a place,
And meat and drink, and gold he gave me there,
Whilst all my crew i'th Hall were filled with cheer :
So having din'd, from thence we quickly past,
Through *Ouse* strong bridge, to *York* fair City last,

l. At Bishops-thorpe. where the right rever end Father in God, Toby Mathew Archbishop of York his Grace did make me welcome.

Our drowning scap'd, more danger was ensuing,
'Twas 'size time there, and hanging was a brewing :
But had our fault been ne'er so Capital,
We at the Vintners bar durst answer all.
Then to the good Lord Mayor I went, and told
What labour, and what dangers manifold,
My fellow and myself had past at seas.
And if it might his noble Lordship please,
The boat that did from *London* thither swim
With us, in duty we would give to him.
His Lordship pausing, with a reverend hum,
My friend (quoth he) to-morrow morning come :
In the mean space I'll of the matter think,
And so he bade me to go ne'r and drink.
I drank a cup of claret and some beer,
And sure (for ought I know) he[a] keeps good cheer,
I gave his Lordship in red gilded leather,
A well bound book of all my works together,
Which he did take[b].
There in the City were some men of note,
That gladly would give money for our boat:
But all this while good manners bade us stay,
To have my good Lord Mayor's yea, or nay.
But after long demurring of the matter[c],
He was well pleas'd to see her on the water,
And then my men row'd half an hour or more,
Whilst he stood viewing her upon the shore.
They bore his Lordships children in her there,

a. There is some odds between keeping and spending change.

b. Here I make a full point, for I received not a pint in exchange.

c. I thought it my duty (seeing we had come a dangerous voyage) to offer our boat to the chief magistrate : for why should not

And many others, as she well could bear.
At which Honour was exceeding merry,
Saying it was a pretty nimble Wherry:
But when my men had taken all this pains,
Into their eyes they might have put their gains,
Unto his shop he did[d] perambulate,
And there amongst his bars of iron sate.
I ask'd him if he would our boat forgo,
Or have her and his Lordship answered *No*,
I took him at his word, and said, good bye,
And gladly away with my boat went I.
I sold the boat, as I suppos'd most meet,
To honest[e] Mr, *Kayes* in Cunny Street:
He entertain'd me well, for which I thanked him,
And gratefully amongst my friends I'll rank him.
My kind remembrance here I put in paper.
To worthy Mr. *Hemsworth* there a draper.
Amongst the rest he's one that I most thank,
With his good wife, and honest brother *Frank*
Now for the City: 'tis of state and Port,
Where Emperors and Kings have kept their Court
989, year of foundation
Was laid, before our Saviours Incarnation,
By [f]*Ebranc* who a temple there did rear,
And plac'd a [g]Flamen to *Diana* there:
But when King *Lucius* here the stepert swayed.
The Idols level with the ground were laid,
Than *Eleutherius*, Rome high bishop plac'd,

my boat be as good a monument, as Tom Coriats everlasting overtrampling land-conquering shoes thought I?

d. And forgot to say, I thank you good fellows.

e A substantial worthy Citizen, who hath been Shrieve of York, and now keeps the George in Cunny Street.

f Ebranc was the fifth K. of Britian after Brute

g. An Arch-Flamen. which was as an idolatrous high priest to Diana.

An Archbishop at *York*, with titles grac'd,
Then after Christ 627.
Was *Edwin*[h] baptized by the grace of heaven,
He pluck'd the Minister down, that then was wood,
And made it stone, a deed both great and good.
The City oft hath known the chance of wars,
Of cruel foreign, and of home-bred jars.
And those that further please thereof to read,
May turn the volumes of great *Holinshed*,
'Tis large, 'tis pleasant and magnificent,
The Norths most fertile famous ornament:
'Tis rich and populous,[i] and hath indeed
No want of anything to serve their need,
Abundance doth that noble City make
Much abler to bestow, than need to take.
So farewell *York*, the tenth of August then
Away I came for *London* with my men.
To dinner I to *Pomfret*[j] quickly rode,
Where good hot venison staid for my abode,
I thank thee worshipful *George Shillito*,
He fill'd my men and me, and let us go.
There did I well view over twice or thrice,
A strong, a fair, and ancient edifice:
Re-edifi'd where it was ruined most,
At th' high and hopeful Prince[k] of *Wales* his cost.
I saw the room where *Exton*[l] and his rout
Of Traitors, royal *Richards* brains beat out:
And if that King did strike so many blows,

h Edwin and his whole family were baptized on Easter day the 12. of April 674.

i. Yorkshire the greatest shire in England, and 308. miles about speed.

j. Pomfret Castle.

k. Prince Charles.

l. Sir Pierce of Exton Knight. King Richard the second murdered there.

As hacks and hews upon one pillar shows,
There are one hundred slashes, he withstood,
Before the Villains shed his Kingly blood.
From *Pomfret* then, unto my noble friend,
Sir *Robert Swift* at *Doncaster* we wend,
An ancient Knight, of a most generous spirit,
Who made me welcome far beyond my merit.
From thence by *Newark*, I to *Stamford* past,
And so in time to *London* at the last,
With friends and neighbours, all with loving hearts,
Did welcome me with pottles, pints and quarts.
Which made my Muse more glib, and blithe to tell
This story of my Voyage. So farewell.

An Epilogue.

Thus have I brought to end a work of pain,
I wish it may requite me with some gain:
For well I wot, the dangers where I ventured,
No full bag'd man would ever durst have entered:
But having further shores for to discover
Hereafter, now my pen doth here give over.

FINIS.

A New Discovery

BY SEA,

With a *Wherry* from *London*

to *Salisbury.*

By Iohn Taylor.

LONDON.
Imprinted by *Edw. All-de.*
1623.

To the Nobility, Gentry, and Communalty, who are Inhabitants, or Well-willers to the Welfare of the City of Salisbury, and County of Wiltshire.

Right Honourable,

WORSHIPFUL, and loving Countrymen, I have named my Book and Voyage, *The Worst, or the Best*, which I ever undertook and finished, and it lies in your pleasures, to make it which you please; I am sure for toil, travail, and danger, as yet I never had a worse, or a more difficult passage, which the ensuing Discourse will testify; yet, all those perils past, I shall account as pleasures, if my infallible Reasons may move or persuade you to clear your River, and make it Navigable from the Sea to your City; I have in part touched what the profit and Commodities of it will be unto you, and have briefly shewed the Inconveniences which you have through the want of it: I have also declared, that the main intent or scope of my coming unto you with a *Wherry*, was, to see what lets or

Impediments were the hindrances unto so good and beneficial a work. All which I have (according to my simple Survey, and weak Capacity) set down, which with the merriness of my most Hazardous Sea-progress, I humbly Dedicate to your Noble, Worshipful, and worthy Acceptances, ever acknowledging myself and my Labour in you services to be commanded in all duty,

JOHN TAYLOR.

A DISCOVERY BY SEA

FROM LONDON TO SALISBURY.

AS our accounts in almanacks agree,
The year call'd sixteen hundred twenty three :
That July's twenty eight, two hours past dinner,
We with our *Wherry*, and five men within her,
Along the crystal Thames did cut and curry,
Betwixt the Counties Middlesex and Surrey :
Whilst thousands gaz'd, we past the bridge with wonder,
Where fools and wise men go above and under.
We thus our Voyage bravely did begin
Down by St. *Katherines*, where the Priest fell in,
By *Wapping*,[1] where as hang'd drowned *Pirates* die ;
(Or else such[a] *Rats*, I think as would eat *Pie*.)

a. Any rat that eats Pie, is a Pirat.

[1] WAPPING.—Here was the famous Execution Dock, the usual place of execution for hanging of pirates and searovers at the low-water mark, and there to remain till three tides had overflowed them."—*Stow*.

And passing further, I at first observ'd,
That[b] *Cuckolds-Haven*[1] was but badly serv'd :
For there old *Time* had such confusion wrought,
That of that ancient place remained nought.
No monumental memorable Horn,
Or Tree, or Post, which hath those Trophies borne,
Was left, whereby Posterity may know
Where their forefathers Crests did grow, or show.
Which put into a maze my musing Muse,

b. When I passed down the River, there was not any Post or Horn there, but since is most worthily Repaired.

[1]Cuckold's Haven, or Point,—Horn Fair.—On the Rotherhithe or right bank of the river Thames, a little below the church, and formerly distinguished by a tall pole with a pair of horns on the top. King John, wearied with hunting on Shooter's-hill and Blackheath, entered the house of a miller at Charlton to refresh and rest himself. He found no one at home, but the miller's wife, young, it is said, and beautiful. The miller, it so happened, was earlier in coming home than was usual when he went to Greenwich with his meal—and red and raging at what he saw on his return, he drew his knife. The King, unarmed, thought it prudent to make himself known, and the miller, only too happy to think that it was no baser individual, asked a boon of the King. The King consented, and the miller was told to clear his eyes, and claim the long strip of land he could see before him on the Charlton side of the river Thames. The miller cleared his eyes, and saw as far as a Point near Rotherhithe. The King admitted the distance, and the miller was put into possession of the property on one condition—that he should walk annually on that day, the 18th of October, to the farthest bounds of the estate with a pair of buck's horns upon his head. Horn Fair is still kept every 18th of October, at the pretty little village of Charlton in Kent, and the watermen on the Thames about Cuckold's Point still tell the story (with many variations and additions) of the jolly miller and his light and lovely wife.

"That's what you'll come to, my friend," says a waterman on the Thames to Hogarth's Idle Apprentice, pointing at the same time to a pirate hanging in chains near Execution-dock. The reply of the Idle Apprentice is significant enough : he holds two of his fingers to his forehead by way of horns—"Cuckold's Point, you ————."

Both at the worlds neglect, and times abuse,
That that stout Pillar, to Oblivions pit
Shall fall, whereon *Plus ultra* might be writ,
That such a mark of Reverend note should lie
Forgot, and hid, in black obscurity,
Especially when men of every sort
Of Countries, Cities, warlike Camps or Court,
Unto that *Tree* are plaintiffs or defendants,
Whose[c] loves, or fears, are fellows or attendants :
Of all estates, this *Haven* hath some partakers
By lot, some Cuckolds, and some Cuckold-makers.
And can they all so much forgetful be
Unto that Ancient, and Renowned *Tree*,
That hath so many ages stood Erected,
And by such store of patrons been Protected,
And now Ingloriously to lie unseen,
As if it were not, or had never been ?
Is Lechery wax'd scarce, is Bawdry scant,
Is there of Whores, or Cuckolds any want ?
Are Whore-masters decay'd, are all Bawds dead ?
Are Panders, Pimps, and Apple-squires, all fled ?
No surely, for the Surgeons can declare
That *Venus* wars, more hot than *Mars* are,
Why then, for shame this worthy *Port* maintain,
Let's have our *Tree*, and Horns set up again :
That Passengers may show obedience to it.
In putting off their hats, and homage do it.
Let not the *Cornucopiaes* of our land,

c. All estates or degrees do either love or fear the Haven.

Unsightly and unseen neglected stand :
I know it were in vain for me to call,
That you should raise some famous Hospital,
Some Free-school, or some Almshouse for the poor,
That might increase good deeds, and ope heav'ns door.
'Tis no taxation great, or no collection
Which I do speak of, for This great Erection :
For if it were, mens goodnesses, I know,
Would prove exceeding barren, dull, and slow :
A Post and Horns, will build it firm and stable,
Which charge to bear, there's many a beggar able ;
The place is Ancient, of Respect most famous,
The want of due regard to it, doth shame us,
For *Cuckolds Haven*, my request is still,
And so I leave the Reader to his will.
But holla Muse, no longer be offended,
'Tis worthily Repair'd and bravely mended,
For which great meritorious work, my pen
Shall give the glory unto *Greenwich* men.
It was their only cost, they were the Actors
Without the help of other Benefactors,
For which my pen their praises here adorns,
As they have beautifi'd the Hav'n with Horns.
From thence to *Deptford* we amain were driven,
Whereas an Anchor unto me was given :
With parting pints, and quarts for our farewell ;
We took our leaves, and so to *Greenwich* fell.

There shaking hands, adieus, and drinkings store,
We took our ship again, and left the shore.
Then down to *Erith*, 'gainst the tide we went,
Next *London*, greatest mayor town in *Kent*
Or *Christendom*, and I approve it can,
That there the Mayor was a Waterman,
Who governs, rules, and reigns sufficiently,
And was the Image of Authority:
With him we had cheap reck'nings and good cheer.
And nothing but his friendship we thought dear.
But thence we rous'd ourselves and cast off sleep,
Before the daylight did begin to peep,
The tide by *Gravesend* swiftly did us bring,
Before the mounting *Lark* began to sing,
And e'er we came to *Lee*, with speedy pace
The sun 'gan rise with most suspicious face,
Of foul foreboding weather, purple, red,
His radient tincture, East, Northeast o'erspread:
And as our oars thus down the river pull'd,
Oft with a fowling-piece the *Gulls* we gull'd
For why,[d] the Master Gunner of our ship
Let no occasion or advantage slip,
But charg'd and discharged, shot, and shot again,
And scarce in twenty times shot once in vain,
Foul was the weather, yet thus much I'll say.
If't had been fair, Fowl was our food that day,
Thus down alongst the spacious coast of *Kent*
By *Grane* and *Sheppys* Islands down we went,

d His name is Arthur Bray a Waterman of Lambeth, and a good Markman.

We past the *Nore-head*, and the sandy shore,
Until we came to the East end of the *Nore*,
At last by *Ramsgates* pier we stifly rowed,
The wind and tide, against us blow'd and flowed,
Till near unto the Haven where *Sandwich* stands,
We were enclosed with most dangerous sands.
There were we sous'd and slabber'd, wash'd and dash'd,
And gravel'd, that it made us[e] half abash'd :
We look'd and pry'd, and stared round about,
From our apparent perils to get out.
For with a staff, as we the depth did sound,
Four miles from land, we almost were on ground.
At last unlook'd for) on our larboard side
A thing turmoiling in the sea we spyed,
Like to a *Merman ;* wading as he did
All in the sea his nether parts were hid,
Whose brawny limbs, and rough neglected beard,
And grim aspect, made half of us afear'd,
And as he unto us his course did make,
I courage took, and thus to him I spake.
Man, monster, fiend or fish, whate'er thou be,
That travelest here in Neptunes *monarchy,*
I charge thee by his dreadful three-tin'd mace,
Thou hurt not me or mine, in any case,
And if thou be'st produced of mortal kind,
Shew us some course, how we the way may find
To deeper water, from these sands so shallow,

e. We were five men, and two of us were afraid, two were not afraid, and I was half afraid.

In which thou seest our ship thus wash and wallow.
With that (he shrugging up his shoulders strong)
Spake (like a Christian) in the *Kentish* tongue,
Quoth he, kind sir, I am a fisherman,
Who many years my living thus have wan
By wading in these sandy troublous waters
For *shrimps*, *whelks*, *cockles*, and such useful matters,
And I will lead you, (with a course I'll keep)
From out these dangerous shallows to the deep.
Then (by the nose) along he led our boat,
Till (past the flats) our bark did bravely float.
Our *Sea-horse*, that had drawn us thus at large,
I gave two groats unto, and did discharge.
Then in an hour and half, or little more,
We through the *Downs* at *Deal* went safe on shore.
There did our Hostess dress the fowl we kill'd,
With which our hungry stomachs well we fill'd,
The morrow being Wednesday (break of day)
We towards *Dover* took our weary way :
The churlish winds awak'd the seas high fury,
Which made us glad to land there, I assure ye.
Blind Fortune did so happily contrive,
That we (as sound as bells) did safe arrive
At *Dover*, where a man did ready stand,
To give me entertainment by the hand,
A man of metal, mark and note, long since
He graced was to lodge a gracious Prince,
And now his speeches sum, and scope and pith

Is *Jack* and *Tom*, each one his cousin *Smith*,
That if with pleasant talk you please to warm ye,
He is an Host much better than an army,
A goodly man, well fed, and corpulent,
Fill'd like a bag-pudding with good content,
A right good fellow, free of cap and leg,
Of compliment, as full as any egg :
To speak to *Him*, I know it is of *Folly*,
He is a mortal foe to Melancholy,
Mirth is his life and trade, and I think very,
That he was got when all the world was merry :
Health upon health, he doubled and redoubled,
Till his, and mine, all our brains were troubled,
Unto our absent *Betters* there we drank ;
Whom we are bound to love, they not to thank :
By us mine Host could no great profit reap,
Our meat and lodging was so good and cheap,
That to his praise thus much I'll truly tell,
He us'd us kindly every way and well.
And though my lines before are merry writ,
Where'er I meet him, I'll acknowledge it.
To see the Castle there I did desire,
And up the Hill I softly did aspire,
Whereas it stands, impregnable in strength,
Large in circumference, height, breadth, and length,
Built on a fertile plat of ground, that they
Have yearly growing twenty loads of hay,
Great Ordnance store, pasture for kine and horses,

Rampires and Walls, t'withstand invasive forces,
That it be well with truth and courage man'd,
Munition, victual'd, then it can withstand
The powers of twenty *Tamberlanes* (the Great)
Till in the end with shame they would retreat.
'Tis govern'd by a grave and prudent[f] Lord,
Whose justice doth to each their right afford,
Whose worth (within the Castle, and without)
The five Ports, and the country all about,
The people with much love, do still recite,
Because he makes the wrongers render right.
The kindness I received there was such,
That my remembrance cannot be too much.
I saw a gun thrice eight foot long of brass,
And in a wheel I saw a comely ass
(Dance like a dog) that's turning of a spit,
And draw as it were from the infernal pit,
(Whose deep abyss is perpendicular)
One hundred fathom (or well near as far)
So crystalline, so clear, and cool a water,
That will in summer make a mans teeth chatter :
And when to see it up, I there had stood,
I drank thereof, and found it sweet and good.
So farewell *Castle*, *Dover*, *Dover* pier,
Farewell, Host *Bradshaw*, thanks for my good cheer.
My bonny bark to sea was bound again ;
On Thursday morn, we launch'd into the main,

f. The right Honourable the Lord Zouch, Lord Warden of the Cinque ports.

By *Folkestone*, and by *Sandgates* ancient Castle,
Against the rugged waves, we tug and wrestle
By *Hyde*, by *Romney*, and by *Romney* Marsh,
The tide against us, and the wind blew harsh,
'Twixt *Æolus* and *Neptune* was such strife,
That I ne'er felt worse weather in my life:
Toss'd and retoss'd, retoss'd and toss'd again;
With rumbling, tumbling, on the rolling main,
The boist'rous breaking billows curled locks
Impetuously did beat against the rocks,
The wind much like a horse whose wind is broke,
Blew thick and short, that we were like to choke:
As it outrageously the billows shaves,
The gusts (like dust) blown from the briny waves,
And thus the winds and seas robustious gods
Fell by the ears stark mad at furious odds.
Our slender ship, turmoiled 'twixt shores and seas,
Aloft or low, as storms and flaws did please:
Sometimes upon a foaming mountain's top,
Whose height did seem the heav'ns to underprop,
When straight to such profundity she fell,
As if she div'd into the deepest Hell.
The clouds like ripe apostumes burst and shower'd,
Their mattery watery substance headlong pour'd;
Yet though all things were mutable and fickle,
They all agreed to souse us in a pickle,
Of waters fresh and salt, from seas and sky,
Which with our sweat joined in triplicity,

That looking each on other, there we saw,
We neither were half stew'd, nor yet half raw,
But neither hot or cold, good flesh or fishes
For *Canibals*, we had been ex'lent dishes.
Bright *Phœbus* hid his golden head with fear,
Not daring to behold the dangers, there,
Whilst in that strait or exigent we stand,
We see and wish to land, yet durst not land,
Like rolling hills the billows beat and roar
Against the melancholy beachy shore,
That if we landed, neither strength or wit
Could save our boat from being sunk or split
To keep the sea, stern puffing *Æolus* breath
Did threaten still to blow us all to death,
The waves amain (unbid) oft boarded us,
Whilst we almost three hours beleagur'd thus.
On every side with danger and distress,
Resolv'd to run on shore at *Dungeness*.
There stand some thirteen cottages together,
To shelter fishermen from wind and weather,
And there some people were as I suppos'd,
Although the doors and windows all were clos'd :
I near the land, into the sea soon leapt
To see what people those same houses kept,
I knock'd and call'd at each, from house to house,
But found no form of mankind, man or[g] mouse.
This news all sad, and comfortless and cold.
Unto my company I straightways told,

g. *No dwelling within near three miles of those Cottages.*

Assuring them the best way I did think,
Was to haul up the boat, although she sink.
Resolved thus, we all together please
To put her head to shore, her stern to seas,
They leaping overboard amidst the billows,
We pluck'd her up (unsunk) like stout tall fellows.
Thus being wet, from top to toe we stripp'd,
(Except our shirts) and up and down we skipp'd,
Till wind and sun our wants did well supply,
And made our outsides, and our insides dry.
Two miles from thence, a ragged[h] town there stood,
To which I went to buy some drink and food:
Where kindly over-reckon'd, well misus'd
Was, and with much courtesy abus'd.
Mine Hostess did account it for no trouble,
For single fare to make my payments double:
Yet did her mind and mine agree together:
That (I once gone) would never more come thither:
The cabins where our boat lay safe and well,
Belong'd to men which in this town did dwell:
And one of them (I thank him) lent us then
The key to ope his hospitable den,
A brazen kettle, and a pewter dish,
To serve our needs, and dress our flesh and fish:
Then from the butchers we bought lamb and sheep,
Beer from the alehouse, and broom to sweep
Our cottage, that for want of use was musty,
And most extremely rusty-fusty-dusty.

h. The towns name is Lydd, two miles from Romney in Kent.

There, two days space, we roast, and boil, and broil,
And toil, and moil, and keep a noble coil,
For only we kept open house alone,
And he that wanted beef, might have a *stone.*
Or Grandame earth (with beds) did all befriend us,
And bountifully all our lengths did lend us,
That laughing, or else lying[i] down did make
Our backs and sides sore, and our ribs to ache.
On Saturday the winds did seem to cease,
And brawling seas began to hold their peace,
When we (like tenants) beggarly and poor,
Decreed to leave the key beneath the door,
But that the landlord did that shift prevent,
Who came in pudding time and took his rent,
And as the *Sun*, was from the ocean peeping,
We launch'd to sea again, and left house-keeping.
When presently we saw the drizzling skies
'Gan pout and lower, and winds and seas 'gan rise,
Who each on other played their parts so wild,
As if they meant not to be reconciled,
The whilst we leap upon those liquid hills,
Where *porpoises* did show their fins and gills,
Whilst we like various Fortune tennis ball,
At every stroke, were in the *hazard* all.
And thus by *Rye*, and[j] *Winchelsea* we past
By *Fairlight*, and those rocky cliffs at last.
Some two miles short of *Hastings*, we perceiv'd
The *Lee* shore dangerous, and the billows heav'd,

i. Our beds were Cables and Ropes, every feather at the least 20. fathom long.

j. I walk'd to Winchelsea, were I thank my Cousin Mr Collins, the Mayor there, he made me kindly welcome,

Which made us land (to scape the seas distress)
Within a harbour, almost harbourless,
(We give God thanks) amongst the rocks we hit,
Yet were we neither wash'd or sunk, or split.
Within a cottage nigh, there dwells a weaver
Who entertained us, as the like was never,
No meat, no drink, no lodging (but the floor)
No stool to sit, no lock unto the door,
No straw to make us litter in the night,
Nor any candlestick to hold the light,
To which the owner bid us welcome still,
Good entertainment, though our cheer was ill,
The morrow when the Sun with flushed face
In his diurnal course began to trace,
The wind exceeding stiff and strong and tough,
The seas outrageous, and extremely rough,
Our boat laid safe upon the beachy sand,
Whilst we to *Hastings* went or walk'd by land.
Much (to that town) my thankfulness is bound,
Such undeserved kindness there I found.
There nights we lay there, and three days we spent,
Most freely welcom'd, and much merriment.
Kind Mr.[k] Mayor his love above the rest :
Me and my crew, he did both feed and feast,
He sent us gold, and came himself to us ;
My thanks are these, because his love was thus.
Mine Host and Hostess *Clayton* thus I thank
And all good fellows there, I found so frank,

k. The Mayors name was Mr. Richard Boyse, a Gentleman whose laudable life, and honest government is much beloved and approved.

That what they had, or what could there be got,
They neither thought too heavy or too hot.
The winds and seas continued still their course,
Inveterate seem'd their rage, untam'd their force,
Yet were we loath to linger and delay :
But once again to venture and away.
Thus desperately resolv'd, 'twixt hope and doubt,
Half sank with launching, madly we went out,
At twelve a clock at noon, and by sunset
To *Meeching*, or *New Haven* we did get.
There almost sunk (to save our boat at last)
Ourselves into the shallow seas we cast :
And pluck'd her into safety to remain
Till Friday that we put to sea again.
Then 'mongst our old acquaintance (storms and flaws)
At every stroke near Deaths devouring jaws :
The weary day we past through many fears,
And land at last quite sunk o'er head and ears.
All dropping dry, like five poor rats half drown'd
From succour far, we ha'ld the boat on ground,
Cast out our water, whilst we bravely drop'd,
And up and down to dry ourselves we hop'd.
Thus we our weary pilgrimage did wear,
Expecting for the weather calm and clear :
But storms, flaws, winds, seas, took no minutes rest,
Continual fiercely blowing West Southwest,
A town call'd *Goring*, stood near two miles wide,
To which we went, and had our wants supplied :

There we reliev'd ourselves (with good compassion)
With meat and lodging of the homely fashion,
To bed went in hope of rest and ease,
But all beleaguer'd with an host of fleas :
Who in their fury nip'd and skip'd so hotly,
That all our skins were almost turn'd to motley.
The bloody fight endur'd at least six hours,
When we (opprest with their increasing pow'rs)
Were glad to yield the honour of the day
Unto our foes, and rise and run away :
The night before, a constable there came,
Who ask'd my trade, my dwelling, and my name :
My business, and a troop of questions more,
And wherefore we did land upon that shore ?
To whom I fram'd my answers true, and fit,
(According to his plenteous want of wit)
But were my words all true, or if I ly'd,
With neither I could get him satisfi'd.
He ask'd if we were Pirates ? We said no,
(As if we had, we would have told him so.)
He said that Lords sometimes would enterprise
T'escape, and leave the Kingdom, in disguise :
But I assur'd him on my honest word,
That I was no disguised Knight or Lord.
He told me then that I must go six miles
T'a Justice there, Sir *John*, or else Sir *Giles :*
I told him I was loth to go so far :
And he told me, he would my journey bar.

Thus what with fleas, and with the several prates
Of th'officer, and his associates,
We arose to go, but Fortune bade us stay :
The constable had stolen our oars away,
And borne them thence a quarter of a mile,
Quite through a lane, beyond a gate and stile,
And hid them there, to hinder my depart,
For which I wish'd him hang'd with all my heart.
A ploughman (for us) found our oars again,
Within a field well fill'd with barley grain.
Then madly, gladly out to sea we thrust,
'Gainst winds and storms and many a churlish gust :
By *Kingston* Chapel, and by *Rustington*,
By *Littlehampton*, and by *Middleton*,
To *Bognors* fearful rocks, which hidden lie
Two miles into the sea, some wet, some dry :
There we suppos'd our danger most of all,
If we on those remorseless rocks should fall :
But by the Almightys mercy and His might,
We row'd to *Selsey*, where we stay'd all night.
There, our *necessity* could *have no law*,
For want of beds, we made good use of straw
Till *Sol*, that old continual traveller,
From *Thetis* lap, 'gan mount his flaming car.
The weather kept it's course, and blow'd and rag'd,
Without appearance it would e'er be suag'd,
Whilst we did pass those hills, and dales, and Downs,
That had devour'd great ships, and swallow'd towns,

Thus after six or five hours toil at least,
We pass'd along by *Wittering*, *West*, and *East*,
Upon the Lee shore still the wind full South,
We came near *Chichesters* fair Havens mouth
And being then half sunk, and all through wet,
More fear'd than hurt, we did the Haven get.
Thus in that harbour we our course did frame
To *Portsmouth*, where on Monday morn we came.
Then to the Royal Fleet we row'd aboard,
Where much good welcome they did us afford.
To the Lord General, first my thanks shall be,
His bounty did appear in gold to me,
And every one aboard the *Prince* I found,
Instead of want, to make their loves abound,
Captain *Penruddock* there amongst the rest,
His love and bounty was to us exprest,
Which to requite, my thankfulness I'll show,
And that I'll ever pay, and ever owe.
On Tuesday morning we with main and might,
From *Portsmouth* cross'd unto the *Isle of Wight*:
By *Cowes* stout Castle, we to *Yarmouth* hasted.
And still the winds and seas fierce fury lasted.
On Wedn'sday we to *Hursts* strong Castle cross'd.
Most dangerously sous'd, turmoil'd and toss'd:
Good harbour there we found, and nothing dear,
I thank kind Mr. *Figge*,[1] the porter there,
He show'd us there a Castle of defence
Most useful, of a round circumference:

Mathew Figge, a right good fellow.

Of such command, that none can pass those seas
Unsunk, or spoil'd, except the Castle please.
On Thursday, we our boat row'd, pull'd and haul'd
Unto a place, which is *Key Haven* call'd.
The wind still blowing, and the sea so high,
As if the lofty waves would kiss the sky,
That many times I wish'd with all my heart,
Myself, my boat, and crew, all in a cart;
Or anywhere to keep us safe and dry,
The weather raged so outrageously.
For sure I think the memory of man
(Since winds and seas to blow or flow began)
Cannot remember so stormy weather
In such continuance, held so long together,
For ten long weeks ere that, 'tis manifest,
The wind had blown at South or West Southwest,
And rais'd the seas: to show each others power,
That all this space (calm weather) not one hour,
That whether we did go by sun or moon,
At any time, at midnight, or at noon:
If we did launch, or if to land we set,
We still were sure to be half-sunk, and wet.
Thus toiling of our weary time away,
That Thursday was our last long look'd for day:
For having pass'd, with peril, and much pain,
And plough'd, and furrow'd, o'er the dangerous main,

O'er depths, and flats, and many a ragged rock,
We came to *Christ-Church* Hav'n at five o'clock.
Thus God, *in mercy, His just judgment sparing,*
('Gainst our presumption, over-bold, and daring)
Who made us see His wonders in the deep,
And that His power alone aloft did keep
Our weather-beaten boat above the waves,
Each moment gaping to be all our Graves.
We sinking *'scap'd: then* not to us, to Him
Be all the Glory, *for he caused us swim.*
And for his mercy was so much extended
On me (whose temptings had so far offended)
Let me be made the scorn and scoff of men,
If ever I attempt the like again.
My love, my duty, and my thankfulness,
To Sir *George Hastings* I must here express:
His deeds to me, I must requit in words,
No other payment, poor mens state affords.
With fruitless words, I pay him for his cost,
With thanks to Mr. *Templeman* mine Host.
So leaving *Christ Church*, and the Haven there,
With such good friends as made us welcome cheer,
Some serious matter now I must compile,
And thus from verse to prose I change my style.

GOD, who of his infinite wisdom made *Man*, of his unmeasured mercy redeemed him, of his boundless bounty, immense power, and eternal eye of watchful providence *relieves*, guards, and conserves him; It is necessary, that every man seriously consider and ponder these things, and in token of obedience and thankfulness say with *David: What shall I render?* and the man having thus searched considerately the Causer of his being, then let him again meditate for[m] what cause he hath a being: indeed it may be objected, that almost everything hath a being; as stones have being, trees, herbs, and plants, have being and life: Beasts, fowls, and fishes, have being, life, and sense: but to man is given a being, life, sense, and reason, and after a mortal, an immortal ever-being. This consideration will make a man know that he hath little part of himself, which he may justly call his own: his body is Gods, he made it; his soul is his, who bought it; his goods are but lent him, by him that will one day call him to a reckoning, for the well or ill disposing of them: so that man having nothing but what he hath received, and received nothing but what is to be employed in the service of God, and consequently his Prince or Country, it is plainly to be perceived, that every man hath[n] the least share or portion of himself to boast of.

[m] *Men should consider wl y God hath given them a being in this life.*

[n] *No man is owner of himself.*

I have written this Preamble, not only to inform such as know not these things already; but also to such whose knowledge is, as it were, fallen into a dead sleep: who do live, as though there were no other being than here, and that their life and being was ordained only of themselves, neither God, Prince, or Country, having no share or portion of them, or of what they call theirs. But oh you Inhabitants of *Salisbury*, I hope there are no such crawling cankerworms, or commonwealth caterpillars amongst you. Nay, I am assured of the contrary, that there are many, who (with religious piety, open hands, and relenting hearts) do acknowledge that your goods are but lent in trust unto you), and do patiently bear the over-burthensome relieving of many hundreds of poor wretches, which (were it not for your charity) would perish in your streets.

o. Here is an honest course set down for the inriching of your poor.

This being entered into my consideration, that your City is so° much overcharged with poor, as having in three parishes near 3000 besides decayed men a great many, and that those few which are of the wealthier sort, are continually overpressed with sustaining the wants of the needy, the City being as it were at the last gasp, the poor being like *Pharaohs* lean kine, even ready to eat up the fat ones: I have made bold to write this treatise ensuing, both to entreat a constant perseverance in

those who have begun to do good works, and an encouragement or animating of all others, who as yet seem slow in these good proceedings. And if anything here written by me, be either impertinent, extravagant, rude, harsh, or over-bold, I humbly entreat you to impute it rather to my want of judgment, learning, and capacity, than to any presumption, or want of love and duty to the City and cause, which is hereafter handled.

It is sufficiently known, that my intent and purpose at this time, was not to make any profit to myself upon any adventure (as it is deemed by many) by my passage from *London* to *Salisbury* with a wherry, but I was entreated by a* waterman which was born in *Salisbury*, that I would bear him company for the discovery of the sands, flats, depths, shoals, mills, and weirs, which are impediments, and lets whereby the river is not navigable from *Christ-Church*, or the sea to *Salisbury*. Which after many dangerous gusts, and tempestuous storms at sea, (which I have recited in verse before) it pleased God that at the last we entered the river, which in my opinion is as good a river, and with some charge may be made as passable as the river of *Thames* is upwards from *Brentford* to *Windsor*, or beyond it; the shallow places in it are not many, the mills need not be removed, and as for the weirs, no doubt but they may with conscience

p. His name is Gregory Bastable, and his ordinary place where he plies, or attends his labour, is at the Temple, and there also plies Thomas Estman another Wiltshire man. which went with me.

be compounded for. By which means of navigation, the whole City and Country would be relieved loiterers turned into labourers, penury into plenty, to the glory of God, the dignity and reputation of your City, and the perpetual worthy memory of all benefactors and well-willers unto so noble a work.

If you will but examine your own knowledges, you shall find that in the whole dominion of *England*, there is not any one Town or City which hath a Navigable River at it, that is poor, nor scarce any that are rich, which want a River with the benefits of Boats : The Town of *Kingston* upon *Hull* in Yorkshire, the River there was cut out of *Humber*, by mens labours 20. miles up into the Country, and what the wealth and estate of that Town is, (by the only benefit of that river) it is not unknown to thousands : but you men of *Sarum* may see what a commodity navigation is, nearer hand ; there is your neighbour *Southampton* on the one side, and your dear friend *Poole* on the other, are a pair of handsome looking-glasses for you, where you may see your want in their abundance, and your negligence in their industry.

Gods hath placed your being in a fertile soil, in a fruitful valley, environed round with Corn, and as it were continually besieged with plenty ; whilst you within (having so many poor amongst are rather lookers upon happiness enjoyers : more

over (by Gods appointment) Nature hath saved you the labour of cutting a River, for I think you have one there as old as your City ready made to your hands; if you will be but industrious to amend those impediments in it, I dare undertake to be one of the 3. or 4. men which shall bring or carry 16 or 20 tuns of goods betwixt the Sea and your City now, with extreme toil of men, horses and carts, your wood is brought to you 18. or 20. miles, whereby the poor which cannot reach the high prices of your fuel, are inforced to steal or starve in the winter, so that all your near adjoining woods are continually spoiled by them: which faults by the benefit of the River would be reformed: for the New Forest standeth so near to the water, that it is but cut the wood and put it into a boat, which shall bring as much to your City as twenty carts, and fourscore horses: besides, by this River you might draw to you a trade of Sea-coal, which would enrich you, and help the plain and inland Towns and Villages where no wood grows. And for the exportation of your corn from Port to Port, within our own Country, as it is well known what abundance of your barley is continually made into malt amongst you: which if you had carriage for it, might be brewed into beer, wherewith you might serve divers places with your beer, which is now served with your malt besides carriages of bricks, tiles, stones, charcoals, and other necessarys,

which is now carried at dear rates by horse and cart, which you now send in carts, or on horses backs, to *Southampton*, to *Bristol*, and to many other places: so that the dearness of the Carriages eats up all your commodities and profit; which commodity may be avoided, if your River be cleansed: and what man can tell what good in time may redound to your City from the Sea, by foreign goods, which may be brought into *Christ-Church* Haven by shipping? nor can it be truly imagined, what now and useful profitable businesses may arise in time by this means.

Our Forefathers and Ancestors did in their lives time in former ages do many worthy and memorable works, but for all their industry and cost, they did (or could not) do all; but as there was much done to our hands, so there was much left for us to do, and very fitting it was, that it should be so: for it is against common sense and reason, our Fathers should toil in good works like drudges, and we spend our times loitering like Drones: no, what they did, was for our imitation. And with all, that we should be leaders of our posteriters by our examples, into laudable endeavours, as our progenitors have before shewed us: we are their sons and off-spring, we have their shapes and figures, we bear their names, we possess their goods, inherit their lands; we have materials of Stones, Timber, Iron, and

such necessaries which they had, (if not greater abundance) and having all these, let us with all have their willing and liberal hearts, and their is no question to be made, but that our River of *Avon* will quickly be cleaned, to the honest enriching of the rich, and the charitable relieving of the poor.

I am assured there are many good men in the City and County of *Wiltshire*, and others of worth and good respect in this Kingdom, who would willingly and bountifully assist this good work: but *(like Gossips near a stile)* they stand straining courtesy who shall go first: or the Mice in the Fable, *not one will adventure to hang the bell about the cats neck:* So that if one good man would begin, it would be (like a health drank to some beloved Prince at a great feast) pledged most heartily, and by God's grace effected most happily.

You have already began a charitable work amongst you, I mean, your common Town Brew-house, the profit of which you intend shall be wholly employed for the supply of the poor and impotents, which live in your City; from which sort of people (being such a multitude) the brewers there have found their best custom: for no doubt but the meanest beggar amongst you, is (in some sort) more valiant than the richest man; because the one dares to spend all he hath at the ale-house, so dares not the other; for the poor man drinks stifly to drive care away, and hath nothing to loose, and the rich

man drinks moderately, because he must bear a brain to look to what he hath. And of all traders in the world, a Brewer is the Load-stone, which draws the customers of all functions unto it. It is the mark or upshot of every mans aim, and the bottomless whirlpool that swallows up the profits of rich and poor. The brewers art (like a wild kestrel or unman'd hawk) flies at all games; or like a butlers box at Christmas, it is sure to win, whosoever loses: In a word, it rules and reigns (in some sort) as *Augustus Cæsar* did, for it taxeth the whole earth. Your Inns and Alehouses are Brooks and Rivers, and their Clients are small Rills and Springs, who all (very dutifully) do pay their tributes to the boundless Ocean of the Brewhouse. For all the world knows that if men and women did drink no more than sufficed Nature, or if it were but a little extraordinary now and then upon occasion, or by chance, as you may term it; if drinking, were used in any reason, or any reason used in drinking, I pray ye what would become of the Brewer then? surely we do live in an age, wherein[q] the seven deadly sins are every mans trade and living. Pride is the maintainer of thousands, which would else perish; as Mercers, Tailors, Embroiderers, Silkmen, Cutters, Drawers, Sempsters, Laundresses, of which functions there are millions which would starve but for

q. Some make a profit of quarrelling, some pick their livi g out of contentions and debate, some thrive and grow fat by gluttony, many are bravely maintained by bribery theft, cheating, roguery, and villany: but, put all together, and join to them all sorts of people else, and they all in general are drinkers, and consequently the Brewers Clients and Customers.

Madame Pride with her changeable fashions. Lechery, what a continual crop of profit it yields, appears by the gallant thriving, and gawdy outsides of many he and she, private and public sinners, both in City and Suburbs. Covetousness is embroidered with extortion, and warmly lined and furred with oppression. And though it be a devil, yet is it most idolatrously adored, honoured, and worshipped by those sheepheaded fools, whom it hath undone and beggared. I could speak of other vices, how profitable they are to common-wealth; but my invention is thirsty, and must have one carouse more at the brewhouse, who (as I take it) hath a greater share than any, in the gains which spring from the worlds abuses: for Pride is maintained by the humble, yet one kind of Pride doth live and profit by another: Lechery is supported by the cursed swarm of Bawds, Panders, Pimps, Apple-squires, Whores, and Knaves; and so every sin lives and thrives by the members, agents, ministers, and clients, which do belong unto them: but drunkenness plays at all; all trades, all qualities, all functions and callings can be drunk extempore: note at any great Feast, or but at every ordinary dinner or supper almost, when men are well satisfied with sufficiency, that then the mystery of quaffing begins, with healths to many an unworthy person (who perhaps) would not give the price of

the Reckoning to save all them from hanging (which make themselves sick with drinking such unthankful healths,) I myself have oftentimes dined or supped at a great mans board, and when I have risen, the servants of the house have enforced me into the cellar or buttery, where (in the way of kindness) they will make a mans belly like a souse-tub, and enforce me to drink, as if they had a commission under the Devils great seal, to murder men with drinking, with such a deal of complimental oratory, *As, off with your Lap, wind up your bottom,* Up with your taplash, and many more eloquent phrases, which *Tully* or *Demosthenes* never heard of; that in conclusion I am persuaded three days fasting would have been more healthful to me, than two hours feeding and swilling in that manner.

If any man hang, drown, stab, or by any violent means make away his life, the goods and lands of any such person, are forfeit to the use of the King: and I see no reason but those which kill themselves with drinking, should be in the same estate, and be buried in the high ways, with a stake drove through them: and if I had but a grant of this suit, I would not doubt but that in seven years (if my charity would agree with my wealth) I might erect Alms-houses, Free-schools, mend highways, and make bridges: for I dare swear, that a number (almost numberless) have confessed upon their death-beds that

at such and such a time, in such and such a place, they drank so much which made them surfeit, of which they languished and died. [r] The main benefit of these superfluous and man-slaughtering expences comes to the Brewer, so that if a Brewer be in any office, I hold him to be a very ungrateful man, if he punish a drunkard: for every stiff pot-valiant drunkard is a post, beam, or pillar, which holds up the Brew-house: for as the bark is to the tree, so is a good drinker to a brewer.

r. *Let these Lines be considered if I lie or not.*

But you men of *Salisbury*, wisely perceiving how much *Evil* to your City, hath come by the abuse of *Good* drink, you would now work by contraries, to draw *Good* for your poor, out of these forepassed and present *Evils*. To draw evil out of good, is devilish, but to work or extract goodness out of what is evil, is godly, and worthy to be pursued. The abuse of good drink, and excessive drinking, hath made many beggars amongst you, to the enriching of a few Brewers, and now you would turn the world off from the Barrels, as I would off from the Coach-wheels, that the benefit of your new built Town Brewhouse might relieve many of those poor amongst you, who have formerly been impoverished by the enriching of your Town Brewers. It is no doubt but they will oppose this good work of yours, as the image-makers in *Ephesus* did *Paul*, when he preached against their idolatrous worship-

ping *Diana;* but be not you discouraged, for *Nehemiah* (in time) did build the Temple, although *Sanballat* and[s] many others did oppose him : for as your intents are pious, so no doubt but God will make your events prosperous.

s. Tobiah, Arabians, Ammonites.

Now to turn from beer and ale to fair water, (your river I mean) which if it be cleansed, then with the profit of your Town-brew-house, and the commodity of the river, I think there will be scarce a beggar or a loiterer to be found amongst you. I have written enough before concerning the benefit of it, and to encourage such as seem slow towards so good a work, which had it been in the Low-Countries, the industrious Dutch would not so long have neglected so beneficial a blessing, witness their abundance of Navigable Rivers, and ditches, which with the only labour of men they have cut, and in most places, where never God or Nature made any River ; and lately there is a River made navigable to *St. Yeades** in *Huntingdonshire*, wherein stood seven mills, as impediments in the way. And now the City of *Canterbury* are clearing their Rivers, that boats may pass to and fro betwixt them and *Sandwich* Haven : the like is also in hand at *Leeds* in *Yorkshire*: Now, if neither former or present examples can move you; if your own wants cannot inforce you, if assured profit cannot persuade you, but that you will still be neglective and stupid, then

*St. Neot's.

am I sorry that I have written so much, to so little purpose, but my hopes are other ways: if all blind, lame, and covetous excuses be laid aside, then those who are willing, will be more willing, and those who are slack or backward, will in some reasonable manner draw forward: And there is the mouth of an uncharitable objection which I must needs stop, which is an old one, and only spoken by old men; for (say they) we are aged and stricken in years, and if we should lay out our moneys, or be at charges for the river, by the course of Nature we shall not live to enjoy any profit to requite our costs: this excuse is worse than Heathenish, and therefore it ill becomes a Christian; for as I wrote before, man was not created, or had either the goods of mind, body, or *Fortune*, bestowed on him by his Maker, but that he should have the least part of them himself, his God, Prince and Country, claiming (as their due) almost all which every man hath. The oldest man will purchase land, which is subject to barrenness, and many inconveniences; he will buy and build houses, which are in danger of fire, and divers other casualties; he will adventure upon wars or goods at high prices, which to his loss may fall to low rates; he will bargain for cattle and sheep, who are incident to many diseases, as rot, the murrain, and divers the like, and all this will he do, in hope to raise his state, and leave his

heirs rich : at his death perhaps (when he can keep his goods no longer, when in spite of his heart he must leave all) he will give a few gowns, and a little money to pious uses, a gross or two of penny loaves, and there's an end of him, so that there remains no more memory of him.

But this good work of your river, is not subject to barrenness or sterility, but contrarily it will be a continual harvest of plenty, it is not in danger of being consumed, or wasted, but it is assured of a perpetual increase, the names and memories of contributors towards it, shall be conserved in venerable and laudable remembrance, to the eternizing of their fames, the honour of their posterities, and the good example of succeeding times to imitate. Therefore you men of *Salisbury*, I entreat you in this case to be good to yourselves. Or else you may say hereafter, *If we had been industrious, we had been happy: If we had not been covetous, we had been rich.*[1]

Now, to return to my travels and entertainments: As I passed up the River, at the least 2000. Swans, like so many Pilots, swam in the deepest places before me, and showed me the way. When I came to the town of *Ringwood* (14. miles short of

[1]The design advocated of rendering the River Avon navigable from Christchurch to Salisbury was attempted under the patronage of Seth Ward, Bishop of Salisbury (1670-80), but the scheme proved abortive.—*Thatcher's* History of Old and New Sarum.

Salisbury) I there met with His Majesties Trumpeters, and there my fellows Mr. *Thomas Underhill*, and Mr. *Richard Stock*, Mr. *Thomas Ramsey*, Mr. *Randall Lloyd*, with others, which I name not, did walk on the bank, and gave me two excellent flourishes with their Trumpets, for the which I thank them in print, and by word of mouth. At last I came to a town called *Fording Bridge*, where (not many days before) a grievous mischance happened; For two men being swimming or washing in the river, a butcher passing over the bridge (with a mastiff dog with him) did cast a stone into the water, and say, A duck; at which, the dog leaped into the river, and seized upon one of the men and killed him; and the butcher leaping in after, thinking to save the man, was also slain by his own dog, the third man also hardly escaping, but was likewise bitten by him.

From thence I passed further, to a place called *Hale*, where we were welcomed by the Right Worshipful, *Sir Thomas Penrudduck*, Knight, whom we carried there in our Boat, and who, I am assured, will be a forward and a liberal Benefactor towards clearing of the River.

So passing on our course by the Villages of *Burgate Breamore*, *Charford*, *Downton*, *and Stonely*, we came to *Langford*, where we were well entertained by the Right Honourable, the Lord *Edward*

George (Lord Baron of *Dundalk*, and Captain of his strong and Majesties defencible Castle of *Hurst*, in *Hampshire*) to whom in love and duty we proffered the gift of our tattered, wind-shaken and weather-beaten boat, which (after our being at *Salisbury*, being but two miles from thence) his Lordship accepted. And though he knew she was almost unserviceable, yet his noble bounty was such, that he rewarded us with the price of a new boat. I had some conference with his Honour, concerning the impediments and cleansing of the River, and I know he is most forwardly and worthily affected towards it, and no doubt if it be pursued, that then he will do that which shall become a gentleman of his Honourable calling and Rank.

So on the same Friday at night we came to *Salisbury*, where we brought our boat through *Fisherton* bridge, on the west side of the city, taking our lodging at the sign of the Kings head there, with mine Host *Richard Estman*, whose brother *Thomas*, was one of the Watermen which came in the boat thither from *London:* on the morrow, I with my company footed it two miles to *Wilton*, where at the Right Honourable the Earl of *Pembrokes*, my Lord Chamberlains house, I was most freely (and beyond my worth and merit) kindly welcomed, by the Right Worshipful, Sir *Thomas Morgan*, Knight, with whom I dined, and by whose

command I was showed all or the most part of the admirably contrived rooms, in that excellent, and well-built house; which rooms were all richly adorned with costly and sumptuous hangings; his Majesty some few days before having dined there with most magnificent entertainment, as did express the love of so Noble a House-keeper for so Royal a Guest: upon the sight of which house with the furniture, I wrote these following verses.

If Wholesome Air, Earth, Woods, and pleasant Springs
Are Elements, whereby a house is grac'd:
If strong and stately built, contentment brings,
Such is the house of Wilton, *and so plac'd.*
There Nature, Art, Art, Nature hath embrac'd;
Without, within, below, aloft complete:
Delight and state, are there so interlac'd
With rich content, which makes all good, and great
The Hangings there, with Histories replete,
Divine, Profane, and Moral pleasures giving.
With work so lively, exquisite, and neat,
As if mans Art made mortal creatures living.
In brief, there all things are compos'd so well,
Beyond my pen to write, or tongue to tell.

Then I was showed a most fair and large Armoury, with all manner of provision and furniture, for pike, shot, bills, halberts, javelins, with other weapons, and munition, which for goodness,

number, and well-keeping, is not second to any Noblemans in *England:* Afterwards I went to the Stables, and saw my Lords great horses, whom I saw such, and so good, that what my untutored pen cannot sufficiently commend, I am forced with silence to overpass. But amongst the rest, the pains and industry of an ancient gentleman Mr. *Adrian Gilbert*, must not be forgotten: for there hath he (much to my Lords cost and his own pains) used such a deal of intricate setting, grafting, planting, innoculating, railing, hedging, plashing, turning, winding, and returning circular, triangular, quadrangular, orbicular, oval, and every way curiously and chargeably conceited: there hath he made walks, hedges, and arbours, of all manner of most delicate fruit trees, planting and placing them in such admirable artlike fashions, resembling both divine and moral remembrances, as three arbours standing in a triangle, having each a recourse to a greater Arbour in the midst, resembleth three in one, and one in three: and he hath there planted certain Walks and Arbours all with[t] Fruit trees, so pleasing and ravishing to the sense, that he calls it *Paradise*, in which he plays the part of true *Adamist*, continually toiling and tilling. Moreover, he hath made his Walks most rarely round and spacious, one walk without another, as the rinds of an onion are greatest without, and less towards the centre) and

t. Not a tree stands there, but it bears one good or rare fruit or other.

withal, the hedges betwixt each walk are so thickly set, that one cannot see through from the one walk who walks in the other: that in conclusion,[u] the work seems endless, and I think that in *England* it is not to be fellowed, or will in haste be followed. And in love which I bear to the memory of so industrious and ingenious a Gentleman, I have written the following Anagrams.

[u] *A round work is endless, having no end. I touch not the matchless adjoining wood and walks of Rowlington here, whose praises consists in itsself, my pen being insufficient.*

Adryan Gilbert, } Anagrams. { *Art redily began*
A breeding tryall.

Art redily began a breeding tryall,
When she inspir'd this worthy Gentleman:
For Natures *eye, of him took full espiall,*
And taught him Art, Art readily began,
That though Dame Nature *was his Tutoress, he,*
Outworkes her, *at his workes apparent be.*

For Nature *brings but earth, and seeds and plants,*
Which Art, *like Tailors, cuts and puts in fashion:*
As Nature *rudely doth supply our wants,*
Art *is deformed* Natures *reformation.*
So Adryan Gilbert *mendeth* Natures *features*
By Art, *that what* she *makes, doth seem his creatures.*

THUS with my humble thanks to Sir *Thomas Morgan*, and my kind remembrance to all the rest of my lords servants there, my legs and my labouring lines return again to *Salisbury*, and from the next day (being Sunday) to *Langford*, to my Lord *George* his house, with whom I dined, and left my humble thanks for the reckoning. In brief, my fruitless and worthy lip-labour, mix'd with a deal of airey, and non-substantial matter, I gave his Lordship, and the like requital I bestowed on the right Worshipfnl Mr. *Thomas Squibb*, Mayor of *Sarum*, with Mr. *Banes*, Mr. *John Ivy*, Mr. *Windour*, with all the rest; and more than thanks, and a grateful remembrance of their Honourable, Worshipful, and friendly favours, I know they expect not, and less than such a common duty as gratitude I must not, or cannot pay. To shut up all in few words, I know, his Majesties pious inclination is so ample, that he will be graciously pleased with any of your laudable endeavours for your welfare and commodity, if you take good and speedy advice, then no doubt but the effects will be according to your honest intendments.

So farewell, *Salisbury*, till we meet again, which I hope will be one day: in the mean space I pray thee take this poor pamphlet as a loving pledge of

my return. Me thinks I see already, men, horses, carts, mattocks, shovels, spades, wheelbarrows, hand-barrows, and baskets at work for the clearing of your river: But if my *thoughts* do deceive me, and my *expectation* fail, I shall ever hereafter give small credit to their intelligence. So once more, *Salisbury*, I with thee thankfully well to fare.

On Thursday the 21. of *August* I took *Winchester* in my way homewards: where I saw an ancient City, like a body without a soul: and I know not the reason of it, but for ought which I perceived, there were almost as many parishes as people. I lodged at the sign of the Cock, being recommended to the Host of the house, by a token from *Salisbury*, but mine Host died the night before I came, and I being weary, had more mind to go to bed than to follow him so long a journey, to do my message, or deliver any commendations: but the whole City seemed almost as dead as mine Host, and it may be they were all at Harvest work: but I am sure I walked from one end of it to the other, and saw not 30. people of all sorts: So that I think if a man should go to *Winchester* for a *Goose*,[1] he might lose his labour, for a trader cannot live there, by vending such commodities.

[1] WINCHESTER GOOSE, OR PIGEON.—A name for a syphilitic bubo.

On Friday I gallop'd a foot pace one and twenty miles, from *Winchester* to *Farnham;* where I and one of my company hired a couple of *Hampshire* Jenets, with seven legs, and three eyes betwixt them, upon whom we hobbled seventeen miles, to *Staines*, whence on Saturday the 23. of August we footed it to *Brentford*, and boated it to Lon-

D O N.

¶An Armado, or Nauye, of 103. *Ships* & other Veſſels; who have the Art to Sayle by Land, as well as by Sea.

Morally, Rigd, Mand Munitioned Appoynted, Set forth, and Victualed, with 32 fortes of *Ling*: with other Prouisions of Fish & Flesh.

By *John Taylor*

The Names of the Ships, are in the next Page

Anno Millimo, quillimo trillimo.

LONDON
Printed by E. A. for H. Gosson 1627.

THE NAMES OF THE SHIPS, WITH THE NUMBER OF THE SQUADRONS.

1 The Lord-SHIP, whose squadron were of Ships and other vessels, twelve in all.

2 The Scholar-SHIP, with ten others in all.

3 The Lady-SHIP, with twelve others.

4 The Goodfellow-SHIP, with twelve others.

5 The Apprentice-SHIP, with four others.

6 The Court-SHIP, with eleven others.

7 The Friend-SHIP, with four others.

8 The Fellow-SHIP, with five others.

9 The Footman-SHIP, with five others.

10 The Horseman-SHIP, with four others.

11 The Surety-SHIP, with seven others.

12 The Wor-SHIP, with three others.

13 The Woodman-SHIP, with seven others.

Besides there were seven other needless Ships, which were in the nature of Voluntaries, or hangers-on upon *The* Navy, as namely, *The Mary Carry-Knave*, *The Knaves-increase*, *The Superfluous*, the *Careless*, *The Idle*, *The Coxcomb*, *The Braggart.* And what man soever he be, that hath, or doth not sail in some one Ship of this my Fleet, Let him come to me, and I will Ship him, and allow him double wages.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL AND TRULY GENEROUS SIR JOHN FEARNE KNIGHT.

Noble Sir,

THE world sufficiently knows that you know what Ships and shipping are, that you have ploughed the dangerous ocean, and furrowed over the ragged bosom of Neptune: *yet nevertheless I know that you have took notice of my old and weather-beaten Land-Navy, being built without either timber or iron, rigged without ropes or cordage, whose ordnance are discharged without match or powder, whose victuals are neither bread, drink, fish, flesh, or good red-herring, whose voyages are not performed with wind and water, yet ever in action like a perpetual motion; but when you shall please to favour me so much as to peruse and survey my strange* Fleet *or* Armada, *you will then perceive that yourself hath sailed in (or at the least) boarded most of my ships of note: for you are well acquainted with the* Lordship, *you are a friend to the* Scholarship,

yet have laid the Ladyship *aboard, you have entered the* Apprenticeship, *you are well-known in the* Courtship, *you have sailed in the* Good Fellowship, *you love the* Friendship, *you affect the* Fellowship, *you know the* Footmanship, *you are skilled in the* Horsemanship, *you have surprised and taken the* Worship, *and you know what belongs to the* Woodmanship, *the* Wardship, *and* Stewardship ; *I do for some reasons not meddle with all, and I think you have seldom or never had any dealings with them : the sum of all is, I most humbly desire your worship's pardon, for my abrupt dedication, assuring you that it was only my love and duty that put me on, without any expectance of patronage, protection or reward : and with my best wishes for the perpetuity of your present and ever future felicity,*

I rest,

Your Worship's to command
whilst I have being,
JO. TAYLOR.

John Smith *of his friend Master*
John Taylor *and his Amada.*

Arm, Arm, Arm, Arm, great *Neptune* rouse, awake
And muster up thy monsters speedily :
Boreas unto thy blustering blasts betake,
Guard, guard yourselves, from *Taylor's* policy,
Rocks, shoals, Lee-shores, oh help them *Goodwin* sands
For this new Fleet runs over Seas and Lands,
And's now so victu'led, Rigged and yarely* plies
It threatens all the waters, air and skies
Truth in his Navy such a power doth lead
The Devil, Hell, Vice, and all, the Fleet may dread,
And well it may, if well you understand,
So rare a Fleet, was never made nor man'd.

*YARELY.—Quickly, neatly, skilfully.

My love to John Taylor and his Navy.

If Art and Nature both in one combine,
Upon some serious wits to draw a line
If Virtue trusty Faith with all their might
Give Nature Virtue, Art a nimble sight
Art Nature Virtue, Faith do well agree
To raise this work of thine eternity.
No sooner did thy pen but drop a tear
Upon this milky path, the Gods were there
Willing assistants and did hoist up sail
To make the swifter in the thy naval tale
Æolia a gentle gale *Neptune*, calm weather
Till all our Ships in harbour moored together
If Lord-Ship, Lady-Ship, or Court-Ship fight
Friend-Ship and Fellow-Ship will do thee right
And Wor-Ship will assist to make a peace
Whilst Surety-ship stands bound the wars should cease,
Thus was that battle ended but thy praise
Hath raised a crew which will outlast thy days
Steer on thy course then, let thy fertile brain
Plough up the deep which will run o'er the main
In such a Fleet of sweet conceited matter,
Which sails by land more swifter than by water
That whilst the ocean doth contain a billow
Thou and thy Book shall never have a fellow.

F. Mason.

The Description how the whole Navy is Victualled with Thirty-two sorts of Ling, besides other Necessaries.

FIRST, thirty thousand couple of Change-Ling, appointed only for the diet of such fellows who had honest parents, and are themselves changed into very rascals.

Secondly, Dar-Ling, this fish was dearer than fresh *Salmon*, (for it was consecrated to the goddess *Venus*) it was of that high price that some men have consumed their whole lordships, manors and credit, in two or three years only in this kind of diet, therefore, it is not a dish for every man's tooth: for none but brave sparks, rich heirs, *Clarissimoes* and *Magnificoes*, would go to the cost of it.

Thirdly, Shave-Ling, which was only for the diet of Priests, Monks, and Friars.

Fourthly, Fond-Ling, this fish was Cockney's and other pretty youths, over whom their parents were so tender, that a man might perceive by their manners, they had been better fed than taught.

Fifthly, Tip-Ling, a dish for all men.

Sixthly, Under-Ling, this fish was shipped for witty younger brothers, poor scholars that have neither friends nor money.

Seventhly, Starve-Ling, this Ling was only for the bark Beggarly, which was manned with old discharged serving-men, and maimed cashiered soldiers and mariners.

Eighthly, Strip-Ling, provided for pages, lackeys, and foot-boys.

Ninthly, Foo-Ling, a dish for every man's diet.

Tenthly, Swad-Ling, against stomach, but yet a dish of good use.

Eleventh, Grumb-Ling, a discontented kind of fish for the poorer sort of people to chaw upon : for when they do think themselves wronged by their superiors, and dare not utter their minds openly, then they feed upon Grumb-Ling.

Twelfth, Wrang-Ling, this *Ling* was salted by sixteen pettifoggers, in a long troublesome term : it is held to be a lasting dish, and will serve the whole fleet with their posterities, to the second and third generation.

Thirteenth, Troub-Ling, was provided by certain double diligent constables, to the molestation of their sleepy watch, and the charge of many a man that would quietly have gone to their lodging.

Fourteenth, Prow-Ling, is a plentiful fish, upon which many thousands do live, but by using it too much, it chokes a great number: and as fishermen do bait their hooks with one fish to catch other, so is this *Ling* (for the most part) taken with three other sorts of *Ling*, as with Jug-Ling, Brab-Ling, until by hook or by crook it is taken with Ang-Ling, I have seen many of these Prow-Ling fishermen end their lives like swans (in a manner singing) and sometimes making their wills at *Wapping*,[1] or looking through a hempen window at St. *Thomas Waterings*,[2] or the three legged instrument near *Paddington*.[3] There were many other sorts of *Ling*

[1]Wapping.—Here was *Execution Dock*, the usual place for hanging pirates and sea-rovers, at the low-watermark, and there to remain till three tides had overflowed them.—*Stow.*

[2]St. Thomas a Waterings was a place nf execution for the county of Surrey. It was situated close to the second milestone on the Kent road, where was a brook dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket,—

"And forth we riden a litel more than a paas,
Unto the *waterynge of Seint Thomas*,
And there oure ost bigan his hors areste,
And seyde 'Lordus, herkeneth if you leste,
Ye woot youre forward, and sit you recorde.'"

Chaucer's *The Prologue to The Canterbury Tales.*

[3]The Three Legged Instrument near Paddington.—The gallows, "Tyburn-tree," was a triangle upon three legs, and is thus described in the 16th and 17th centuries. If Mr. Robins's location of the gibbet be correct, it was subsequently changed; for in the lease of the house No. 49, Connaught-square, the gallows is stated to have stood upon that spot. Smith (*Hist. St. Mary-le-Bone*) states it to have been for many years a standing fixture on a small eminence at the corner of the Edgware-road, near the turnpike, on the identical spot where a toll-house was subsequently erected by the Uxbridge-road Trust. Beneath this place lie the bones of Bradshaw, Ireton, and other

sent to the *Navy*, which (to avoid prolixity) I will but name, as Quarrel-Ling, was for the diet of some of the noble science, some for roaring boys, and rough-hewd tittery tues.[1]

The nineteenth sort of Ling was Fumb-Ling, which is for their diets who have been long married and can get no children.

The twentieth, was Ming-Ling, which was for wine merchants, vintners, brewers, and apothecaries. Jumb-Ling, and Tumb-Ling, for the keepers and *Cupidian* haunters of vaulting houses. Fid-Ling, Fud-Ling, and Stumb-Ling, from the schools of dancing, and drinking.

The twenty-sixth sort of Ling was Bung-Ling, which was the fare of quack salvers, mountebanks, ratcatching watercasters, and also for all botching artificers and cobbling tradesmen. Mumb-Ling was for those that had no need of the tooth-drawer.

regicides, which were taken from their graves after the Restoration, and burried under the gallows. It subsequently consisted of two uprights and a cross-beam, erected on the morning of execution across the Edgware-road, opposite the house at the corner of Upper Bryanstone-street and the Edgware-road, wherein the gallows was deposited after being used; and this house had curious iron balconies to the windows of the first and second floors, where the sheriffs attended the executions. After the place of execution was changed to Newgate in 1783, the gallows was bought by a carpenter, and made into stands for beer-butts in the cellars of the Carpenters' Arms public-house, hard by.—*Timbs*' "Curiosities of London."

[1]Tittery Tu.—A cant term for some description of riotous people. No doubt a corruption of *Tityre, tu*.—*Nares*.

Ster-Ling money was at such a Scant-Ling, that scarcely it was for any honest man's Hand-Ling.

The thirty-one sort of Ling was [1]Pole-Ling, (I do not mean a Pole of Ling,) nor Barber's Pole-Ling,) which is an universal dish, it needs no mustard, for many a commonwealth finds it tart enough without sauce, yet many men have run in and out of great estates by this only fish: it serves for the diet of project-mongers, monopolitanians and diligent suit-joggers.

The last Ling was Pill-Ling, which is much of the nature of Pole-Ling, and so with Pole-Ling and Pill-Ling, I conclude my thirty-two sorts of Ling.

For other sorts of fish they had *Carp* enough for a word speaking, great store of *Cods-heads*, *Sharks* more than a good many; plenty of Dog-fish, and *Poor-Johns*[2] in great abundance.

For flesh it was so plentiful, that he that loved beef might have every day a *stone* (if he had a stomach to eat it:) their mutton was neither ewe nor lamb, but to my knowledge they wanted no *Weather*[3]: they had also good sort of venison, but it was rascal dear, or deer-rascals with some *Fawns;*

[1]Pole for Poll.—For the sake of the equivoque.

[2]Poor-John.—The fish called Hake when dried and salted, from *pauvre Jean*, the French name of this fish.

[3]Weather.—For *wether* to favour the equivoque.

they had likewise store of fowl, as gull, goose, widgeon, woodcock, buzzard, owls, cormorants, quails, rails, cuckoos, wag-tails, ring-tails, and bittoures.[1] Their fruit was medlers, and wildings,[2] and instead of a flawn or a custard, they were glad sometimes to dine and to sup with *Fool!*

For preservation of their healths, they had neither *Mithridate*, or any other drug: for one Doctor *Scourgut*, (who married with *Florence*, the only daughter to *Sir Reverence* Stirstink, of Hole-haven in the county of Ruff-million glisterpipe-maker) was the physician to the whole navy, who did compound a preservative of powdered cox-combs with ass's milk, which did very well agree with their natures.

Their bread and drink I had almost forgotten; indeed it was not rusk as the Spaniards use, or oaten-cakes, or bannocks, as in North *Britain*, nor biscuit as Englishmen eat; but it was a bread which they called *Cheat-bread*, and a mad fellow told me, it was so called, because the baker was never like to be paid for it. Their drink was brewed with a malt, made only with *Wild-oats*, but instead of hops, there was store of *Rue*, with a little heartsease. And thus were they victualled: now I proceed to the description of the Navy.

[1] Bittoures.—The Bittern.

[2] Wilding.—The crab-apple.

Why these Ships are called SHIPS.

I HAVE little to say to the reader, because I neither know him nor his conditions, therefore to avoid lying and flattery, in putting the styles of christian, gentle, courteous, friendly, learned or honest, upon the atheist, barbarous, hateful, ignorant, or dishonest; the reader gets no epistle at all of me: if he be good and well inclined, it is the better for himself; and if otherwise, it shall not be much the worse for me, there's the point. Now the reasons why all these words, or names of my moral navy are called SHIPS, or do end with the word or syllable SHIP, as Lord-SHIP, Lady-SHIP, Friend-SHIP, and the like, &c. The reasons I take to be these which followeth, and as I imagine most significate; first the whole life of man is a SHIP under sail: for be it either day or night, storm or calm, light or dark, hot or cold, winter or summer, yet the SHIP is in her course, ever going in her voyage; so likewise *Man*, let him go, sit, stand, ride, run, work,

play, sleep or wake, yet he is still going onward in his mortal passage. A SHIP is ever in need of repairing, so is a man either in body, mind or goods. A *Ship* is ever unsteady; a *Man* is always mutable: some SHIPS are hard to be steered; some men are harder to be guided. Some *Ships* bear so great a sail that they bear their masts by the board and make all split again: some *Men* do spread such a clew in a calm, that a sudden storm half sinks them and tears all. Some SHIPS are so favoured by the wind, that they make rich voyages and quick returns; some men are so fortunate, that wealth and promotions do fall in their mouths. Some SHIPS run through many a storm with much danger, and yet are so unlucky, that they never make a good voyage; some *Men* (being born under a three-penny planet) can neither by pains, watching, labour or any industry be worth a groat. Some SHIPS by being overladen have been cast away; some men by taking in too much have been forced to cast all away. SHIPS do wallow and heave, and sit upon the sea; *Men* do stumble, reel and stagger on the land. Some *Ships* have their cracks and imperfections gaily hid with painting: some *Men* have their bad intents covered over with hypocrisy, and their diseased carcases covered with good clothes. Some SHIPS do bring profitable commodities, and some bring baubles, toys and trifles; some *Men* do enrich

a kingdom with their wisdom, authority, and practice in virtue: and some men do disgrace and impovish a monarchy by folly, ill employed power, and sottishness in vanity. Some Ships will run to leeward extremely if the wind be scant, some again will bravely beat it out to windward and weather it; so some *Men* will shrink from their friends or from themselves, in a storm, or trouble, or poverty; and some few again will bear up stiff, constantly, contemning and opposing the brunts of Fortune. Some Ships are taken by others and made prizes; some *Men* are captived by others and made slaves. Some Ships are commended more for their bulk and beauty, then for any good service; and some *Men* are more applauded for their fortunes, than for any good conditions. If I would insist longer on these comparisons, I could enlarge my induction to the bounds of a pamphlet: therefore I will conclude it with King *Solomon's* similitude, *Wisdom* 5. cap. 10. That man's life passeth *as a* Ship *that passeth over the waves of the waters:* therefore I wish all men to be provided as good Ships should be, let Hope be their cable, let *charity* and *love* guard and compass, till they come happily to the haven of Graves-end, and from thence to that blessed Harbour which hath no end.

*The Lord-*SHIP *with her Regiment.*

THE Lord-SHIP, a very ancient and honourable vessel of mighty bulk and burthen, being sufficiently furnished with victuals, munition, tackling and men, was under the command of the noble *Don Diego de fifty Cankoemuskcod*, who was Admiral or high *Adellantado* of the whole fleet. The captain of her was Signor *Caco Fogo*, (a *Neapolitan* of *Civita Vecchia*) a sweet affable gentleman, yet of so dainty a disposition, and so experienced in navigation, that he could not endure the scent of the pump, and for the more sweet keeping of the ship, he protested that he would have no more of those stinking pumps to sea with him: he came very honestly by his place, for he bought it with his money, besides the help of a lady's letter; and to give him his due, he was well skilled in the *Ass-trolabe*, and could take the elevation of the pole, as well with a *batoon* or a broom-staff, as with any *Jacob's*

staff in *Africa*. In foul weather he most constantly kept his cabin, giving himself wholly to fasting and meditation, often *casting* up his accounts as near as he could, bearing himself so equally betwixt well doing and ill-taking, that in all the whole voyage no man could tax him for taking any harm, or doing any good.

The Master's name was *Petrus Vainglorious*, his Mate *Hugo Hypocrisy*, men that have steered the course in the Lord-Ship many hundred years: the boatswain and his mate were *Scoff* and *Derision*, with *Gripe* the Steward, *Avarice* the Purser, and *Lawrence Delay* the Paymaster; kinsman to *Tom Long* the Carrier: which three last are thought to be very arrant knaves, who have spoiled the government of the whole Ship. In brief, the Gunner, Coxswain, Swabber, and Ship-boys were plentifully stored with pride, flattery, and other the like gentleman like virtues.

The Ships that went in the same regiment or squadron, with the Lord-Ship, were these that follow, namely,

1 The *Ambition*, 2 The *Presumption*, two stout Ships of very lofty sail and great burthen.

3 The *Oppression*, a Ship of account and estimation.

4 The *Costly*, a Ship of great charge.

5 The *Mutable*, a brave Ship, but in no course steady.

6 The *Self-love*, a great Ship, but of small service.

7 The *Delight*, a fair Ship to the eye.

8 The *Hopewell*, a Ship of great expectation.

9 The *Debt*, a Ship of great burthen and much receipt.

10 The *Satisfaction*, a large long ship, a very cart, a slug and slow of sail.

11 The *Promise*, a Ship very unsteady, yet her sails ever full.

The Scholar-SHIP *with her regiment.*

THIS Ship is a very ancient Ship, and was built at the first, and hath been ever since repaired with infinite cost, pains, and study. She hath been of that worthy estimation, that the monarchs, kings, princes, and estates of the world, have made it their chiefest felicity to sail in her: all famous divines and philosophers have steered her, and been steered by her. Some of our greatest mariners have been much troubled with plurisies, pluralities I would say, and some have been great merchants at steeple fair, but it was in the old time, Si-*Money*, was as good as ready *Money*. The arts mathematical and metaphysical have been the rich prizes and purchases of her painful voyages: and now at this present (though the world be much altered with her) She tries her fortunes in this adventurous navy. The captain's name was *Sapience*, the master *Experience*, his mate *Knowledge*, and every other officer correspondent, being munitioned and victualled for the enterprise

she set sail, with her squadron or regiment of Ships hereunder named.

1 The *Serious*, a Ship laden with gravity.

2 The *Foresight*, a Ship worthy of much regard.

3 The *Desert*, a Ship of great service and small payment.

4 The *Industrious*, a good profitable Ship.

Then there attend her five small pinnaces and frigates, namely, the *Dogmatist*, the *Captious*, the *Prejudicate*, the *Carper*, and the *Critic*. These five were manned with young bachelors of art, puny inns of courtmen, and humorous *Poets*, who with their continual cudgeling one another with broken verses, had almost beaten *Priscianus'* brains out.

The Lady-SHIP *with her Regiment.*

THIS Lady-SHIP was a very comely Ship to the eye, set out with most excessive and superfluous cost, she was most richly adorned and beautified with flags, streamers, pennons, and waistcloths: there was more time spent in rigging of her, than in all the rest of the fleet one after another: her cordage and tackling was of fine silver twist, only her *Ent'ring rope* was pure gold: her sails were silk, of all the colours in the rainbow: her masts and yards were strong and serviceable: her *guys*, *bowlines*, *sheets*, *tacks*, *braces*, *ties*, and *lifts* were all very costly: her *gaskets*, *marlines*, *cables*, *hawsers*, *fish*, and *cat rope*, *buoy rope*, and *boat rope*, *bolt rope* and *top rope*, the *guest rope*, *bucket rope*, and *fort rope*, *shrouds*, *lanyards*, *ratlings*, *halliards*, *rope-yarns*, sounding *lines*, were all of rare stuffs of great price and small profit; and contrary to any other Ship, she had neither *forestay* or *backstay*, for the wind lay in her will, and if she please to sail

any whither, there was no command had power to stop her, or cable and anchors strength to hold her. In a word, she was a fine timbered vessel, and had the virtue to sail without any compass, and indeed she was altogether for fair weather, for if it stormed, rained, or blew, or sun shined too hot, she would lie at anchor, and keep her harbour a month together, so that neither force or fair means could ever unmove her.

Her *Ordnance* or *Artillery* were in her chase or head, and her powder and munition were in her *stern* or poop, she is somewhat tickle in steerage, but in sight she is sufficient to sink or blow up, as many as dare board or grapple with her. She was laden out with poor beggarly commodities, as lead, tin, leather, tallow, corn, and broad cloth, but she came richly fraughted home with apes, monkeys, merkins,[1] marmosets, Spanish potatoes, ostrich's feathers, island dogs, St. *Martin's* beads and bracelets, cobweb-lawn, tiffanies, dainty dun Popinjay green parrots, and paroquets. The master's name was *Vanity*, who

[1] Merkin.—False hair. Generally explained *pubes mulieris ascititia.* Jordan tells us that spectators at shows often "screwed" themselves up in the balconies to avoid the fireworks which "instantly assaulted the perukes of the gallants and the *merkins* of the madames."

"Why dost thou reach thy *merkin*, now half dust?
Why dost provoke the ashes of thy lust?"
Fletcher's Poems, p. 95.

"*Mirkin* rubs of and often spoiles the sport."
MS. *Harl.* 7,312, p. 124.

—*Halliwell's Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words.*

had the chief command and guide of the Ship and Regiment, who in steering of his course, was neither miserable or liberal, but altogether a most worthy, worthless, careful, negligent, prodigal.

The other ships and vessels that were in her Regiment under her command, were named as followeth.

1 The *Dainty*, a ship purposely built for the carriage of such things as were far fetched and dear bought, and by consequence proverbially good for ladies.

2 The *Pride*, an intolerable gaudy vessel, of an exceeding lofty sale, with top and top gallant.

3 The *Coy*, a little frigate, of small service.

4 The *Disdain*, a great ship of much use, but of very strange course or steerage.

5 The *Nice*, a frigate that carried the sweetmeats or confectionary.

6 The *Fashion*, a galleyfoist, only for the service of the wardrobe.

7 The *Bauble*, a small frigate only for pleasure.

8 The *Toy*, a pinnace, that was appointed to attend and follow the *Fashion*.

9 The *Wanton*, a catch.

10 The *Gewgaw*, a hoy.

11 The *Whimwham*, a drumler.

All these three were of most especial use and service for the Lady-Ship, whose chief charge and employment was to wear, eat, and drink the best, and withal not to pester, wrong or oppress the fleet, with good examples, or directions.

The Good-fellow-SHIP *with her Regiment.*

THIS Ship is very old, and much out of reparations: she hath been of such use and employment, that she hath sailed into all countries of the inhabitable world; she only is the greatest traveller, for there is not a haven or harbour under the sun, but she hath cast anchor in it. Wine merchants, vintners, brewers, and victuallers, have thrust themselves into the whole Lordships, by the often returns, lading and unlading of this Ship, yet now she is so weather-beaten, with the storms of time, and so wind-shaken with too much use, that through want she is not able to bear half the sail which she formerly hath done.

In the golden age, when *Saturn* reigned (long before the two wrangling words *Thine* and *Mine*, had set the world together by the ears) then was the *Good-fellowship* in such request, that all estates and conditions sailed in her, then her voyages and quick returns (her lading being for the most part hearty love, and true affection) did maintain and keep such unity,

that whosoever was not a mariner or sailor in her, was esteemed as a branded stigmatized infamous person.

But at last her navigators began to steer another course, for some of them had learned the art of covetousness, and with a devilish kind of bawdry, called usury and extortion, made gold and silver engender and beget yearly so much, and so much the hundred, when tailors, like so many wicked spirits, flew from one country to another. bringing home more fashions, than would kill a hundred thousand horses[1]; when for the maintenance of those fashions, the earth was equally shared and divided amongst the people (some all, and some not a foot) with hedges, ditches, bounds, mounds, walls, and marks, when my Lady *Rusty* began to take such a thrifty order, that all the meat in the kitchen should be cheaper, than the washing and painting of her visage (if you allow the powdering of her bought or borrowed perriwig into the bargain) when the world came to this pass, then this good Ship, this *Good-fellowship* being forsaken of her pilots, masters, and mariners, all her sailors in little time

[1]Fassions, &c.—Corrupted from *farcins*—Fr. for the *farcey*—a disease to which horses are subject.

"Troubled with lampass, infected with the *fashions*."
Taming the Shrew, act. iii. sc. 2.

"*Sh.* What shall we learn by travel?
"*An.* *Fashions.*
"*Sh.* That's a beastly disease."
Decker's *Old Fortunatus.*

declined to be no better than swabbers, so that through want of skilful managing and reparation, and with extreme age, she is nothing so serviceable as she hath been, yet as she is, she sets forward with her best ability in this voyage. The captain's name was *Hercules Dumplin*, a Norfolk gentleman, the Master *Giles Gammon*, he was born at *Romford*, the rest of the mariners it were needless to name them.

The other Ships and vessels that were in the same regiment with the Good-fellowship, were these.

1 The *Drunken Siss*,[1] a great Ship, it is thought she was built at *Middleborough;* but howsoever, she hath made many voyages into *England:* she is so beloved, that she needs not press any man to serve in her: for all sorts of people do daily come aboard of her, and freely, and voluntarily offer her their best service, so that it is a wonder to see how bravely she is manned: and (many times) women do take their turns at helm, and steer their courses as well as men. She is a ship contrary to all other ships, for she rolls, reels, and tumbles most of all when she is in a calm harbour; and the more lading she takes in, the more unsteady she is; for if the sea be as calm as a milk pan, yet is she ever tossing, which makes her mariners sea sick, and

[1] Siss.—A huge fat woman.

subject to much casting. Her ordnance are gallons, pottles, quarts, pints, and the miser's gallon[1]; with three hooped pots, cans, godards[2]: in the which artillery, almost every one hath the skill to charge and discharge, maintaining the fight as long as they can either stand or understand. The master of her is an *Amsterdam'd* man, his name is *Cornelius van Broken-gulch;* the master gunner was one *Denis Whirlpool*, a man of *Dieppe*, with *Gulph* the purser, *Swallow* the boatswain, and *Swill* the steward.

2 The second ship in the Regiment with the Good-fellow-*ship*, was the *Sow* of *Flushing*, she was a vessel unseemly to the eye, but yet serviceable.

3 The *Carouse*, a ship of hot service, and as the spider sucks the sweetness of the fairest flowers, converting their juice into poison; so the sailors in this ship, have taken a use to drink other men's healths, to the amplifying of their own diseases.

4 The *Quaff*, a quick smart ship much of the bulk and carriage of the *Carouse.*

5 The *Bissle* of *Breda*, a small ship, yet in continual service, her worst fault is, she is so low built, that her mariners can hardly keep themselves dry.

Miser's Gallon—*i.e.*, a very small measure.

[2]Three hooped Pots, &c.—There were generally three hoops on the quart pot, and if three men were drinking, each drank his *hoop* or third portion.—*See* note at p. 8 of Decker's *Gull's Hornbook* in the present series.

The *Sleeper* of *Rotterdam*, a great ship, of exceeding necessary use, and much employment, she is to the whole Regiment, in nature of an hospital or spital, for when any of them are wounded, pot-shot, jug-bitten, or cup-shaken, so that they have lost all reasonable faculties of the mind, and in a manner are so mad, that they dare speak felony, whistle treason, and call any *Magnifico* a mongrel; in such desperate cases as this, the distracted parties are brought aboard the *Sleeper*, where *Time* like a good cloth worker, with setting a good nap upon their threadbare eyes, their wits that were spent, and like northern cloth shrunk in the wetting, are speedily recovered.

So likewise for the limbs and members of the body, she is the only *Æsculapian* Tabernacle; and to speak the truth, St. *Winifred's* Well[1]; the *Bath*, or the *Spa*, are not compared to this Ship, for speedy ease and cure; for I have seen many that were so dim-sighted, that they could not see their way at noon-day, and others have been so defective in their speech, that they could not speak one wise word; others so lame of their legs, that they could neither go or stand, and with a few hours lying aboard of this easy Ship, their sights, speech, and legs, have been all recovered.

[1]St. Winifred's Well.—A Holywell in Flintshire.

7 The *Whiff*, a small Pinnace of *Varna.*
8 The *Puff*, a Bark of *Virginia.*
9 The *Vapour*, a Frigate of *Trinidado.*
10 The *Snuff*, a Carvel of *Burmudas.*
11 The *Bark-beggarly*, before mentioned, manned with old cashiered soldiers, mariners, and servingmen, negligent tradesmen, with some few courtiers, whose diet is only Starve-*Ling.*

The Apprentice-Ship.

THIS Ship is very slow of sail, so that a man may make two East *India* voyages, or girdle the terrestrial globe twice about (as Sir *Francis Drake* did once), before she can make a return; the compass whereby she shows her course is for (the most part) in our *Troynovantine* ocean, within the sound of *Bowbell*; instead of a map or chart, she is directed by an Indenture, whereby she hath more knowledge in the time to come, than any witch or conjurer; for by only looking on it, the least Ship-boy that's in her, can tell when her voyage will be done; she is a vessel that is both singular and single, for none but single persons must board her; and (to avoid double dealing) she hath banished matrimony out of her quarters, for seven years or more[1]; her mariners, do (against their wills) endure much hardness, as hunger, thirst, heat, cold, watching, toil, and travail; yet many times

[1]Matrimony out of her Quarters, &c.—Apprentices are prohibited from marrying by the terms of their Indentures.

they are allowed more lamb[1] and ribroast than they would have ; yet by patience and long-suffering, many of them do change to be preferred: (in time) they sail in the Lord-Ship, Court-Ship, Surety-Ship, or some other bottom of honour or eminency ; for they claim a freedom of all trades whatsoever, and are so mystical in their diversities of mysteries, that not one man living can describe them : yet (for the most part) weight and measure are their guide, by weight from the scruple to the dram, to the tun, to the three tuns, and to the three hundred thousand millions: and by measure, from the half-quarter pint, to the whole quarter sack ; from less than the inch to the ell, to the furlong, to the firmanent, and down to the bottom of the cellar, to the ocean and the tailor's hell,[2] who indeed are accounted the best *bread* men in the ship, and such as go through stitch with what they take in hand. There are divers functions which never do come aboard of this Ship, as cuckolds, wittols,[3] and others which I could name : but to supply these wants, she is seldom unfurnished of young lying knaves, whores, and thieves, who (as the cockle grows among the wheat) do sail in the Apprentice-Ship, and share as much benefit as most of her labouring mariners. She

[1] Lamb, for lam (to beat soundly), for the sake of the pun.

[2] Tailor's Hell.—The receptacle of tailor's clippings—*vulgo*, cabbage !

[3] Wittol.—A willing or contented cuckold.

hath small attendance, for indeed she is the only bounden servant in the navy, only there is a sluggish vessel called the *Tedious*, that sails with her, with four small pinnaces, as

1 The *Lodge.*
2 The *Diet.*
3 The *Wash.*
4 The *Wring.*

And sometimes double, single, or no apparel is allowed to the sailors when the voyage is ended.

*The Court-*Ship, *with her Regiment.*

COURT-Ship, is a vessel of royal and magnificent burthen, of eminent command, and invincible force, if she be well manned, carefully rigged, discreetly ballasted and wisely steered; she is of that impregnable strength, that neither the storms of saucy censure, the gusts of malapert babbling, the flaws of envy, the tempests of temporizing tale-bearers, or the smooth calms of flattery, can make her sail to any other harbour than the famous ports and havens of virtue, honour and perpetual happiness.

But (to use sea terms and phrases) there are a crew of unprofitable *steal-shares*, peremptory *hot-shots*, idle *flat-sheets*, and unserviceable vessel's *loose-guise*, that do attempt to board this admired ship, and so having boarded her (like drones) they eat, and live upon the labours and deserts of the painful, industrious mariners; these are the youths that after they have foisted themselves into some mean place of office, though it be but a swabber, liar, or liar's

mate (always provided, that they have sworn themselves into good clothes) then let all their acquaintance and friends stand further off, for they esteem themselves to be no more mortal, so that a man had far better speak to the master and owner of the ship himself, than to any of these puck-foists : yet there is great show of zeal in their salutation to any one they meet, for the word *God save ye*, it is as common as the air with them, but in effect they neither mind God, nor the party they speak to, and (like an ape for an apple) they can kiss their paw, inviting a man to their cabin ; but whosoever takes them at their word, they hold him to want manners, and to be a fellow of no breeding. The ignorant ass that carried the Egyptian goddess *Isis* in procession, when the more ignorant people kneeled down to adore the goddess, the witless ass thought it had been in reverence to him : so in like manner these upstart Shipboys, having once crept into an inferior office in the Ship, and withal being covered with silk, and good borrowed beaten satin, lined and buttered through with plush or velvet, they arrogantly imagine, that all the reverence or respect that men do, either for their undeserved place, or gaudy outside, is done to their persons ; but I would have them understand, that they are honoured and worshipped, with the same devotion as the barbarous *Brazilians*, *Americans*, and *Virginians* do

adore the devil withal, which is not for the hope of any good which they expect, but for fear of the hurt which they suppose the devil can do them. The conclusion is, that when a storm or tempest comes, the noble, stout, skilful navigator stands to his tackling, and courageously applies himself either to top and yard, helm, and lead, from post to stem, and from prow to quarter, when all the service Monsieur *Mushroom* and his Mate can do, is either to eat, sleep, spew, and stink, and at last for some notorious or meritorious work, they are ducked from the yard arm of State into the deep sea of disgrace, and turned ashore like *Cain's* imps, preferred to their due estates of runagates and vagabonds.

The squadron of Ships that went under the command of the Court-Ship.

1 The *Renown*, a Ship of worthy port, strength, and burthen, manned with approved and experienced soldiers, and sailors.

2 The *Courage.*

3 The *Resolution.*

4 The *Foresight.*

5 The *Expedition.*

6 The *Loyalty.*

The *Perseverance*, six tall Ships of most excellent service and performance.

7 The *Compliment.*

8 The *Brisk.*

9. The *Strange*, three gallant pinnaces, but of very small use, profit, or service.

10 The *Oblivious*, a Ship of great burthen and most plentifully manned, with those that had forgotten their parents, kindred, friends, birth, estate, breeding, and indeed, such as were so far out of knowledge to know any man, that they had no acquaintance of themselves, and being mere strangers to their own qualities and conditions; and thus was the Court-Ship appointed and attended: much of the great ordnance, were *promises*, the powder breath, and airy performance were the shot, which by reason of the tossing of the billow, and unquiet surges of the sea, did often miss the mark.

The Friend-Ship

WAS a vessel of great account and estimation, *David* and *Jonathan*, *Damon* and *Pythias*, *Pleiades* and *Orestes*, *Alexander* and *Lodowick*, *Scipio* and *Laelius*, did lovingly and unfeignedly sail in her: indeed she was ever free for all comers of what country, sex, age, or state soever, for the word *friend* imports free end, which is as much as the end and intention of Friend-Ship is free: In these latter times, she would have gone to sea, but there were not men to be gotten to man her, so for a shift they were feign to furnish her with kindred, uncles, and cousins, with here and there a false brother; *Herod* and *Pilate*, went aboard this Ship (with a shameful deal of love from the teeth outward) but their purpose was to destroy innocent blood. It was a merry world when *Fidelity* was master of this Ship, *Constancy* his mate, and *Plain-dealing* the boatswain, but those worthy mariners are dead, and an old proverb, as sure as check with them: in a word, the old ship is decayed and

rotten, having only the bare name left, for she is so much past service, that she can hardly steer or bear sail, with an adverse contrary gale, she will fall to leeward much abominably, yet with a prosperous and fortunate wind, she will spread all her canvass exceeding fare, and hypocritical, and so to I will describe no further, because she is grown to that cheap rate, that a man may have her at Billingsgate for a box of the ear.

The Friend-Ship had two very small pinnaces in her Squadron, named,

1 The *Cog*.

2 The *Foist*, other attendants she had few or none, for indeed none but these two and one great Ship called the *Fraud*, were in request.

The Fellow-Ship *with her Regiment.*

THIS Ship was in old time a Ship of unity and equality, when every man thought better of his neighbour than of himself, then the Master and his mate (in loving sympathy) had inward fellow feeling of the griefs, pains, toils, labours, infirmities, and wants of the meanest sailor or ship-boy; but now the case is so altered, that though we be all of one house, yet not all *Fellows:* and though all in one livery, yet (by your leave) no Fellow-Ship, for by that consequence, many times the page, the footman, the coachman and his horses might challenge Fellow-Ship, by their trapping and comparable caparisons; indeed, self-love have bred such a disunion and disconsonance amongst men, that one thief doth disdain *Fellowship* with another: so that this Ship (to patch up her reputation in some poor fashion) because she will be manned and laden with none but with fellows, she carries none but foot-ball players, and watermen: her lading being ploughing-oxen, coach-horses, boots, spurs,

shoes, pantofles, slippers, galoshes, gamashes,[1] socks, cuffs, gloves, gauntlets, case of rapiers, and such things as were by art or nature coupled and made fellows; this Ship was once of that estimation, that *Julius Cæsar* would have been content to have sailed in her, but that the great *Pompey* scorned any equality, and would by no means board the Fellow-Ship with any man. In brief she is a vessel of such duplicity, that a fellow with one eye one ear, hand, stone, leg, or foot, must not enter her, nor any sculler, or single souled person come, within shadow of the smoke's shadow of her ordnance.

The ships that went in her Regiment or squadron were these.

1 The *Distrust*; a ship that sails always near the Fellow-Ship.

2 The *Pickthank*, a Ship of great employment, that commonly sails out of sight or hearing, her lading being for the most part, private complaints, whispering intelligences, and secret informations.

3 The *Brawl*, a turbulent Ship in continual action.

4 The *Snarl*, a small dogged pinnace, of more use than profit.

[1] Gamashes.—The term was formerly applied to a kind of loose drawers or stockings worn outside the legs over the other clothing, and much used by travellers.

*The Foot-man-*SHIP *with her Regiment.*

THIS Ship is of most ancient and greatest antiquity, for she was before any other Ship was thought on, our old father *Adam* sailed in her, and was the first footman in the world. And Prince *Absalom* the son of *David* had no less than fifty of these terrestrial amblers to pass before him; how it came to be called a Ship, I cannot relate, but by an anagrammatical or mystical conjecture, the only trade of a footman is running, and running away, and quite contrary to valour or manhood, he is accounted the best man amongst them, that can run fastest, and he is called and esteemed a man of good Footman-SHIP; which word anagrammatized, is Foe to Man-SHIP, importing, that running away is an enemy, or foe to manhood, valour and resolution, (thus much by way of paradox).

Let the wind blow where it will, yet at all weathers this Ship sails a trot, her light-footed, nimble-heeled mariners (like so many dancers)

capering in the *pumps* [*sic*] and vanities of this sinful world, sometimes a morisico[1] or trenchmore of forty miles long, to the tune of *Dusty my dear*, *Dirty come thou to me*, *Done out of the mire*, *or I wail in woe and plunge in pain*, all these dances have no other music, except now and then he chance to hear an oath, or a curse or two from the coachman.

The Sailors, the most part and best of them, are bred in a kingdom of much fertility and plenty, called *Realdine*,[2] where, after they have all their youth been accustomed to wear brouges[3] and trousers, their fare being many times shamrocks, oaten-bread, beans, and butter milk, armed upon stark naked,[4] with a dart, or a skean,[5] steeled with the spirit of Usquebaugh, then they cross a ditch of eight hours sail, and land in the most flourishing kingdom

[1] Morisico.—*i.e.*, Morris or Moorish dance. Trenchmore.—A boisterous dance to a lively tune in triple time. See Stanihurst's *Ireland.*—*Halliwell.*

[2] Realdine.—An anagram of the word Ireland(e)?

[3] Brouges.—A kind of coarse shoes.

[4] Stark Naked.—Raw spirits.

[5] Skean, Skein, Skayne, &c.—A crooked sword, dirk or dagger, used formerly by the Irish.

"Duryng this seige arrived at Harflew the Lord of Kylmaine in Ireland, with a band of xvj. hundreth Iryshmen, armed in mayle with dartes and *skaynes*, after the maner of their countrey."

Hall, Henry V., f. 28.

"Against the like fool Irish have I serv'd,
And in my skin bear token of their *skeins*."

Solimon and Perseda, a Tragedy, 1599.

of *Triabnie*,[1] where by their good Footman-Ship they are turned out of their old habits, into jackets of good preterpluperfect velvet, plated with silver, or *Argentum vivum*, (for the quickness) and all to be embroidered back and side, with the best gold twist, and the best of the silk-worm, sometimes with a court (a coat of guard I should say), or a coat of regard, being well guarded, unregarded, with such as deal of feather, ribbons and points, that he seems to be a running haberdasher's shop of small wares.

Yet are those men free from pride: for their greatest ambition is, not to ride, but to foot it, or else to sweep chimneys, or to turn costermongers; this is the altitude of their aim, and the profundity of their felicity, nevertheless they know themselves to be great men's trappings, courageous torch-bearers, illustrious fire-drakes, glorious and sumptuous turmoilers, they are far from the griping sins of usury and extortion, and are such philosophical contemners of the world, that every day they tread it under their feet and trample on it; and they are such haters of wickedness, that they leave it in all places where they come: they are not covetous of other men's lands, for they make all the haste they can every day to leave it behind them; they are so much to be trusted, that their words are as

[1] Triabnie.—The anagram of Britaine, a species of conceit our author was very fond of indulging in whenever an opportunity offered itself.

good as their bonds, yet in this their humility they may compare with Emperors, for they are as brave as *Nero*, and can drink with *Tiberius:* to conclude, the Footman-Ship is manned with well breathed mariners, who after all their long, painful, and faithful service, are shipped in the bark-Beggarly, and brought to an anchor in the haven of Cripplegate.

There were in the Regiment with the Footman-Ship four small pinnaces.

1 The *Sweat*, a vessel of warm employment or hot service.

2 The *Moil*, a frigate that will endure much foul weather.

3 The *Toil*, a bark for all weathers, winter or summer.

4. The *Cripple*, an old drumler quite past service.

The Horseman-Ship *with her Squadron.*

HORSEMAN-Ship had not so fair a beginning as Footman-Ship, for *Cain* was the first vagabond and runnagate in the world, was also the first that backed and managed a horse (as *Polydore Vergil* saith), no doubt after he had murdered his brother, seeing he could not run from the horror of his conscience, he practised Horseman-Ship, because perhaps he thought to ride from himself. This Ship hath more paces than time hath; and the comparison may hold well, for in long vacations, quarter days, against payment of bonds, absence of true friends, or protracting of maids' marriages, after the banns have been asked, in these cases the lawyer, the landlord, the usurer, the friends, and the contracted couple, do think time to be foundered, and stark lame, or quite tired, and that his best pace is after fourteen miles in fifteen days; whilst many a poor client, an unprovided tenant, or unfurnished debtor, or a fellow going to

be hanged, they think time is all upon the spur, and that he runs at full speed a wild gallop, And as a Ship at sea sails sometimes by the wind, sometimes before the wind, sometimes with a quarter wind, sometimes with a flown sheet, and sometimes with tack hard aboard, and bowling stretched and sheet close after, by all which winds she sails several paces : so Horseman-Ship hath the trot, the amble, the rack, the pace, the false and wild gallop, or the full speed, and as several vessels at sea do make a navy, as carracks, argosies, hulks, ships, barks, pinnaces, hoys, drumlers, frigates, brigantines, carvels, catches, gallies, gallions : so this Horseman-Ship hath to attend her, her *Spanish Jennet*, her *Barbary Horse*, her *Naples Courser*, her *German Steed*, her *Flanders Mare*, her *Galloway Nag*, her *Irish hobby*, her *French Cheval*, her *Welsh Palfray*, her *English All*, her *Smithfield Jade*, and her *Bartholomew hobby horse;* and contrary to all Ships, which have their bridle, helm or rudder in their stern or tail, the Horseman-Ship is altogether directed and steered by the head, whereby, for want of good managing, many times the rider makes a head-long voyage, (like a man of good forecast) over the horse's head. And as horsemen are none of the best mariners, so mariners are commonly the worst horsemen, as one of them

being upon a tired hackney once, (his companions prayed him to ride faster) *he said he was becalmed.*

Another mounted upon a foundered jade, that stumbled three or four times, headlong, the sailor imagined that his horse was too much laden ahead, or forward on (as the sea phrase is,) and therefore to ballast him, that he might go or sail with an even keel, he alighted and filled his jerkin sleeves full of stones, and tied them fast to his horse crouper, supposing to make his stern as deep laden as his head, to avoid stumbling.

Indeed this Horseman-Ship is never unfurnished of a jades trick, or two at a pinch or time of need, (and contrary to any other ship) in the fairest weather it will heave, set, wince, kick, fling, and curvet, like a midsummer morris-dancer, or as if the devil were practising a French Lavolta or Corranto : but I cannot blame them to be lusty, for they are not put to such hard allowance as many poor sea-faring mariners are with a snatch and away but Horseman-Ship hath rack and manger, so much at command, that provender pricks them, either to tilt or tourney, or long, or short journey, and if good literature may be in a horse, then I am sure many of them are so well littered, and they are so proud of it, that morning and evening, the groom, hostler, or horse-keeper, are feign to smooth, cog and *curry favour*

with them. It was reported lately in a courant (for current news) that a troop of French horse, did take a fleet of Turkish gallies, in the *Adriatic* sea, near the Gulf of *Venice*, the news was welcome to me though I was in some doubt of the truth of it, but after I heard that the horses were shod with very thick cork: and I am sure I have heard of many impossibilities as true as that.

Of all living things, a horse hath the strangest burial being dead; for wolves, dogs, swines, kites, ravens, crows, and such beasts and birds, of prey and rapine, are commonly the living sepulchres of dead horses: and now I remember that thirty years since, I read of rich and magnificent funeral of a horse, which was the beloved palfrey of the famous Emperor *Nero*, and as near as I can, I will describe the manner of it.

This horse was a present sent to the Emperor from *Naples* to *Rome*, being a stately beast, in colour milk white, except here and there a small black spot, like a flea-biting, for which *Nero* caused him to be named Fleabitten *Otho*, for the love he bare to one *Otho*, a parasitical courtier, who was Emperor after him next except *Galba*, in brief *Nero* took such a liking to the horse, that he vowed to the immortal gods, that if the beast died whilst he lived, he would have him buried with all the solemnity and funeral pomp as was becoming the horse of so

great a monarch; and as fortune would have it, within some few months, the horse proved himself a mortal beast, yielding his breath into the air, his carcase being too compendious an abridgement or epitome for the magnitude or amplitude of his spirit.

All the college of horseleeches and farriers in *Rome*, were commanded to his emboweling, to see if in their mature wisdoms, they could find by the symptoms of what disease he died, every man spent his judgment; some said he died of a surfeit, having no measure of himself, being pampered with the delicate delights of the court: others said, that he understood of the oath which his master *Nero* had taken concerning his pompous burial, and therefore for very pride he died, to make his name famous by his obsequies: but there was one old horseleech that contradicted them all, and he did affirm that he died of a heart grief and sudden melancholy, whereupon the stable-grooms were examined, who quickly cleared all doubts.

Truly said one of them, this skilful gentleman hath rightly guessed, for leading *Fleabitten Otho* to the water, (after he had drunk a health to the Emperor) as he was coming back to the stable, two of the Senator's horses met him, taking the wall of him, not giving him any reverence or dutiful respect, he being his Majesty's only favourite (of a horse) for which disobedience of theirs, he pre-

sently fell sick, took his bed, made his will, and set his goods in such order, as shall be declared.

When this news came to the Emperor, he being grieved for his horse, and offended with the two senators who had taught their jades no better manners, than to take the wall of his Majesty's horse, he dismissed them from their offices, and made two of his own stable-grooms senators in their rooms, and after proceeded to the funeral of his horse, in manner and form following.

First, two hundred poor galled hackneys, and next three hundred labouring asses, all covered with black cotton, going two and two, every one having two bottles of hay on their backs, the only gift of the deceased; then a hundred hunting nags, and fifty coachhorses, with ten horses of state, with each two horse loaves for their diet bread. Then followed the *Plebeians* in mourning habit two hundred in number; next the stable grooms, purveyors, clerks of the stable, farriers, horseleeches, and gentlemen of the stable, three hundred.

Then went the saddlers, charioteers, waggoners, carters, sumptermen, littermen and coachmen three hundred.

After them singers, Pagan Priests, *Flammines* and *Archflammines*, seventy.

Then the hearse richly behung with escutcheons, devices, mottoes, and impresses.

After them the Emperor *Nero* chief mourner, and his train borne up by *Otho*, and young *Sporus*.

Next went two old asses all in black velvet, as mourners of state or *Chevals de duel*.

Then followed *Agrippina* (*Nero's* mother) with the fair *Poppaea*, and the beautiful *Acte*, (two of his concubines) and after them *Galba Nimphidius Vitellius*, with others: it is thought that *Seneca* sat all the while in his study, laughing at the funeral.

Lastly, a great troop of straggling attendants: the hearse being set down in *Campus Martius*, *Otho* began this speech which followeth, in blank verse.

NJURIOUS death, to make an Emperor mourn
Fleabitten Otho's timeless exequies,
Who might have lived, and borne great conquerors,
And been the father of most valiant colts;
Lament, ye meeds, whereon this palfrey grazed,
Ah! strew the streets of *Rome* with rotten hay.
Let peas, beans, oats, and horse-bread must with grief
Rust curry-combs, and saddles rent in sunder,
Break stirrup-leathers, girths, and bridle, break,
Fall rack and manger, planks all in twain,
For you shall ne'er support his weight again,
You stable grooms that combed his crisped mane,
And oft were graced to make up *Otho's* train,

Sigh, groan, and weep, lament, and howl and cry,
In litter and horse dung everlastingly :
Think how brave *Otho* did his breath respire,
Who with his heels hath oft struck sparkling fire.

Here *Nero* speaks.

THE bravest beast that ever Emperor backed.
That thumped the field of *Mars* with greater grace
Than *Pegasus* bearing *Tritonia*
About the valleys near the Muses hills,
In battle swifter than the northern wind,
But in a triumph stout and full of state,
Lifting his hoofs, as if he scorned the ground.
And meant to make the air support his weight.
As mannerly and moderate at his meat
As is a bridegroom on his wedding day,
For never would he touch a lock of hay,
Or smell unto a heap of provender
Until he heard a noise of trumpet's sound,
Whereby he knew our meat was served in.
But after meals, how he would meditate
Upon his tutor's reverend documents,
And by himself would practise what was taught him,

Offering to run the ring, and fetch curvets,
To trot in state as we were on his back,
And to out-do his schoolmaster in art,
The thought of these things *(Otho)* kills my heart.

Otho speaks to the two asses.

HEN these poor animals have cause to weep,
Most reverend asses, you have lost a friend,
A friend, a father have your worships lost,
Who would have given you pensions in your age,
And made you beadsmen, free from carriages.
When he lay speechless, on his death bed, then
He pointed to the hayloft with his heels,
As who should say, if I die, give it them.
Then to the Wardens of his Company,
(For he was made free of the blacksmith's craft)
He turn'd about, bade them pull off his shoes,
And take them as true tokens of his love.
And as he dying showed his love to them,
Because his master did delight in plays,
He willed that of his mane should beards be made;
And of his tail, a head-tire for a devil,
One ass he made his sole executor,

The other overseer of his will:
Grant, *Jupiter* they, may perform the same
To do and over-see, that men may say,
They were *just overseers another* day.

Epitaph.

ERE lies the horse, whose four foot progeny
Did trot in blood before the walls of *Troy*;
Yea in the bowels of the Greeks perdie,
And on his breast this motto, *Par ma foi*,
Kin (by the sire) to winged *Pegasus*,
And by the mother, to the king of mules
Whose uncle was the great *Bucephalus*,
Whose arms, four horse shoes, and the field was Gules.

To conclude, this *Horseman*-Ship after many storms, tempests, gusts, and flaws, came at last home to her ancient haven the bear-garden, richly laden with these commodities following.

The Chinegall, the navelgall, windgall, spurgall, lightgall, and shacklegall, the worms, the staggers, the mallenders, and sallenders, scratches, pole-evil, the anticore, and the pompardye, the dropsy, the

fever, the palsy, the glanders, the frenzy, the cough, and the colt-evil, the yellows, the fashions, the splinters, the spavins, the ring-bones, the quitter-bones, the curbs, the rotten-frush, and the crown-scab, the hide-bound, the hawes, the crest-fall, the vives, the bloody riffs, the cramp, and the canker, the houghs, the toothache, the surfeit, the tongue-hurt, the paps, and the bladders, the tiredness, the lousiness, the surbate, the farcy, the pose, and the strangle, the broken-wind, the hoof-bound, the botch, the bots, the wen in the groin, the rot in the lungs, the kibes, the pearl, and the pin, and the webb, the cloyd, the blood-shot, the wrung in the withers, the strain, the prick in the sole, the loose in hoof, the gravel, the foundring, and the shedding of the hair, and the horse-hipped, the wrench, the neckcrick, and the shoulder splat.[1]

These are the commodities wherewith the Horseman-Ship was freight, which are so shared and divided, that a man cannot light of any horse, young or old, but he is furnished with one, two, or more of these excellent gifts.

The Ships that attended in the squadron or regiment with the Horseman-Ship, were these.

1 The *Race*, an adventurous vessel of much expectation, and admirable swiftness.

[1] *See* Biondello's speech descriptive of Petruchio's horse in *Taming of the Shrew*, act iii. sc. 2.

2 The *Post*, a vessel of much use, quick return, and exceeding hazard, toil and travel.

3 The *Hackney*, a most serviceable pinnace, that endures all weathers, and is so common that she is to be hired by any or used by all.

The Surety-SHIP *with her Regiment.*

THIS is a Ship of great antiquity, and makes more voyages than all the rest of the navy, she is the only merchant adventurer under the sun, for they that sail in her, do hazard goods, lands, money, reputation, friends, kindred, credit, liberty and life; of all which rich commodities (always at her returns) she is so provident, that she makes one jail or other her warehouse, where it is more safely kept under lock and key, than the golden apples of the *Hesperides* were guarded by the dragon: she is so easy to be boarded, that a man need not trouble his feet to enter her, or use any boat to come to her, for if all her mariners should go to her by water, then were a waterman the richest trade below the moon; only a dash with a pen, the writing of a man's name, passing his word or setting his mark (though it be but the form of a pair of pot hooks, a cross, a crooked billet, or a ⩓. for *John Tompson*, any of these facile ways hath shipped a man into

the Surety-Ship, during his life and his heirs after him, and though the entrance into her be so easy, yet she is so full of impertinent and needy courtesy, that many men will lend a hand into her, with more fair entreaties, requests and invitations, than are commonly used to a mask at the court, or a gross of gossips in the country, and being once entered, a tenpenny nail driven to the head may as soon leap out of an oaken post, as a man may get ashore again; she is painted on the outside with vows and promises, and within her are the stories of the tattered prodigal, eating husks with the swine, the picture of *Niobe*, with *Alecto*, *Tisiphone*, and *Megæra*, dancing lacrymæ: her arms are a goose quill or pen, couchant in a sheep-skin field fable, the motto above *Noverint universi*, the supporters a usurer, and a scrivener, the crest a *Woodcock*,[1] the mantles red wax, with this other motto beneath, *Sealed and delivered*, this Ship hath the art to make parchment the dearest stuff in the world: for I have seen a piece little bigger than my two hands, that hath cost a man a thousand pound; I myself paid a hundred pound once for a small rotten remnant of it. She is rigged most strangely, her ropes and cables are *conditions and obligations*, her anchors are leases forfeited, her lead and line are *Mortgages*, her main sails are interchangeable

[1] Woodcock.—A silly fellow.

Indentures, and her topsails bills and bonds, her small shot are *arrests* and *actions*, her great ordnance are extents, outlawries and executions: all her decks are struck with tenter-hooks, to hold those fast that enter her, her lading is locks, keys, bolts, shackles, manacles, fetters, grates, *traps* for vermin, *gins* for wild gulls, *baits* for tame fools, *springes* for woodcocks, *pursenets* for conies, *toils* for mad bucks, *pens* for geese, *hooks* for gudgeons, *snares* for buzzards, *bridles* for old jades, *curbs* for colts, *pitfalls* for bullfinches, and *hempen-slips* for asses, and besides all this, she is plentifully stored with want, hunger, cold, poverty and nakedness.

The ocean that she sails in, is the spacious Marshall Sea,[1] sometimes she anchors at the *Kings-Bench*, sometimes at the Gulf of the *Gate-house*, sometimes at the *White Lion* Creek, sometimes at *Newgate* Road, sometimes at *Ludgate* Bay, sometimes at *Wood-street* Harbour, and sometimes at the *Poultry* Haven.

There is great reason to call a man being bound for another, Surety-Ship, for a ship is an unruly beast, if she be not surely tyed, moored, and anchored, and therefore to be a *Surety* is as much to say *Ty-sure*, the addition of the word ship, being a kind of metaphorical allusion, to the turbulent tossing of the unfortunate surety, upon the restless

[1] Marshalsea, &c.—Prisons then existing in and near London.

waves and billows of miserable varieties and mutabilities of time and trouble.

And though Surety-Ship be (for the most part) prejudicial and baneful only to itself, yet as in the Sea, the rising of one wave proceeds out of the fall of another; so one out of the ruins of Surety-Ship *wreck*, (like Beetles or *Scarabs* which breed out of dung) there do spring a swarm or generation of virtues (Vipers I was about to say) as busy Solicitors, nimble-tongued *Pettifoggers*, greedy *Serjeants*, hungry *Yeomen*, devouring *Catchpoles*, boisterous *Bailiffs*, *Marshal's men* merciless, dogged *Jailors* and currish *Underkeepers:* for as butcher's trade is to live upon the slaughter of beasts; so cannot the kennels, litters and styes of those above-named *Anthropophagi* or cannibals, live, eat, or subsist, but upon the confusion of men, and as a horse being dead in the fields and stripped, is a banquet for dogs, hogs, ravens, kites, and crows, so is a surety to those vermins, who devour and prey upon his estate and carcase, both alive and dead.

But for conclusion of this blunt point, I think I have mistaken all this while in calling *Surety-ship*, for the consequence and success of the voyage will better allow it the name of *Sure ty Sheep*, which is a warning or document to *ty the sheep sure*, which I imagine to be a significant inversion of the word, for, as the bridle and harness of a live horse, is for

the most part made of the skin of a dead horse so he that is bound for another man's debt, is like a silly innocent sheep (of which flock I may for my rank and calling be a bell-wether) with a bond of a dead sheep's skin *tyed sure*, as a *sure tye*, either to pay the debt, or surely he is sure to lye (if his ability help not) where I would be loth to be his bed-fellow.

The Ships and pinnaces that are in the regiment of the Surety-Ship, are these : *viz.*

1 The *Adventurous*, a desperate hot ship, very hard to be guided or steered in any steady course.

2 The *Kindheart*, a ship that will sail any whither,* or to what port a man would have her.

3 The *Fool*, a ship of great burthen, and for sail, and steerage much like the *Kindheart.*

4 The *Negligence*, an argosy that through want of good foresight, brought the *surety-ship* in great danger.

5 The *Decay*, a ship much broken.

6 The *Scape-thrift*, a small ragged catch, that hangs or depends upon the whole regiment.

* *i.e.*—To what place.

*The Wor-*Ship *with her Squadron or Regiment.*

THOUGH the first syllable of this ship's name be *worse*, whereby she is called Worse-Ship, yet she is a better ship than many are aware of, and indeed she is far too good for every, or for any knave to come aboard her. In my opinion she doth not belong to any mortal man, for God himself is both owner and master of her.

Yet many there are who claim an interest in her, as first the Devil would have her belong to him, for which cause he makes many barbarous nations to adore and Wor-Ship him, and to sacrifice themselves, their children, and all that they esteem dearest unto them, to his infernal hell-hood, and for his better holding and keeping of this Wor-Ship, he hath his ministers and agents, in the most kingdoms of christendom, who with their juggling legerdemain, hath gulled, blinded, and besotted many thousands of all estates, ages; sexes, that they will fall down and *Worship* stocks, stones,

blocks, idols, images, relics, dead men's bones, or a piece of bread, as the heathen idolatrous Egyptians did formerly adore and *Worship* onions and garlick.

And as there are many that for desert are worthy pilots, steersmen and mariners in the *Worship*, and are shipped into her only for their merits, so there are a great many, and more than a good many, that by falsehood and indirect courses, have shipped themselves in her: for as *Cornelius Agrippa* saith in his *Vanity of Sciences*, some have gotten the *Worship* by cutting throats in the wars; some by being great men's bawds, or cuckolds in peace; some for marrying cast stale concubine, or bastards; some by bribery, extortion or oppression; some by false weights and measures; some by excessive drunkenness of others; some by theft, some upon credit; some for ready money, and some for favour; which is a word crept into the place of merit since the days of *Quintilianus* the orator: the most corrupted justice will board her; the slothfulest divine will have a cabin in her; the carpet knight will be shipped in her: the most cowardly captain will enter her; and many of least faith and conscience will lay claim to her: she having store of such false owners, I say no more of her, but commit her to the mercy of wind, tide, and time.

There went with her in her Regiment these that follow.

1 The *Abuse*, an old ship, too much in use.

2 The *Purchase*, a vessel all for simony or ready money.

3 The *Mittimus*, a dangerous bark, whose word is, *At your peril.*

The Huntsman-SHIP, *or Woodman*-SHIP, *with her Squadron or Regiment.*

A GOOD Huntsman is a good Woodman, and a woodman is a mad man in the north parts of *England*, for when they think that a man is distracted or frenzy, they will say the man is wood, (meaning mad) the reason why it is called Woodman-SHIP, I take it to be thus derived, as first a Ship hath a multiplicity of ropes, cordage, masts, rigging, and ground-tackle which I have partly named before in the Lady-ship,) so hath this Woodman-SHIP, divers and sundry terms of art, (almost past numbering) as you must say *rouse a buck*, *start a hare*, and *unkennel a fox:* again you must *harbour a hart*, and *lodge a stag*, or a *buck* ; and in process of time always a *hart* or a *buck* do come to perfection, which many men (through imperfection) do never attain to : as a *buck* is first a *fawn*, the second year a *pricket*, the third a *sorel*, the fourth a *sore*, the fifth a *buck of the first*

head, and the sixth year a *buck:* so a *hart* is the first year a *calf*, the second a *brocket*, the third a *spade*, the fourth a *staggard*, the fifth a *stag*, and the sixth year a *hart*, but some are of the mind, that a *stag* cannot be a *hart)* until some king or prince have almost hunted his heart out: besides these ambiguous contigigrated phrases, the horns have many dogmatical epithets, as a *hart* hath the *burrs*, the *pearls*, the *antlers*, the *surantlers*, the *royals*, the *surroyals*, and the *croches*. A buck's horns are composed of *burr*, *beam*, *branch*, *advancer*, *palm*, and *speller*. And to decline from the crown or horn, to the rump or crouper: a deer, a boar, a hare, a fox, and a wolf, have no more tail than a jackanapes, for it is a deer's *single*, a boar's *wrath*, a hare or coney's *scut*, a fox's *bush*, and a wolf's *stern;* besides there are most excellent terra-graphical and mundified names and titles; for that which is in Welsh a *baw*, in French a *marde*, I could name it in English, but (Sir Reverence for that) in *Woodman-ship*, it is called a deer's *fewmets*, a boar or bear's *leases*, a hare or coney's *croteys*, a fox or a badger's *fiants* and an otter's *spraints*, all which in English, is a, T, &c. I think *Nimrod* the great hunter would have been a mad man or a wood-man, if he had studied half the wild and hare-brained terms that belongs to this Ship and sure it made *Actaeon* horn-mad, in his too vehement pursuit of the game; for what necromantic

spells, are rut, vault, slot, pores, and entries, abatures, and foiles, frayingstocks, frith and fell, lairs, dewclaws, dowlcets, drawing the covert, blemishes, sewelling, avant-lay, allay, relay, foreloining, hunt-counter, hunt-change, quarry, reward, and a thousand more such *Utopian* fragments of confused gibberish, that should I proceed further I should instead of an understanding wood-man, shew myself to be an ignorant mad man.

Is it not a worthy piece of service for five or six men in the country (whose dwellings are four or five miles asunder, to make a mad match) to meet together on such or such a morning to hunt or course a hare, where, if she be hunted with hounds, she will lead them such dance, that perhaps a horse or two are killed, or a man or two spoiled, or hurt with leaping hedges, or ditches, at the least after four or five days preparation, and some ten pounds charge among men, horses, and dogs, besides an infinite deal of toil and trouble, and an innumerable number of oaths and curses : after this great deal of do, the main purchase can be no more than a poor silly *hare*, which is but a dry meat, and will take more butter in the basting, than her carcase is worth.

Our ancient progenitor or first king of this Island *(Brute)* was so expert in this Wood-man-Ship, that he killed his own father *Silvius*, shooting

him with an arrow, mistaking him for a *hart*, a *stag* or a *buck:* and *William* the second, surnamed *Rufus*, King of *England*, was by the like mischance of a shot made at a *deer*, (by Sir *Walter Tyrrel* Knight) slain with the glance of an arrow against a tree, in the New-forest in Hampshire.

I thank Cooper's Dictionary[1] that tells me that *Venator* is a hunter, and *Venatrix* huntress, or a woman hunting, and that *Meretrix* is a whore or a woman hunted: all these words having derivation from, or allusion to *Venereus*, *alias Le-che-reus*, for though *Diana* the hunting goddess of chastity be a constant *Venatrix*, yet *Venus* the queen of love never fails a right *Woodman* of a *Meretrix*. But if *Venator* and *Venatrix* should hunt as much as *Meretrix* is (or hath been) hunted, I think verily that there hath not been (or in time would not be) one deer left in many of the greatest forests, parks, and chases of Christendom.

Besides, there is not a perfect mariner in the Woodman-Ship, but he hath engrafted in him a most abundant gift of promising, for one of them will swear and vow to give more deer away to sundry persons, than there are under the keeping

[1]Cooper's Dictionary.—Thesaurus Linguæ Romanæ et Britannicæ. The foundation of Cooper's Dictionary was taken from Sir Thomas Elyot's Dictionary—Latin and English; London, 1538—and the materials, for the most part, from Stephens' Thesaurus, and Frisius' Latin and German Dictionary.—*Lowndes.*

and command of six or seven of them : and I have heard, that one white buck in a small park (in a place which I could name within the walls of Christendom) hath been given away at least to a thousand several persons, by one keeper, and the said keeper is so kind, that he will never deny a buck to whosoever will ask. A deer-friend (whom I love dear) did promise me a *Deer* four years since, and four dear journeys I made for my deer, and still with delays and demurs I was put off from my *Deer*, with promises, that at such and such a time I should have my deer, but now I am in despair of my deer, and I mean to take no more care for my deer ; and so adieu my deer ; but indeed he that had the bounty to promise me this deer, hath the grace to blush whensoever he sees me, and therefore I do love him for his modesty and shamefacedness, and had it not been for that, and that I do love him indeed, I would long before this time have sung him a Kyrie-Eleison,[1] that should have made him been glad to have promised me a brace of bucks more, to have stopped my mouth withal, although in performance my deer had been *non est inventus.*

In a word, of all sorts of deer I hold stolen venison to be the most honestly gotten because the thieves are so quiet, close, private, and silent at their

[1]Kyrie-Eleison.—"Lord have mercy upon us"—two Latinized Greek words in common use in the responses of the Romish Church.

work, that they have no leisure to swear or curse, as men do when it is lawfully taken, and my conceit is, that where oaths and curses are most restrained there most honesty, and piety remains. But commonly swearing, execrations, and drinking, are the ceremonious rights of a buck's, or a hare's death and obsequies.

With the cry of the hounds,
And the echo resounds
Through the mead, through the fallow,
With the horn, with the hallow,
With the horse loud neigh, and the buck at a bay,
And with the deer's fall, and the horn-sounding knell,
My pen bids hunting Woodman-Ship farewell,

The ships and pinnaces that served in the Regiment under the Woodman-Ship, were these.

1 The *Chanter.*
2 The *Bowman.*
3 The *Ringwood.*
4 The *Slut.*
5 The *Beauty.*
6 The *Daisy.*
7 The *Killbuck*, with divers others, all them being for course, or chase.

IACKE A LENT

His

Beginning and Entertainment:

With the mad prankes of his Gentleman-Vsher *Shroue-Tuesday* that goes before him, and his FOOTMAN *hunger* attending.

By Iohn Taylor.

AT LONDON,
Printed by J.B. for JAMES BOLER; at the signe of the Marigold in Paul's Churchyard,
1630.

TO
THE FISHMONGERS,
AND BUTCHERS,
GREETING.

Friendly, frolic, frank, free-hearted, famous flourishing *Fishmongers*, and brave, bold, battering, beef braining *Butchers*, to both your Companies in general I wish health and happiness : I acknowledge you to be haberdashers for the belly and I wish a plentiful increase of good appetites and hungry stomachs, that everyone in their calling may prove valiant of their teeth, whereby you may feed merrily by the profit you receive by nimble-chopped feeders. I have plainly and briefly set down *Jack-a-Lent's* good deeds and his bad, his friends and his foes, the great need and necessity that we have of his coming once a year into this Kingdom, and the great pity that he is no better entertained and observed. And though it be written in a merry style, yet I dare presume that mirth and truth walk together in it. In a word, read it if you like, and judge as you list, please yourselves and I am pleased : and let *I.S.* hold *Jack-a-Lent's* stirrup whilst he alights, for of all men I have most reason to prefer him for a trick he showed me lately. So I rest yours ever, and his as far as he dares swear for twelve-pence.

JOHN TAYLOR.

JACK A LENT:

HIS

BEGINNING AND ENTERTAINMENT.

OF *Jack-an-Apes* I list not to indite,
Nor of *Jack Daw* my goose's quill shall write;
Of *Jack of Newbury* I will not repeat,
Nor *Jack of both sides*, nor of *Skip-Jack* neat.
To praise the turnspit *Jack* my Muse is mum,
Nor of the entertainment of *Jack Drum*
I'll not rehearse: nor of *Jack Dog*, *Jack Date*,
Jack fool, or *Jack-a-Dandy*, I relate:
Nor of black *Jacks*[1] at gentle buttery bars,
Whose liquor oftentimes breeds household wars:
Nor *Jack* of *Dover* that grand jury *Jack*,
Nor *Jack Sauce* (the worst knave amongst the pack.)
But of the *Jack* of *Jacks*, great *Jack a Lent*,
To write his worthy acts is my intent;

[1] BLACK JACK.—A large leather can, formerly in great use for beer.

How he's attended with a mess of *Jacks*,
Whose fame my heartless weak invention cracks,
Jack Herring and *Jack Sprat*, *Jack Straw*, *Jack Cade*,
These are the *Jacks* with which my pen must trade.

TO speak of the original of this *Jack*, or from whence the name of *Jack* hath derivation, I think it not impertinent to show you: therefore I would have all men understand that *Jack* is no Christian, nor was ever baptised, but is sprung (like a mushroom) out of the corruption of the name of *John*; for before *Johns* were, I did never find mention of any *Jacks*, except black *Jacks:* and there was an old courteous epithet attributed to *John* (as gentle *John)* but now so many *Jacks* are made gentles, that most *Johns* and *Jacks* make no further account of gentility than glorious titles and gaudy suits: so much for *Jack.*

Now for the name and beginning of *Lent* (as near as I can I will describe) the word *Lent* doth signify, a thing borrowed: for except a thing be borrowed, how is it lent? and being lent, it follows by consequence that it was borrowed; but from whom it was so free of the loan of this *Lent*, that would be known.

First then you must conceive, that the true etymology, or ancient name of this *Lent*, is *Lean-*

tide, which being anagrammatized (*Landit*) for the chief provision that he is furnished withal being fish, and such sea-faring fare, that except he land it, there will be but cold takings in the fish markets: for *Jack-a-Lent* hath no society, affinity or propinquity with flesh and blood, and by reason of his leanness (as *Nymshag* an ancient *Utopian* philosopher declares in his treatise of the antiquity of ginger-bread, *Lib.* 7, *Pag.* 30000.) he should have been a footman to a prince of that empire named *Lurguash Haddernot;* but *Lent* showed him the trick of a right footman, and ran away from him faster than an Irish lackey, and from that time to this was never seen in *Utopia.* Besides, he hath the art of legerdemain beyond all the jugglers in *Egypt* or *Europe*, for with a trick that he hath, he is in *England*, *Scotland*, *France*, *Ireland*, and the most part of the christian world at one and the self-same time, yet for all this nimbleness and quick agility, he was never seen to sweat, which is no marvel, because he hath not any fat or pinquidity in his incorporeal corpse. He hath a wife named *Fasting*, as lean as himself, yet sure I think she is as honest as barren: but it were very dangerous for an epicure or a puritan to have a bastard by her, for there were no other hope, but that the father of the brat (if it should prove male) would tutor it in all disobedience against both *Lent* and *Fasting:* for

although *Lent* and abstinence be but forty days endurance, yet to these valiant men of their teeth it seems forty years, for they put the letter *(e)* into the word *Fast*, and turn it into *Feast*. And though a man eat fish till his guts crack, yet if he eat no flesh he fasts, because he eats as fast as he can. For the word fast is to be taken in many senses, as to fast from feeding, and to feed fast, to be bound to fast, and to be bound fast.

The fast from feeding is divers ways performed.

1 Some there are that fast for pure devotion, with a zealous abstinence from any kind of corporal food for a space, because they will bring down and curb their unbridled affections, and tame their fleshly desires, that so the exercise of spiritual contemplation may be the more fervent, their repentance more unfeigned, and their prayers more acceptable.

2 Another fast is hypocritical or sophistical, as a holy maid that enjoined herself to abstain four days from any meat whatsoever, and being locked up close in a room, she had nothing but her two books to feed upon, but the books were two painted boxes, made in the form of great bibles with clasps and bosses, the inside not having one word of God in them, nor any fault escaped in the printing, but the one well filled with suckets, and sweet meats,

and the other with wine, upon which this devout votary did fast with zealous meditation, eating up the contents of one book, and drinking contentedly the other.

Then there is a fast called in spite of your teeth, and that is, Will ye nill ye, when a man's stomach is in *folio*, and knows not where to have a dinner in *decimo sexto*. This fast I have often met withal at the court, and at diver's great men's houses, not because there hath wanted meat, but because some have wanted manners, and I have wanted impudence.

But *Jack-a-Lent's* Fast is otherwise than all these, for I am as willing to fast with him as to feast with *Shrovetide:* for he hath an army of various dishes, an host of divers fishes, with salads, sauces, sweatmeats, wine, ale, beer, fruit, roots, raisins, almonds, spices, with which I have often (and care not much to do more often) made as good a shift to fast, and with as good a zeal performed it, as a Brownist[1] will go to plough upon a Christmas day.

Thus having showed the original of this *Jack*, it follows next, that I declare his yearly entertainment into this Isle of Great *Britain*, what privileges

[1] BROWNISTS.—A sect founded by Robert Brown, of Rutlandshire, *temp*, Elizabeth, and violently opposed to the Church of England.

"I had as lief be a *Brownist* as a politician."
Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, act iii. sc. 2.

he hath, to whom he is best welcome, who are glad of his departure, what friends or foes he hath, and where he inhabiteth all the year after his going from hence.

Always before *Lent* there comes waddling a fat gross bursten-gutted groom, called *Shrove-Tuesday*, one whose manners shows, that he is better fed than taught: and indeed he is the only monster for feeding amongst all the days of the year, for he devours more flesh in fourteen hours, than this whole kingdom doth (or at the least should do) in six weeks after: such boiling and broiling, such roasting and toasting, such stewing and brewing, such baking, frying, mincing, cutting, carving, devouring, and gorbellied gormondizing, that a man would think people did take in two months' provisions at once into their paunches, or that they did ballast their bellies with meat for a voyage to *Constantinople* or to the *West Indies*.

Moreover, it is a goodly sight to see how the cooks in great men's kitchens, do fry in their master's suet, and sweat in her own grease, that if ever a cook be worth the eating it is when *Shrove-Tuesday* is in town, for he is so stewed and larded, roasted, basted, and almost over-roasted, that a man may eat the rawest bit of him and never take a surfeit. In a word, they are that day extreme choleric, and too hot for any man to meddle with being monarchs of

the marrow-bones, marquesses of the mutton, lords high regents of the spit and the kettle, barons of the gridiron, and sole commanders of the frying-pan, and all this hurly-burly, is for no other purpose but to stop the mouth of this land-wheel *Shrove-Tuesday.* At whose entrance in the morning all the whole kingdom is in quiet, but by that time the clock strikes eleven, which (by the help of a knavish sexton) is commonly before nine, then there is a bell rung, called *the pancake bell*, the sound whereof makes thousands of people distracted, and forgetful either of manner or humanity: Then there is a thing called wheaten flour, which the sulphery necromatic cooks do mingle with water, eggs, spice, and other tragical magical enchantments, and then they put it by little and little into a frying-pan of boiling suet, where it makes a confused dismal hissing like the Lernean snakes in the reeds of *Acheron*, *Styx* or *Phlegethon*) until at last by the skill of the cook, it is transformed into the form of a flap-jack, which in our translation is called a pancake, which ominous incantation the ignorant people do devour very greedily (having for the most part well dined before :) but they have no sooner swallowed that sweet candied bait, but straight their wits forsake them, and they run stark mad, assembling in routs and throngs numberless of ungoverned numbers, with uncivil civil commotions.

Then *Tim Tatters* (a most valiant villain) with an ensign made of a piece of a baker's mawkin[1] fixed upon a broom staff, he displays his dreadful colours, and calling the ragged regiment together, makes an illiterate oration, stuffed with most plentiful want of discretion ; the conclusion whereof is, that somewhat they will do, but what they know not. Until at last comes marching up another troop of tatterdemalions, proclaiming wars against no matter who, so they may be doing. Then these youths armed with cudgels, stones, hammers, rules, trowels, and hand-saws, put play houses to the sack, and bawdy houses to the spoil, in the quarrel breaking a thousand quarrels (of glass I mean) making ambitious brickbats break their necks, tumbling from the tops of lofty chimneys, terribly untiling houses, ripping up the bowels of feather-beds, to the enriching of upholsterers, the profit of plasterers, and dirt daubers, the gain of glaziers, joiners, carpenters, tilers, and bricklayers. And which is worse, to the contempt of justice : for what avails it for a constable with an army of reverend rusty bill-men to command peace to these beasts, for they with their pockets instead of pistols, well charged with stone-shot, discharge against the image of authority, whole volleys as thick as hail,

[1] A BAKER'S MAWKIN.—A cloth usually wetted and attached to a pole to sweep clean the oven.

which robustious repulse puts the better sort to the worser part, making the band of unscoured halberdiers retire faster than ever they came on, and show exceeding discretion in proving tall men of their heels. Thus by the unmannerly manners of *Shrove-Tuesday* constables are baffled, bawds are banged, punks are pillaged, panders are plagued, and the chief commanders of these valorous villiacoes, for their reward for all this confusion, do in conclusion purchase the inheritance of a jail, to the commodity of jailors, and discommodity to themselves, with a fearful expectation that Tyburn shall stop their throats, and the hangman take possession of their coats, or that some beedle in bloody characters shall imprint their faults on their shoulders.[1] So much for *Shrove-Tuesday*, *Jack-a-Lent's* gentleman usher, these have been his humours in former times, but I have some better hope of reformation in him hereafter, and indeed I wrote this before his coming this year 1617,[2] not knowing how he would behave himself, but tottering betwixt despair and hope, I leave him.

[1]IMPRINT THEIR FAULTS ON THEIR SHOULDERS.—*i.e.*, by publicly whipping them.

[2]THE YEAR 1617.—By this it would seem that our author had written "Jack-a-Lent," at or about this date. But Lowndes does not mention any other version or edition than that in Taylor's Collected Works, 1630, from which we have taken our "Readable Reprint," adopting the imprint found on the title-page of that edition.

Shrove-Tuesday having played these parts aforesaid, doth *Exit*, and next day *Lent* begins to enter, who is entertained by a grave, formal, reverend statesman, called civil policy: but you must understand that *Lent* would very feign take up his lodging here with religion, but religion will not be acquainted with him, and therefore civil policy hath the managing of the business. But it is a wonder to see what munition and artillery the epicures, and cannibal flesh eaters do provide to oppose *Lent*, and keep him out at the staff's end, as whole barrels of powdered beef blow him up, tubs of pork to pistol and shoot him through with his kindred hunger, famine, and desolation, barricadoes of bacon, as strong and impregnable bulwarks against invasive battery. Which civil policy perceiving, causeth proclamations straight to be published for the establishing of *Lent's* government, but then to see how the butchers (like silenced schismatics) are dispersed, some riding into the country to buy oxen, kine, calves, sheep and lambs, leaving their wives, men and maids, to make provision of pricks[1] for the whole year in their absence: some again of the inferior sort do scout into stables, privies, cellars. Sir *Francis Drake's* ship at Deptford, my Lord Mayor's barge, and divers secret and unsuspected places, and there they

[1] PRICKS.—Skewers.

make private shambles with kill-calf cruelty, and sheep slaughtering murder, to the abuse of *Lent*, the deceiving of the informers, and the great grief of every zealous fishmonger.

For indeed *Lent* in his own nature is no blood-sucker, nor cannot endure any blood-shed ; and it is his intent, that the bull, the ox, the ram, the goat, the buck, or any other beast, should be free to live in any corporation without molestation : it is *Lent's* intent, that the innocent lamb, and Essex calf, should survive to wear the crest of their ancestors : that the goose, the buzzard, the widgeon, and the woodcock, may walk fearless in any market town, cheek by jole with a headborough, or a tithingman.

The cut-throats butchers, wanting throats to cut,
At Lent's approach their bloody shambles shut :
For forty days their tyranny doth cease,
And men and beasts take truce and live in peace :
The cow, the sow, the ewe may safely feed,
And low, grunt, bleat, and fructify and breed,
Cocks, hens, and capons, turkey, goose, and widgeon,
Hares, conies, pheasant, partridge, plover, pigeon,
All these are from the break-neck poulterer's paws
Secured by Lent, and guarded by the laws,
The goring spits are hanged for fleshly sticking,
And then cook's fingers are not worth the licking.

But to recount the numberless army that *Lent* doth conduct, the great munition and artillery that he hath to withstand those that gainstand him, his weapons of offence and defence, and variety of hostile accoutrements that his host is armed withal: if I should write all these things, my memory must be boundless, because my work would be endless. First, marches Sir *Laurence Ling*, with his Regiment, an ancient sea-faring gentleman: next follows Colonel *Cod*, oftentimes bleeding fresh in the battle: then comes captain *Stock-fish*, a well beaten soldier, and one that is often proved to endure much; Sir *Salmon Salt*, in a pitiful pickle valiantly abides the conflict, and *Gilbert Gubbins*[1] all to tatters like a ragged soldier many times pieces out a broken supper. The majestical king of fishes, heroical most magnificent *Herring*, armed with white and red, keeps his court in all this hurly-burly, not like a tyrannical tear-throat in open arms, but like wise *Diogenes* in a barrel, where if any of his Regiments either do or take injury, though he want the sword of justice, yet he hath the scales, which I imagine he carries not for nought. The great Lord Treasurer to this mighty prince (old *Oliver Cob*) is very inward with him, and knows more of his secrets than all his privy council besides: and when his hard-roed master means to shew himself in his red bloody

[1] GUBBIN.—The parings of haberdine. Also any kind of fragments.

colours, then in fury he associates himself with two notorious rebels, *Jack Straw*, and *Jack Cade*,[1] who do encompass him round, and beleager him on each side, guarding his person from the fury of wind and weather.

The wet fishmongers all this while (like so many executioners) unkennel the salt eels from their briny ambuscadoes, and with marshal law hang them up: the stock-fish having tried a terrible action of battery is condemned to be drowned, the *Ling*, *Haberdine*, *Green-fish*,[2] and *Coal-fish*,[3] are drawn and quartered into poles, backs, and tails, and (like rebels in Ireland) hanged with a withe:[4] nay the king of fishes himself cannot escape, but is tyrannically broiled upon a gridiron. Then comes *Jack-Sauce* with a spoon creeping out of a mustard pot, armed in a pewter saucer, a desperate fellow, and one that dares take *Davy Ap Diggon*, or *Shen Ap Morgan*, by the nose, and many times (with the spirit of *Tewkesbury*) he will make a man weep being most merry, and take the matter in snuff being well pleased.

The whiting, rochet,[5] gournet, and the mop,[6]
The skate and thornback, in the net doth drop:
The pied-coat mackerel, pilchard, sprat and sole,
To serve great Jack-a-Lent amain do troll.

[1] CADE.—A barrel or cask. A *cade* of herrings, 500. [2] GREENFISH, the cod. [3] COAL-FISH.—A species of cod; *gadus carbonarius*, thus named from the colour of its back. [4] WITHE.—A willow twig. [5] ROCHET.—Roach. [6] MOP.—A young whiting.

In the rearward comes Captain *Crab*, Lieutenant *Lobster*, (whose catching claws always puts me in mind of a sergeant) the blushing prawn, the well-armed oyster, the escalop, the welk, the mussle, cockle, and periwinkle, these are hot shots, venereal provocators, fishy in substance, and fleshly in operation. The poor anchovy is pitifully peppered in the fight, whilst the sturgeon is kegged, randed, and joled about the ears, and in conclusion, without dissembling eaten with fennel the emblem of flattery: but the anchovy is oftentimes revenged upon his eaters, for being devoured raw, he broils in their stomachs so hotly, that before the heat be quenched the eaters are drenched in the blood of *Bacchus*, sack and claret, that though a man be as wise as a constable at his entrance, his wit sometimes is so shrunk in the wetting, that he may want the understanding of an ass.

Then there are a crew of near bred freshwater soldiers, our Thamesisians, our comrades of Barking our eastern, and western river-rovers, these youths are brought and caught by whole shoals, for indeed they are no fighters, but mere white-livered, heartless runaways, like the Turk's asapye *(sic)*, that if the fishermen (like diligent catchpoles) did not watch narrowly to catch them by hook and by crook, by line and leasure, *Lent* might gape for gudgeons, roach, and dace, where it not for these netmongers, it is no flat

lie to say, the flounder might lie flat in his watery cabin, and the eel (whose slippery tail put me in mind of a formal courtier's promise) would wriggle up and down in his muddy habitation, which would be a great discommodity for school boys, through the want of scourges to whip gigs[1] and town tops.

The bream, the lamprey, barbel, but, and pike,
Secure might keep the river, pond, and dike :
Carps, tench, perch, smelts, would never come to land,
But for nets, angles, and the fisher's hand :
And bawling queans that use to sell and buy,
Would cry, because they want wherewith to cry.

To speak of the honesty of fishermen, and the account that we ought to make of their calling, it was the faculty of *Simon*, *Andrew*, *James* and *John*, the blessed apostles, and by a common rule, all fishermen must be men singularly endued, and possessed with the virtue of patience, for the proverb, says, If you swear you shall catch no fish, and I myself hath been an eye-witness, when seven or eight anglers have employed their best art and industry two hours, and in the end they have not been able to share one gudgeon or a bleak amongst them all, the cause hath been, either there was no

[1] GIGS. —*i.e.*, whirligigs, set in motion by means of a whip made of eel skins.

fish to be caught, or else one impatient fellow of the company had sworn away good luck.

I could run ten kingdoms (or reams) of paper out of breath, in the praise of this lean *Jack*, and his spawns (Ember weeks, Fridays, and fasting days) but I suppose there are none more sorrowful in the time of his being here than gentlemen and gentlewomen, for through the royal court, the inns of courts, the city and country, all the better sort wear mourning black as long as *Lent* is in town: but so soon as he is gone, then they change colours, and feast, banquet, revel, and make merry, as if the land were freed from some notorious termagant monster, some murdering plague, or some devouring famine.

The bakers metamorphose their trade from one shape to another, his round, half-penny loaves are transformed into square wigs,[1] (which wigs like drunkards are drowned in their ale) the rolls are turned to simnels,[2] in the shape of bread-pies, and the light puffed-up four-cornered bun, doth show that the knavery of the baker is universal, in *Asia*, *Europe*, *Africa*, and *America:* for since colliers and scriveners have purchased the possession of the pillory from them, their light bread brings in heavy gains, where if by chance a batch or a basket full being examined by the scales of justice, and the bread committed to Newgate for want of weight,

[1] WIG.—A small cake. [2] SIMNEL.—A sweet cake.

and the baker to the Counter for lack of conscience, yet he knows he shall out again, and with a trick that he hath, in one week he will recover the consumption of his purse again, by his moderate light handling of the medicine of meal, yeast and water.

But now suppose that Palm-Sunday is past, and that you see *Lent*, and both the fish-streets[1] sing loth to depart, whilst every fishmonger wrings his hands and by the reason of cold takings, beats himself into a heat, whilst (to their great grief) whole herds of oxen, and flocks of sheep, are driven into every town for no other purpose, but to drive *Lent* out of the country.

Then pell-mell murder, in a purple hue,
In reeking blood his slaughtering paws imbrue:
The butcher's axe (like great *Alcides'* bat)
Dings deadly down, ten thousand thousand flat:
Each butcher (by himself) makes marshal laws,
Cuts throats, and kills, and quarters, hangs, and draws.

It is a thing worthy to be noted, to see how all the dogs in the town do wag their tails for joy, when they see such provision to drive away *Lent*, (for a dog, a butcher, and a puritan, are the greatest enemies he hath) but there is one day in the year that dogs in general are most afraid, and that is the Friday after Easter, for they having past six weeks

[1]BOTH THE FISH STREETS.—*i.e.*, Old Fish Street and New Fish Street.

without seeing any flesh, and endured a hard siege by *Lent* and fish bones, then at Easter they see flesh on the Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and when the Friday comes, they see great store of fish again, the poor curs (all in a pitiful quandary) stink for woe, for fear that another *Lent* is come suddenly upon them, thus they continue in that dogged perplexity till the Sunday following, when the appearance of flesh makes them have a feeling, that they were more afraid than hurt.

But imagine *Lent* is gone, but who knows whither he is gone? that would be known: for it cannot be but that so mighty a monarch as he, hath his inroads and his out loops, his standing court of continual residence, as well as his tents, houses, and places of removal for pleasure and progress. For he comes to us by way of annual visitation: to the Capuchin friars he comes twice every year, for they keep two *Lents* because they will be sure to fast double, for when a thing is well done ('tis an old saying) it is twice done, and by consequence a thing being twice done, must be well done: I know not why they do it, but some say, that it is a work of supererogation, and so I leave them.

But *Lent* keeps his continual court with the holy covents of the unsanctified fathers, the friars Carthusians, these are they that have made a perpetual divorce between beasts and birds, these are

they that have confirmed an everlasting league with *Lent*, and all the ragged aquarian regiments of the spacious kingdom of *Pisces*. For when they enter into their order first, they are enjoined never to touch or taste any manner of flesh whatsoever, which they do inviolably perform : for let hunger and thin-gutted famine assault them never so cruelly, so that there were no fish to be had, yet they hold it meritorious to starve and famish, rather than to eat flesh. For indeed in cases of necessity they have power to metamorphose flesh into fish : (as for example) when any town is besieged and sharply assailed with war without, and famine within, that meat is fallen into such a consumption, that fish is gone, and flesh is scarce, then these venerable fathers (by apostatical power which they have) can take a sirloin of beef, and thrust his knighthood into a tub of water, and command him to come forth transformed into a ling, and so for all kind of flesh else, they can turn a pig to a pike, a goose to a gurnet, a hen to a herring, a sow to a salmon, and an owl to an oyster : and all these are no wonders to them, for they are all as nothing to their exorcising trick of transubstantiation in the sacrament : for it is not possible for anything to be impossible to them that can make their Maker, and conjure their Saviour into a piece of bread, and eat him when they have done. With these enemies of car-

nality *Lent* hath domestical perpetuity, these observe his laws more firmly, than they do either the first or second table, and twenty citizens shall break politically, and take up their lodging in Lud's unlucky gate[1] before they will crack the least injunction that is articulated betwixt *Lent* and them.

Thus having shewed the progress, egress and regress of this Mediterranean, Atlantic, Belgic, Gallobelgicus, this Caspian, Hibernian, British, Celtic, Caledonian, commanding Marine countermander, I think it not amiss to declare what good he doth in this kingdom the time of his being here, and how much more good he would do if he were rightly observed.

As it is a matter of conscience to obey superior and supreme magistrates, so in that respect I hold it a conscience to abstain from flesh-eating in *Lent:* not that I think it to be unclean to the clean, or that the eating or not eating, is meritorious: for I am persuaded that a man may go to heaven as well with a leg of a capon, as with a red herring. But seeing *Lent* is ordained to a good intent, for the increase and preservation of calves, lambs, swine and all kind of beasts, and birds whatsoever, whereby the breeding and multiplicity of these creatures makes our land the terrestrial paradise of plenty, and so is (by the bountiful blessings of the

[1]LUD'S UNLUCKY GATE.—A city prison.—*The Gatehouse,*

Almighty all-giving giver) able to maintain herself, and relieve many neighbouring realms, and regions. Surely they are no good commonwealthsmen, that wilfully will break so tolerable an institution, as to refrain six or seven weeks in a year from flesh, having so much variety and change of fish and other sustenance more than sufficient.

It is most certain, that if *Lent* were truly kept, and the fish days in every week duly observed, and that every house in this kingdom did spend but the quantity of two haberdine or green fish in a week, that then this kingdom of Great *Britain* both for meat and mariners would be the mistress of the world, and for wealth and riches superlative to the Mines of *America.*

But the nature of man is so perverse, that like *Pandoræs* box, he will be tooting and prying soonest into that which he is most restrained from, wherein he shows himself to be no changling, but the natural son of *Adam*, and heir to his frailty and disobedienc : for in common reason (for a common good) if there were no statutes, no precepts or commands for the keeping of *Lent* and fish days, men would of themselves, (and by their own instigation) bridle their fleshly appetites with the snaffle of discretion. It is an unmeasurable detriment to this kingdom, the abuse, neglect, and contempt of this so laudable and commodious an institution, and the

due observing of it duly would be invaluable, I think past the reach of arithmetic: but I have often noted, that if any superfluous feasting or gormondizing, paunch-cramming assembly do meet, the disordered business is so ordered, that it must be either in *Lent*, upon a Friday, or a fasting day: for the meat doth not relish well, except it be sauced with disobedience and contempt of authority. And though they eat sprats on the Sunday, they care not, so they may be full gorged with flesh on the Friday night,

> Then all the zealous puritans will feast
> In detestation of the Romish beast.

For mine own part (as I have before written I hold fish or flesh no maxims, axioms, or grounds of religion, but those that wilfully and contemptuously do eat flesh in the *Lent* (except such whose appetites are repugnant to fish, and whose nature hath not been used to it, except such as are sick, and women with child, (for all which there is a lawful toleration) except such, I say, he that feasts with flesh in *Lent* I wish he might be constrained to fast with fish all the year after for his contempt.

Wide and large is the way that I might travel in this spacious business: but few words are best, especially if they be spoken to the wise, and if any poor *Jack-a-Lent* do happen into the hands of a

fool, 'tis but a fool and a *Jack*, or two fools well met but here is the odds, a wise man will make much of a *Jack* for his plain dealing, when a fool will quarrel with him, and falling together by the ears, tear one another's clothes, and then *Jack's* paper jerkin goes to wrack.

CERTAIN BLANK VERSES WRITTEN of purpose to no purpose, yet so plainly contrived, that a child of two years old may understand them as well as a good Scholar of fifty.

GREAT *Jack-a-Lent*, clad in a robe of air,
Threw mountains higher than *Alcides* beard :
Whilst Pancradge* Church, armed with a samphire blade,
Began to reason of the business thus :
You squand'ring Troglodytes of Amsterdam,
How long shall *Cerberus*' tapster be ?
What though stout *Ajax* lay with *Proserpine*,

* St. Pancras.

Shall men leave eating powdered beef for that?
I see no cause but men may pick their teeth,
Though *Brutus* with a sword did kill himself.
Is Shooter's-hill turned to an oyster pie,
Or may a May-pole be a buttered plaice?
Then let Saint Katherines sail to Bride-well Court,
And chitterlings be worn for statute lace,
For if a humble-bee should kill a whale
With the butt-end of the Antarctic pole,
'Tis nothing to the mark at which we aim:
For in the commentaries of Tower ditch,
A fat stewed bawd hath been a dish of state.
More might be said, but then more must be spoke,
The weights fell down because the *Jack* rope broke.
And he that of these lines doth make a doubt,
Let him sit down and pick the meaning out.

FINIS.

The Trve Cavse of the *WATER-*

MENS Suit concerning *Players*, and the reasons that their Playing on *London* side is their extreame hindrances.

With a Relation how farre that suit was proceeded in, and the occasions that it was *not effected.*

By Iohn Taylor.

THE

CAUSE OF THE WATERMEN'S SUIT CONCERNING PLAYERS,

&c., &c.

THE occasions that hath moved me to write this pamphlet are many, and forcible and the attempt in writing it adventurous and full of danger, for as on the one side I doubt not but with truth to stop the mouths of Ignorance and Malice that have and do daily scandalize me, (and withal I know I shall purchase a general thanks from all honest men of my Company) so I am assured to gain the hatred of some that love me well, and I affect them no worse, only for my plain truth and discharging my conscience; but fall back, fall edge, come what can come, I am resolved, and without fear or flattery, thus I begin.

In the month of *January* last 1613,* there was a motion made by some of the better sort of the Company of Watermen, that it were necessary for the relief of such a decayed multitude to petition to his Majesty, that the players might not have a play-house in London or in Middlesex, within four miles of the City on that side of the Thames. Now this request may seem harsh and not well to be digested by the players and their appendices. But the reasons that moved us unto it, being charitably considered, makes the suit not only seem reasonable, but past seeming most necessary to be sued for, and tolerable to be granted.

Our petition being written to purpose aforesaid, I was selected by my Company to deliver it to his Majesty and follow the business, which I did with that care and integrity, that I am assured none can justly tax me with the contrary. I did ride twice to Theobalds, once to Newmarket, and twice to Royston, before I could get a reference upon my petition. I had to bear my charge, of my Company first and last, seven pounds two shillings, which horse hire, horse meat, and man's meat brought to a consumption; besides I wrote several petitions to most of the Right Honourable Lords of his Majesty's

* Although *Lowndes* makes no mention of an earlier edition of this Tract, than that to be found in Taylor's Works of 1630, it was in all probability printed at the above date, as the manner in which he usually published his books—which were separately of little bulk—was to print them at his own cost, make presents of them, and then hope for "sweet remuneration."

Privy Council, and I found them all compassionately affected to the necessity of our cause.

First, I did briefly declare part of the services that watermen had done in Queen *Elizabeth's* reign, of famous memory, in the voyage to Portugal, with the Right Honourable and never to be forgotten Earl of *Essex;* then after that, how it pleased God (in that great deliverance in the year 1588,) to make watermen good serviceable instruments with their loss of lives and limbs to defend their Prince and Country. Moreover, many of them served with Sir *Francis Drake*, Sir *John Hawkins*, Sir *Martin Frobisher*, and others: besides in Cadiz action, the Island Voyage, in Ireland, in the Low Countries, and in the narrow seas they have been, (as in duty they are bound, at continual command, so that every summer 1,500 or 2,000 of them were employed to the places aforesaid, having but nine shillings four-pence the month a piece for their pay, and yet were they able then to set themselves out like men, with shift of apparel, linen and woollen, and forbear charging of their Prince for their pay sometimes six months, nine months, twelve months, sometimes more, for then there were so few watermen and the one half of them being at sea, those that staid at home had as much work as they would do.

Afterwards the players began to play on the Bankside and to leave playing in London and

Middlesex (for the most part) then there went such great concourse of people by water, that the small number of watermen remaining at home were not able to carry them, by reason of the court, the terms, the players, and other employments, so that we were enforced and encouraged (hoping that this golden stirring world would have lasted ever) to take and entertain men and boys: which boys are grown men, and keepers of houses, many of them being overcharged with families of wife and children, so that the number of watermen, and those that live and are maintained by them, and by the only labour of the oar and the scull, betwixt the bridge of Windsor and Gravesend, cannot be fewer than forty thousand; the cause of the greater half of which multitude, hath been the players playing on the Bankside, for I have known three companies besides the bear baiting, at once there; to wit, the Globe, the Rose, and the Swan. And it is an infallible truth that had they never played there it had been better for watermen by the one half of their living, for the Company is increased more than half by their means of playing there in former times.

And now it hath pleased God in this peaceful time, that there is no employment at the sea, as it hath been accustomed, so that all those great numbers of men remains at home; and the players have all (except the Kingsmen) left their usual re-

sidency on the Bankside, and do play in Middlesex far remote from the Thames, so that every day in the week they do draw unto them three or four thousand people, that were used to spend their monies by water, to the relief of so many thousands of poor people, which by players former playing on the Bankside) are increased, so that oft times a poor man that hath five or six children, doth give good attendance to his labour all day, and at night (perhaps) hath not gotten a groat to relieve himself his wife and family.

This was the effect and scope of our petition though here I have declared it more at large, to which his Majesty graciously granted me a reference to his Commissioners for suits, who then were the Right Honourable Sir *Julius Cæsar*, Sir *Thomas Parry* Knights, the Right Worshipful Sir *Francis Bacon* then the King's Attorney-General, Sir *Henry Montague* his Majesty's Sergeant-at-law, Sir *Walter Cope*, Master *George Calvert*, one of the clerks of his Majesty's Privy Council, and Baron *Southerton*, one of the Barons of the King's Exchequer, these Honourable and Worshipful persons I did oft solicit, by petitions, by friends, and by my own industrious importunity. so that in the end when our cause was heard, we found them generally affected to the suit we prosecuted.

His Majesty's players did exhibit a petition against us, in which they said, that our suit was unreasonable, and that we might as justly remove the Exchange, the walks in *Pauls*, or Moorfields to the Bankside for our profits, as to confine them; but our extremities and cause being judiciously pondered by the Honourable and Worshipful Commissioners, Sir *Francis Bacon* very worthily said that so far forth as the public weal was to be regarded before pastimes, or a serviceable decaying multitude before a handful of particular men, or profit before pleasure, so far was our suit to be preferred before theirs. Whereupon the players did appeal to the Lord Chamberlain, which was then the Earl of Somerset who stood well affected to us, having been moved before in the business by Master *Samuel Goldsmith* an especial friend of mine, and a gentleman that myself and all the rest of my poor Company in general, are generally beholden, and deeply engaged unto; for of his own free will to his cost and charge, we must with thankfulness acknowledge he hath been and is continually our worthy friend. Who seeing the wants of such numbers of us, he hath often neglected his own urgent and profitable affairs, spending his time and coin in any honest occasion that might profit us. Thus much I thought good to insert in the way of

thankfulness, because of all vices, ingratitude is the most hateful.

The Commissioners did appoint me to come on the next day that they sat again, and that then the players and we should know their determinations concerning our businesses: but before that day came, Sir *Walter Cope* died, and Sir *Julius Cæsar* being Chief Commissioner was made Master of the Rolls, by which means the commission was dissolved, and we never yet had further hearing. Thus far did I proceed in this thankless suit; and because it was not effected, some of my Company partly through malice or ignorance, or both, have reported that I took bribes of the players to let the suit fall, and that to that purpose I had a supper with them at the Cardinal's Hat on the Bankside, and that if I had dealt well with my Company, and done as I might have done, then all had been as they would have had it.

These and more the like such pretty aspersions, the out-cast rubbish of my Company hath very liberally, unmannerly and ungratefully bestowed upon me, whereby my credit hath been blemished, the good opinion which many held of me lost, my name abused, and I a common reproach, a scorn, a bye-word, and baiting stock to the poisonous teeth of envy and slander.

But I doubt not but what is before said will satisfy any well disposed or honest mind, and for the rest (if there be any such) as I found them ignorant knaves, so I leave them unthankful villains. And I will regard such vipers, and their slander so little, that their malice shall not make me give over to do service to my Company, by any honest lawful means, my trade (under God) is my best friend, and though it be poor, I am sure the calling is honest, therefore I will be an assistant in this suit, or any other that may be available unto it; and howsoever we are slightly esteemed by some giddy-headed corkbrains or mushroom painted puckfists; yet the estate of this kingdom knows, that many of the meanest scullers that rows on the Thames, was, is, or shall be if occasion serve, at command to do their prince and country more service, than any of the players shall be joined unto.

I must confess that there are many rude uncivil fellows in our Company, and I would some doctor would purge the Thames of them: the reason whereof is, that all men being vicious, by consequence most vice must be in the greatest Companies, but watermen are the greatest Company, therefore most abuses must reign amongst watermen; yet, (not to excuse them in any degree) let a man but consider other trades and faculties of higher account, and I am sure they will come short

in honesty, perhaps not of watermen, but of the honest vocation of a waterman.

For if he use his labour no otherwise than he ought, which is to carry the King's liege people carefully, and to land them safely, to take his due thankfully without murmuring or doing injury, then I say, that that waterman may feed upon the labours of his hands with a better conscience, and sleep with a quieter spirit than many of our fur gowned money-mongers that are accounted good commonwealths men; but if a railing knave do chance to abuse his fare, either in words or deeds, (as indeed we have too many such) what reason is it, that for the wrong that one, two, or more doth commit, that all the rest of the whole Company shall be scandalized for it. If a mercer, a grocer, a goldsmith, or any other of the best trades, be a traitor, a thief, or a debauched drunkard, it were impudent ignorance for the vices of a few, that all the rest of the function should be reproached; I will make no odious comparisons, but I am persuaded that there are as many honest men of our Company as of any other, such as do make a conscience of what they do: such as will not wrong others though it might be gainful to themselves: such who are both religious and charitable, and whose greatest care is to live in God's fear, that they may die in his favour: And for those that are unruly, ignorant, and brutish,

there is no Company hath sharper laws, or more severely executed, as the Counters can testify once a week : Little ease can witness often : The whip, and the whipper, like a roaring devil doth many times affirm the naked truth, and banishment from the river of Thames for ever, now and then cuts off a bad member. Besides, fines and forfeitures are laid upon the heads of petty offenders, that few or none escapes unpunished if their faults be known : If the gout be in a man's toe, all the body is grieved ; if a finger ache, the rest of the members hath a share in the pain ; but if many of the joints and members be putrified, then the heart cannot choose but be crazed with care, if not wounded ; so is it with our Company, that the abuses and vices of the worst inferior members as graceless, godless, reprobates, are sometimes like a plague, infectious to their betters, and a daily heart-grief to all honest men, who are scandalized by their damnable demeanors. But all they do or can do, is nothing to the defaming of the Company, for it were very absurd because one in his drink hath killed a man, to impute the fault to the wine or the drink that he drank, when the blame lies in the drunkard that abused God's good creatures in taking too much ; so a waterman's trade is honest, necessary, and not to be wanted, howsoever it is abused by misgoverned uncivil companions. If a waterman would be false

in his trade, I muse what falsehood he could use, he hath no false weights or measures to curtail a man's passage, but he will land a man for his money, and not bate him an inch of the place he is appointed: His shop is not dark like a woollen draper's on purpose, because the buyer shall not see the coarseness of the cloth, or the falseness of the colour: no, his work and ware is seen and known, and he utters it with the sweat of his brows, the worst fault is, that like a lawyer he will take more than his fee (if any body will give it him) very thankfully, his bare fare he will take willingly (upon necessity) but less than his fare, or many times nothing, me thinks goes against stomach.

I have seen a usurer (who hath been fit only for the grave these seven years being more than half rotten with the gout, the cough, and the mur) who hath lost his conscience to get money, and perhaps, win damnation, who is not able to go by land, and yet will not pay his fare by water, but like the picture of misery, will either beg his passage of some serving man, or bargain with a waterman to give him two pence for six pennyworth of labour, such I have seen, and such there are too many, who if they were once buried, the wheel of time would turn, and what they got unjustly by extortion, oppression, and grinding the faces of the poor, what they have uncharitably pinched in keeping back the

labourer's hire, their sons or heirs perhaps will consume in law who shall possess most of that ill gotten goods, or else drink it, dice it, drab it, revel and ruffle it, till all is gone; and as their fathers before them made others to rot in prison, so their prodigal sons are holed in some loathsome jail, being lousy, lodging on the boards, and live upon the box and the alms-basket.

Moreover, too many there are that pass the bounds of liberallty, and spend most prodigally on a whore, on (the devil of India) tobacco; on the superfluous quarts and pints of the blood of *Bacchus* (sack and claret) Spanish and French, on unlawful games, and in a word, on a thousand vanities, they will carelessly and beyond expectation cast away their cash: but upon a waterman, that hath rowed till his heart ache, and sweats till he hath not a dry thread about him, the gentlemen's bounty is asleep, and he will pay him by the statute, or if he give him two pence more, he hath done a huge work beyond the merit of Sutton's Hospital.*

I myself have often met with a roaring boy (or one of the cursed crew) that hath had nothing about him but a satin outside to cover his knavery, and that none of his own neither, witness his mercer and his tailor: yet this gallant must be shipped in a pair

* SUTTON'S HOSPITAL.—The Charter-House, which is situated at the upper end of Aldersgate Street, London.

of oars at least[1] : but his gay slop[2] hath no sooner kissed the cushions, but with a volley of new coined oaths (newly brought from Hell to the Bermudas[3] by the ghost of a Knight of the Post[4]) he hath never left roaring, row, row, row, a pox on you row, (as if his punk[5] should stay too long for his pestiferous person) and when his scurviness is landed where he pleases, he hath told me I must wait on him, and he will return to me presently, and I shall carry him back again, and be paid altogether : then have I attended five or six hours (like John-a-Noakes) for nothing, for my cheating shark having neither money nor honesty, hath never come at me, but took some other pair of Stairs, and in the same fashion cozened another waterman for his boat-hire.

We must, and do with thankfulness confess, that the nobility, gentry, and all others of the better sort of this kingdom, have honest, worthy and

[1] A PAIR OF OARS AT LEAST—*i.e.*, Two watermen.

[2] SLOPS (S. *slopen*).—Breeches, or trunk hose, which were worn extravagantly large in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

"Three pounds of gold these *slops* contain."

Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks. *A Comedy.* 1611.

[3] BERMUDAS.—A cant term for certain obscure and intricate alleys, in which persons lodged who had occasion to live cheap or concealed ; called also *The Straights.* They are supposed to have been the narrow passages north of the Strand, near Covent Garden.

[4] KNIGHT-OF-THE-POST.—A man hired to swear falsely, or give false bail. A cheat ; a sharper.

[5] PUNK.—A prostitute.

charitable considerations of our want of means, and multitude of men; for they do know that house-rent, and victuals, are at four times the rate which it was at when the statute was made in Queen *Mary's* reign for our fares, and as the price of all things is raised (except poor men's labours) so do they in conscience very liberally raise our fares accordingly.

And as before I have written, our trade is so useful and necessary, both for the King's service and the commons commodity, that it is not to be (or cannot be wanted) and by how much the more a waterman is near to his Majesty, to the Queen's Majesty, to the Princess Highness, to the nobility, the gentry, and the best of the commonalty of this kingdom, and sometimes of foreign nations, so much the more ought watermen to behave themselves honestly, and soberly in their calling: There are many better trades and qualities, that scarce the best of their Companies in all their life time do come so often and so near the presence of Majesty and Nobility as we do. (I write not to disparage any, nor with boasting to puff up ourselves) none comes nearer, except the barber, and long and often may he come, or the physician and chirurgeon, (which God grant they may be ever needless:) but a waterman many times hath his Sovereign by the hand, to stay him in and out the barge, where there is not

above an inch betwixt life and death, the barge being then the Royal Court: and being but a door betwixt the King and them, they are at that time gentlemen of the privy chamber, or yeomen of the guard at least.

And thus much I am bold to insert for myself, and many more of my Company that I know, that we never exacted money wrongfully, or contended with any of the King's liege people for more than they themselves would give with any reason, or gave anyone abusive or unreverend speeches if they would not go with us: for we know that men are free to buy their cloth at what drapers they please, or their stuffs at which mercers they will, what tailor they list make their garments; and what cook they like may dress their meat: and so forth, of all functions every man is free to make his choice; and so amongst watermen, men may take whom they please, because they are bound to none, he that goes with me shall have my labour, and I am in hope to have his money, he that will not go with me goes with another, and I have the more ease the while, he doth me no wrong in not going with me, and I will do him no injury for going from me; this is my resolution, and a number more of my Company, and those that are otherwise minded, I wish with all my heart that God will be pleased to

amend them, or else that the hangman may have authority to end them.

But to return to the purpose (from which I have too long digressed) the players are men that I generally love, and wish well unto and to their quality, and I do not know any of them but are my friends, and wish as much to me: and howsoever the matter falls out, whether they play or not play, I thank God, I am able to live as well as another, either with them or without them: but my love is such unto them that whereas they do play but once a day, I could be content they should play twice or thrice a day, so it were not in such places as doth undo so many thousands of poor people; for as it is, it were much better for us that they played nowhere. And seeing so trivial a cause as this would be scarce incommodious to any, and more commodious to us than the four Terms in the year, seeing our necessities so great, and our relief harmless to any, seeing the use of us expedient, if occasions serve abroad or at home, and our unableness to set ourselves to sea, by reason of our want; our hope is that we shall be as much reckoned of as horses, for horses have meat, drink, and lodging, though they be but seldom ridden, and many of them have a warm footcloth, when thousand of serviceable men are like to famish and starve through want and nakedness.

As concerning our endeavours to remove the shelves and sands in the Thames (which are a great annoyance to the river, and hurtful to the city,) as his Majesty hath commanded, and the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor and the rest of his worshipful brethren, shall direct, we shall with all willingness do our duties we doubt not both to the King's Majesty's contentment, the good of the City, and the good report of ourselves.

Thus (because the truth shows best being naked) I have plainly set down how far I proceeded in my suit how it was broken off; what thanks I have for my pains. The necessity of the cause that made me go about it. The abuses I had because it took no effect, (which is the chief cause why I wrote this pamphlet to justify myself). All these things I hope the judicious understander will judge accordingly; always esteeming me a loyal lover of my Country, and my Company.

FINIS.

THE GREAT EATER
OF KENT,

OR PART OF THE ADMIRABLE TEETH
and Stomach Exploits of

Nicholas Wood, of *Harrisom*,

in the *County of Kent*, His Excessive manner
of Eating without manners in strange
and trve manner described

By IOHN TAYLOR.

LONDON,
Printed by *Eliz. All-de* for *Henry Gosson.*
1630.

THE GREAT EATER OF KENT.

RECORDS and Histories do make memorable mention of the diversity of qualities of sundry famous persons, men and women, in all the Countries and Regions of the world, how some are remembered for their Piety and Pity; some for Justice; some for Severity, for Learning, Wisdom, Temperance, Constancy, Patience, with all the virtues Divine, and moral: Some again, have purchased a memory for greatness and tallness of body; some for dwarfish smallness; some for beautiful outsides, fair feature and composition of limbs and stature, many have gotten an earthly perpetuity for cruelty and murder, as *Nero*, *Commodus*, and others: for Lechery, as *Heliogabalus:* for drunkenness, *Tiberius*, *(alias Biberius:)* for effeminacy, as *Sardanapalus:* for gluttony, *Aulus Vitellius*, who at one supper was served with two thousand sorts of fishes, and seven thousand fowls, as *Suetonius* writes in his ninth book, and *Josephus* in his fifth book of the Jews wars. *Caligula* was famous for ambition, for he would be

ador'd as a God, though he liv'd like a Devil, poisoning his Uncle, and deflowering all his Sisters: And in all ages and countries, time hath still produc'd particular persons, men and women, either for their virtues or their vices, to be remembered, that by meditating on the good, we may be imitating their goodness, and by viewing the bad, we might be eschewing their vices.

To descend lower to more familiar examples, I have known a great man very expert on the Jew-harp; a rich heir excellent at Noddy,[1] a Justice of the Peace skilful at Quoits; a Merchants wife a quick gamester at Irish[2] (especially when she came to bearing of men) that she would seldom miss entering. Monsieur *La Ferr* a Frenchman, was the first inventor of the admirable Game of Double-hand, Hot-cockles, and *Gregory Dawson* an Englishman, devised the unmatchable mystery of Blind-man's-buff. Some have the agility to ride Post, some the facility to run Post; some the dexterity to write Post, and some the ability to speak, Post. For I have heard a fellow make a Hackney of his tongue, and in a moment he hath gallop'd a lie from *China* to *London*, without bridle or saddle. Others do speak Post, in a thick shuffling kind of ambling trot, and that in such speed, that one of them shall talk

[1]NODDY, an old game at cards, conjectured to be the same as cribbage.

[2]IRISH, similar to backgammon.

more in one quarter of an hour, than shall be understood in seven years. And as every one hath particular qualities to themselves, and dissonant from others, so are the manners of lives (or livings) of all men and women various one from another; as some get their living by their tongues, as Interpreters, Lawyers, Orators, and Flatterers; some by tails, as Maquerellaes,* Concubines, Curtezans, or in plain English, Whores; some by their feet, as Dancers, Lackeys, Footmen, and Weavers, and Knights of the public or common order of the fork; some by their brains, as Politicians, Monopolists, Projectmongers, Suit-joggers, and Star-gazers; some (like the *Salamander)* live by fire, as the whole race of *Tubal Cain*, the *Vulcanean* brood of Blacksmiths, Firemen, Colliers, Gunners, Gun-founders, and all sorts of metal-men; some like the *Chameleon*, by the air, and such are Poets, Trumpeters, Cornets, Recorders, Pipers, Bagpipers; and some by smoke, as Tobacconists, Knights of the Vapour, Gentlemen of the Whiff, Esquires of the Pipe, Gallants in *fumo*; some live by the Water as Herrings do, such are Brewers, Vintners, Dyers, Mariners, Fishermen, and Scullers; and many like moles live by the Earth, as griping Usurers, racking Landlords, toiling Ploughmen, moiling Labourers, painful Gardeners, and others.

Amongst all these before mentioned, and many more which I could recite, this subject of my pen is

*MAQUERELLAES.—*i.e.*, bawds, procuresses.

not (for his quality) inferior to any: and as near as I can, I will stretch my wit upon the Tenters, to describe his name and character, his worthy acts shall be related after *in due time duly.*

And, be it known unto all men, to whom these presents shall come, that I *John Taylor*, Waterman of Saint *Saviours* in Southwark, in the County of Surrey, the Writer hereof, &c., will write plain truth, bare and thread-bare, and almost stark-naked-truth, of the descriptions, and remarkable, memorable actions of *Nicholas Wood*, of the Parish of *Harrisom*[1] in the County of Kent, Yeoman, for these considerations following.

First, I were to blame to write more than truth, because that which is known to be true, is enough.

Secondly, that which is only true, is too much.

Thirdly, the truth will hardly be believed, being so much beyond mans reason to conceive.

Fourthly, I shall run the hazard to be accounted a great liar, in writing the truth.

Lastly, I will not lie, on purpose to make all those liars that esteem me so.

Yet by your leave, Master Critic, you must give me license to flourish my phrases, to embellish my lines, to adorn my Oratory, to embroider my speeches, to interlace my words, to draw out my sayings, and to bumbast the whole suit of the

[1] HARISOM,—*i.e.* Harrietsham.

business for the time of your wearing. For though truth appeareth best bare in matters of Justice, yet in this I hold it decent to attire her with such poor rags as I have, instead of robes.

First then; the place of his birth, and names of his parents are to me a mere *Terra incognita*, as far from my knowledge, as content from a Usurer, or honesty from a Bawd, but if he be no Christian, the matter is not much, he will serve well enough for a man of Kent; and if his education had been as his feeding, it is evident he had been of most mighty breeding; he hath gotten a foul name, but I know not if it came to him by Baptism, for it is partly a *Nick*-name, which in the total is *Nicholas*, I would abate him but a Saint, and call him *Nicholas Shambles*, and were the goodness of his purse answerable to the greatness of his appetite, out of all question, no man below the Moon would be a better customer to a shambles than he, for though he be chaste of his body, yet his mind is only upon flesh, he is the only Tugmutton, or Muttonmonger betwixt *Dover* and *Dunbar*: for he hath eaten a whole sheep of sixteen shillings price, raw at one meal (pardon me) I think he left the skin, the wool, the horns, and bones: but what talk I of a sheep, when it is apparently known, that he hath at one repast, and with one dish, feasted his carcase with all manner of meats? All men will confess that a hog

will eat any thing, either fish, flesh, fowl, root, herb, or excrement, and this same noble *Nick Nicholas*, or *Nicholas Nick*, hath made an end of a hog all at once, as if it had been but a rabbit sucker, and presently after, for fruit to recreate his palate, he hath swallowed three pecks of damsons, thus (Philosophically) by way of a chemical infusion, as a hog will eat all things that are to be eaten, so he in eating the hog, did in a manner of extraction distil all manner of meats through the limbeck of his paunch.

But hold a little, I would be loath to cloy my Reader with too much meat and fruit at once, so that after your sheep, hog and damsons, I think it best to suffer you to pause and pick your teeth (if you have any) whilst I spend a few words more in paraphrasing upon his surname. *Wood* is his appellation, denomination, or how you please to term it.

Some of the ancient Philosophers have compared men to a Tree with the bottom upwards, whose root is the brain, the arms, hands, fingers, legs, feet and toes, are the limbs and branches, the comparison is very significant, many trees do bring forth good fruit, so do some few men ; some stately trees grow high and fair, yet stand for nothing but shades, and some men grow high and lofty, yet are nothing but shadows; Some trees are so malignant,

that nothing can prosper under the compass of their branches; and some men are so unlucky, that very few can thrive in their service. And as of one part of a tree a chair of State may be made, and of another a carved image, and of a third a stool of office; So men, being compounded and composed all of one mould and metal, are different and disconsonant in estates, conditions, and qualities. Too many (like the barren Fig-tree) bear leaves of Hypocrisy, but no fruits of Integrity, who serve only for a flourish in this life, and a flame in that hereafter.

So much for that: now to return to my theme of *Wood*, (indeed this last digression may make my Reader think that I could not see wood for trees) what Wood he is, I know not, but by his face he should be Maple, or Crabtree, and by his stomach, sure he is heart of *Oak;* some say he is a *Meddler*, but by his stature, he seems like a low short *Pine*, and certain I am, that he is *Popular*, a well timbered piece, or a store-house for belly timber.

Now Gentlemen, as I have walked you amongst the Trees, and through the Wood, I pray sit down, and take a taste or two more of this banquet.

What say you to the leaf or fleck of a brawn new killed, to be of weight eight pound, and to be eaten hot out of the boars belly raw? much

good do you Gallants, was it not a glorious dish? and presently after (instead of suckets, twelve raw puddings. I speak not one word of drink all this while, for indeed he is no drunkard, he abhors that swinish vice: Alehouses, nor Tapsters cannot nick this *Nick* with froth, curtal cans, tragical black-pots, and double-dealing bumbasted jugs, could never cheat him, for one pint of beer or ale is enough to wash down a hog, or water a sheep with him.

Two loins of mutton, and one loin of veal were but as three sprats to him: Once at Sir *Warham Saint Ledgers* house, and at Sir *William Sydleyes* he shewed himself so valiant of teeth, and stomach, that he ate as much as would well have served and sufficed thirty men, so that his belly was like to turn bankrupt and break, but that the serving-men turned him to the fire, and anointed his paunch with grease and butter, to make it stretch and hold; and afterwards being laid in bed, he slept eight hours, and fasted all the while: which when the Knight understood, he commanded him to be laid in the stocks, and there to endure as long time as he had lain bedrid with eating.

Pompey the Great, *Alexander* the Great, *Tamberlane* the Great, *Charlemagne* or *Charles* the Great, *Arthur* the Great: all these gat the title of Great, for conquering Kingdoms, and killing of men; and surely *eating* is not a greater sin than

rapine, theft, manslaughter and murder. Therefore this noble *Eatalian* doth well deserve the title of *Great*: wherefore I instile him *Nicholas* the Great (Eater:) And as these forenamed Greats have overthrown and wasted Countries, and hosts of men, with the help of their Soldiers and followers; so hath our *Nick* the Great, (in his own person) without the help or aid of any man, overcome, conquered, and devoured in one week, as much as would have sufficed a reasonable and sufficient Army in a day, for he hath at one meal made an assault upon seven dozen of good rabbits at the Lord *Wottons* in *Kent*, which in the total is four-score, which number would well have sufficed a hundred, three-score, and eight hungry soldiers, allowing to each of them half a rabbit.

Bell, the famous Idol of the *Babylonians*, was a mere impostor, a juggling toy, and a cheating bauble, in comparison of this *Nicholaitan Kentish Tenterbelly*, the high and mighty Duke *All-paunch*, was but a fiction to him. *Milo* the *Crotonian* could hardly be his equal: and *Woolner* of *Windsor*[1] was not worthy to be his footman. A quarter of fat lamb, and threescore eggs have been but an easy collation, and three well larded pudding-pies he

[1]Woolner of Windsor.—The Life and Pranks of Long Meg of Westminster, chap. vii, contains an account of "How she used Woolner the singing man of Windsor, that was the great eater, and how she made him pay for his breakfast."

hath at one time put to foil, eighteen yards of black puddings (*London* measure) have suddenly been imprisoned in his souse-tub. A duck raw with guts, feathers, and all (except the bill and the long feathers of the wings) hath swam in the whirlpool or pond of his maw, and he told me, that three-score pound of cherries was but a kind of washing meat, and that there was no tack in them, for he had tried it at one time. But one *John Dale* was too hard for him at a place called *Lennam*, for the said *Dale* had laid a wager that he would fill *Woods* belly, with good wholesome victuals for two shillings, and a gentleman that laid the contrary, did wager, that as soon as noble *Nick* had eaten out *Dales* two shillings, that he should presently enter combat with a worthy Knight, called Sir *Loin of Beef*, and overthrow him; in conclusion, *Dale* bought six pots of potent, high and mighty ale, and twelve new penny white loaves, which he sopped in the said ale, the powerful fume whereof conquered the conqueror, robbed him of his reason, bereft him of his wit, violently took away his stomach, intoxicated his *Pia Mater*, and entered the sconce of his *Pericranium*, blind folded him with sleep; setting a *nap* of nine hours for manacles upon his *thread-bare eyelids*, to the preservation of the roast beef, and the unexpected winning of the wager.

This invincible *Ale*, victoriously vanquished the vanquisher, and over our Great Triumpher, was Triumphant: but there are precedents enough of as potent men as our *Nicholas*, that have subdued Kings and Kingdoms, and yet they themselves have been captured and conquered by drink; we need recite no more examples but the Great *Alexander*, and *Holofernes*, their ambition was boundless, and so is the stomach of my pens subject, for all the four Elements cannot cloy him, fish from the deepest ocean, or purest river, fairest pond, foulest ditch, or dirtiest puddle, he hath a receipt for fowl of all sorts, from the *Wren* to the *Eagle*, from the *titmouse* to the *ostrich* or *cassowary*, his paunch is either a coop or a roost for them: he hath (within himself) a stall for the ox, a room for the cow, a sty for the hog, a park for the deer, a warren for conies, a store-house for fruit, a dairy for milk, cream, curds, whey, butter-milk, and cheese: his mouth is a mill of perpetual motion, for let the wind or the water rise or fall, yet his teeth will ever be grinding; his guts are the rendezvous or meeting place or burse for the beasts of the fields, the fowls of the air, and fishes of the sea; and though they be never so wild or disagreeing in Nature, one to another, yet he binds or grinds them to the peace, in such manner, that they never fall at odds again. His eating of a sheep, a hog,

and a duck raw, doth shew that he is free from the sin of niceness or curiosity in his diet. (It had been happy for the poor, if their stomachs had been of that constitution, when sea coals were so dear here.) Besides, he never troubles a larder, or cupboard to lay cold meat in, nor doth he keep any cats or traps in his house to destroy vermin, he takes so good a course, that he lays or shuts up all safe within himself; in brief, give him meat, and he ne'er stands upon the cookery; he cares not for the peacock of *Samos*, the woodcock of *Phrygia*, the cranes of *Malta*, the pheasants of *England*, the *capercailzie*, the *heathcock*, and *ptarmigan* of *Scotland*, the goat of *Wales*, the salmon, and usquebaugh of *Ireland*, the sausage of *Bolognia*, the skink of *Westphalia*, the Spanish *potatoe*, he holds as a bauble, and the *Italian fig* he esteems as poison.

He is an Englishman, and English diet will serve his turn. If the *Norfolk Dumpling*, and the *Devonshire white-pot*, be at variance, he will atone them, the *bag-puddings* of *Gloucester* shire, the *black-puddings* of *Worcester* shire, the *pan-puddings* of *Shropshire*, the *white puddings* of *Somersetshire*, the *hasty puddings* of *Hampshire*, and the *pudding-pies* of any shire, all is one to him, nothing comes amiss, a contented mind is worth all, and let any thing come in the shape of fodder, or eating stuff, it is welcome, whether it be *sausage*, or *custard*, or

egg-pie, or *cheese-cake*, or *flawn*, or *fool*, or *froise*, or *tansy*, or *pancake*, or *fritter*, or *flapjack*, or *posset*, *galley-mawfrey*, *mackeroon*, *kickshaw*, or *tantablin*, he is no pulling meacock, nor in all his life time the queasyness of his stomach needed any saucy spur or switch of sour *verjuice* or acute *vinegar*, his appetite is no straggler, nor is it ever to seek, for he keeps it close prisoner, and like a courteous kind jailor, he is very tender over it, not suffering it to want any thing if he can by any means procure it : indeed it was never known to be so far out of reparations, that it needed the assistance of *caudle*, *aleberry*, *julep*, *cullis*, *gruel*, or *stew'd-broth*, only a mess of plain frugal country *pottage* was always sufficient for him, though it were but a *washing-bowl full*, of the quantity of two pecks, which pottenger of his, I my self saw at the sign of the white *Lion* at a village called *Harrisom*, in *Kent*, the Hostess of which house did affirm, that he did at once wash down that bowl full of pottage, with nine penny loaves of bread, and three jugs of beer.

Indeed, in my presence (after he had broken his fast) having (as he said) eaten one pottle of milk, one pottle of pottage, with bread, butter, and cheese : I then sent for him, to the aforesaid Inn, and after some accommodated salutations, I asked him if he could eat anything ? He gave me thanks, and said, if he had known, that any gentleman would have

invited him, that he would have spared his breakfast at home, (and with that he told me as aforesaid, what he had eaten) yet nevertheless (to do me a courtesy) he would shew me some small cast of his office, for he had one hole or corner in the profundity of his store-house, into which he would stow or bestow any thing that the house would afford, at his peril and my cost. Whereupon I summoned my Hostess with three knocks upon the table, two stamps on the floor with my fist and foot, at which she made her personal appearance with a low curtsy, and inquisitive What lack ye? I presently laid the authority of a bold guest upon her, commanding that all the victuals in the house should be laid on the table. She said, she was but slenderly provided, by reason goodman *Wood* was there, but what she had, or could do, we should presently have: so the cloth was displayed, the salt was advanc'd, six penny wheaten loaves were mounted two stories high like a rampier, three sixpenny veal pies, wall'd stifly about, and well victual'd within, were presented to the hazard of the *Scalado*, one pound of sweet butter (being all fat and no bones) was in a cold sweat at this mighty preparation, one good dish of thornback, white as Alabaster or the snow upon the *Scithian* mountains, and in the rear came up an inch thick shiver of a peck household loaf; all which provision were presently, in the space of an hour utterly con-

founded, and brought to nothing, by the mere and only valourous dexterity of our unmatchable grand Gormand. He courageously pass'd the pikes, and I cleared the shot, but the house yielded no more, so that my guest arose unsatisfied, and myself discontented in being thrifty and saving my money against my will.

I did there offer him twenty shillings to bring him up to me to my house on the Bankside, and there I would have given him as much good meat, as he would eat in ten days, one after another, and five shillings a day every day, and at the ten days end, twenty shillings more, to bring him down again. I did also offer ten shillings to one *Jeremy Robinson* a glover (a man very inward with him) to attend and keep him company, and two shillings sixpence the day, with good diet and lodging : all which were once accepted, until *Wood* began to ruminate and examine what service he was to do, for these large allowances. Now my plot was to have him to the Bear-garden, and there before a house full of people, he should have eaten a wheel-barrow full of tripes, and the next day, as many puddings as should reach over the Thames (at a place which I would measure betwixt *London* and *Richmond*) the third day, I would have allowed him a fat calf, or sheep of twenty shlllings price, and the fourth day he should have had thirty sheeps gathers,* thus from

*Sheeps Gathers—*i.e.*, the pluck.

day to day he should have had wages and diet with variety; but he fearing that which his merits would amount unto, brake off the match, saying, that perhaps when his Grace, (I guess who he meant) should hear of one that ate so much, and could work so little, he doubted there would come a command to hang him: whereupon our hopeful Beargarden business was shivered, and shattered in pieces.

Indeed he made a doubt of his expected performance in his quality, by reason of his being grown in years, so that if his stomach should fail him publicly, and lay his reputation in the mire, it might have been a disparagement to him for ever, and especially in Kent, where he hath long been famous, he would be loth to be defamed; but as weak as he was, he said, that he could make a shift to destroy a fat wether of a pound* in two hours, provided that it were tenderly boiled, for he hath lost all his teeth (except one) in eating a quarter of mutton, (bones and all) at *Ashford* in the County aforesaid, yet is he very quick and nimble in his feeding, and will rid more eating work away in two hours, than ten of the hungriest carters in the parish where he dwells. He is surely noble (for his great stomach) and virtuous, chiefly for his patience in putting *up much*; moreover he is *thrifty* or *frugal*,

*A POUND—*i.e.*, twenty shillings.

for when he can get no better meat, he will eat ox livers, or a mess of warm ale-grains from a brew-house. He is provident and studious where to get more provision as soon as all is spent, and yet he is bountiful or prodigal in spending all he hath at once: he is profitable in keeping bread and meat from mould and maggots, and saving the charge of salt, for his appetite will not wait and attend the poudering*; his courtesy is manifest, for he had rather have one *Farewell* than twenty goodbyes: of all things, he hold fasting to be a most superstitious branch of Popery, he is a main enemy to Emberweeks, he hates Lent worse than a butcher or a Puritan, and the name of Good-Friday affrights him like a bulbeggar; a long Grace before meat, strikes him into a quotidian ague; in a word, he could wish that Christmas would dwell with us all the year, or that every day were metamorphosed into Shrove-Tuesdays; in brief, he is a magazine, a store-house, a receptacle, a burse, or exchange, a babel or confusion for all creatures.

He is no gamester, neither at dice, or cards, yet there is not any man within forty miles of his head, that can play with him at *Maw*, and though his pasture be ever so good, he is always like one of *Pharaohs* lean kine; he is swarty, blackish hair, hawknosed (like a parrot, or a Roman), he is wattle-

*POUDERING—To salt or spice meat.

jawed, and his eyes are sunk inward, as if he looked into the inside of his entrails, to note what customed or uncustomed goods he took in, whilst his belly (like a mainsail in a calm) hangs ruffled and wrinkled (in folds and wrathes) flat to the mast of his empty carcase, till the storm of abundance fills it, and violently drives it into the full sea of satisfaction.

LIKE as a River to the Ocean bounds,
Or as a Garden to all Britains grounds,
Or like a candle to a flaming link
Or as a single ace, unto Sife Cinque,
So short am I of what *Nick Wood* hath done,
That having ended, I have scarce begun :
For I have written but a taste in this,
To show my Readers where, and what he his.

FINIS.

The Old, Old, very Old Man, or Thomas Parr, the Son of John Parr of Winnington, in the Parish of Alberbury, in the County of Shropshiere; who was borne in the yeare 1483, *in the Raigne of King Edward the* 4th, *being Aged,* 152 *Yeares and odd Monthes, in this yeare,* 1635.

The Old, Old, Very Old Man:

OR,

The Age and long Life of *Thomas Par*, the Son of *John Parr* of *Winnington*, in the Parish of *Alberbury*; in the County of *Salopp* (or *Shropshire*) who was Borne in the Raigne of King *Edward* the 4th. being aged 152. yeares and odd Monethes.

His Manner of Life and Conversation in so long a Pilgrimage; his Marriages, and his bringing up to *London* about the end of *September* last. 1635.

Whereunto is Added a Postscript, showing the many remarkable Accidents that hapned in the Life of this *Old Man.*

Written by IOHN TAYLOR.

LONDON,
Printed for *Henry Goffon*, at his Shop on *London Bridge*, neere to the Gate.
1635

TO

THE HIGH AND MIGHTY PRINCE,

CHARLES, By the Grace of God,
King of great Britain, France, and
Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c.

OF Subjects (my dread Liege) 'tis manifest,
You have the old'st, the greatest, and the least:
That for an Old,[1] *a Great,*[2] *and Little man,*[3]
No kingdom (sure) compare with Britain *can;*
One, for his extraordinary stature,
Guards well your gates, and by instinct of Nature
(As he is strong), is Loyal, True, and Just,
Fit, and most able, for his Charge and Trust.
The other's small and well composed feature
Deserves the Title of a Pretty Creature:
And doth (or may) retain as good a mind
As Greater men, and be as well inclined.
He may be great in spirit, though small in sight,
Whilst all his best of service, is Delight.
The Old'st, your Subject is; but for my use,

[1]Old Parr. [2]William Evans. [3]Sir Jeffery Hudson.

I make him here, the Subject of my Muse:
And as his Aged Person gain'd the grace,
That where his Sovereign was, to be in place,
And kiss your Royal Hand; I humbly crave,
His Lives Description may Acceptance have.
And as your Majesty hath oft before
Look'd on my Poems; Pray read this one more.

Your Majesties
most
Humble Subject
and
Servant,
JOHN TAYLOR.

THE OCCASION OF this Old Man's being brought out *of Shropshire to* LONDON.

AS it is impossible for the Sun to be without light, or fire to have no heat; so is it undeniable that true Honour is as inseparably addicted to Virtue, as the Steel to the Load-stone; and without great violence neither the one or the other can be sundered. Which manifestly appears, in the conveying out of the Country, of this poor ancient Man; Monument I may say, and almost Miracle of Nature.

For the Right Honorable, *Thomas* Earl of *Arundel* and *Surrey*, Earl Marshal of *England*, &c. being lately in *Shropshire* to visit some Lands and Manors which his Lordship holds in that County, or, for some other occasions of Importance, which caused his Lordship to be there. The Report of this Aged Man was certified to his Honour; who hearing of so remarkable a Piece of Antiquity, his Lordship was pleased to see him, and in his Innated Noble and Christian Piety, he took him into his

charitable tuition and protection ; Commanding that a Litter and two Horses (for the more easy carriage of a man so enfeebled and worn with Age) to be provided for him ; Also, that a Daughter-in-Law of his (named *Lucy*) should likewise attend him, and have a Horse for her own riding with him ; And (to cheer up the Old Man, and make him merry) there was an Antique-fac'd-fellow, called *Jack* or *John the Fool*, with a high and mighty no Beard, that had also a Horse for his carriage. These all were to be brought out of the Country to *London*, by easy Journeys ; the Charges being allowed by his Lordship, and likewise one of his Honours own Servants, named *Bryan Kelly*, to ride on horseback with them, and to attend and defray all manner of Reckonings and Expenses; all which was done accordingly, as followeth.

Winnington is a Hamlet in the Parish of *Alberbury*, near a place called the *Welsh Pool*, eight miles from *Shrewsbury*, from whence he was carried to *Wim*, a Town of the Earls aforesaid ; and the next day to *Shefnall* (a Manor House of his Lordship) where they likewise staid one night ; from *Shefnall* they came to *Wolverhampton*, and the next day to *Brimicham*,* from thence to *Coventry;* and although Master *Kelly* had much to do to keep the people off that pressed upon him in all places where he

*Birmingham.

came, yet at *Coventry* he was most oppressed: for they came in such multitudes to see the Old Man, that those that defended him, were almost quite tired and spent, and the aged man in danger to have been stifled; and in a word, the rabble were so unruly that *Bryan* was in doubt he should bring his charge no further; (so greedy are the vulgar to hearken to, or gaze after novelties.) The trouble being over, the next day they passed to *Daventry*, to Stony *Stratford*, to *Redburn*, and so to *London*, where he is well entertain'd and accommodated with all things, having all the aforesaid attendants, at the sole charge and cost of his lordship.

One remarkable passage of the Old Man's policy must not be omitted or forgotten, which is thus.

His three leases of 63. years being expired, he took his last lease of his landlord (one Master *John Porter*) for his life, with which lease, he hath lived more than 50 years (as is further hereafter declared;) but this Old Man would (for his wife's sake) renew his lease for years, which his landlord would not consent unto; wherefore old *Parr*, (having been long blind) sitting in his chair by the fire, his wife look'd out of the window, and perceiv'd Master *Edward Porter*, the son of his landlord, to come towards their house, which she told her husband, saying, Husband, our young landlord is coming hither: Is he so, said old *Parr;* I prithee wife

lay a pin on the ground near my foot, or at my right toe; which, she did; and when young Master *Porter* (yet forty years old) was come into the house, after salutations between them, the Old Man said, Wife, is not that a Pin which lies at my foot? Truly husband, quoth she, it is a pin indeed, so she took up the Pin, and Master *Porter* was half in a maze that the Old Man had recovered his sight again; but it was quickly found to be a witty conceit, thereby to have them to suppose him to be more lively than he was, because he hop'd to have his lease renew'd for his wife's sake, as aforesaid.

He hath had two children by his first wife, a son and a daughter, the boys name was *John*, and lived but ten weeks; the girl was named *Joan*, and she lived but three weeks. So that it appears he hath out-lived the most part of the people that are living near there, three times over.

THE VERY OLD MAN:

OR,

The Life of *Thomas Parr.*

AN Old man's twice a child (the proverb says)
And many old men ne'er saw half his days
Of whom I write; for he at first had life,
When *York* and *Lancasters* Domestic strife
In her own blood had factious *England* drench'd,
Until sweet Peace those civil flames had quench'd.
When as fourth *Edwards* reign to end drew nigh,
John Parr (a man that liv'd by Husbandry)
Begot this *Thomas Parr*, and born was He
The year of fourteen hundred eighty three.
And as his Fathers Living and his Trade,
Was Plough, and Cart, Scythe, Sickle, Bill, and Spade;
The Harrow, Mattock, Flail, Rake, Fork, and Goad,
And Whip, and how to load, and to Unload;

Old *Tom* hath shew'd himself the Son of *John*,
And from his Fathers function hath not gone.
Yet I have read of as mean Pedigrees,
That have attain'd to Noble dignities :
Agathocles, a Potters Son, and yet
The Kingdom of *Sicily* he did get.
Great *Tamberlane*, a Scythian Shepherd was,
Yet (in his time) all Princes did surpass.
First *Ptolomy* (the King of *Egypts* land)
A poor mans Son of *Alexanders* Band.
Dioclesian, Emperor, was a Scriveners Son,
And *Probus* from a Gard'ner th'Empire won.
Pertinax was a Bondmans Son, and wan
The Empire; So did *Valentinian*,
Who was the off-spring of a Rope-maker,
And *Maximinus* of a Mule-driver.
And if I on the truth do righly glance,
Hugh Capet was a Butcher, King of France.
By this I have digressed, I have expressed
Promotion comes not from the East or West.
So much for that, now to my Theme again :
This *Thomas Parr* hath liv'd th'expired reign
Of ten great Kings and Queens, th'eleventh now sways
The Sceptre, (blest by th'ancient of all days)
He hath surviv'd the *Edwards*, fourth and fifth ;
And the third *Richard*, who made many a shift
To place the Crown on his Ambitious head ;

The seventh and eight brave *Henries* both are dead,
Sixth *Edward*, *Mary*, *Philip*, *Elizabeth*,
And blest remembred *James*, all these by death
Have changed life, and almost 'leven years since
The happy reign of *Charles* our gracious Prince,
Tom Parr hath liv'd, as by Record appears
Nine months, one hundred fifty, and two years.
Amongst the learn'd, 'tis held in general
That every seventh year's climaterical,
And dang'rous to mans life, and that they be
Most perilous at th'Age of sixty three,
Which is, nine climactericals; but this Man
Of whom I write, (since first his life began)
Hath liv'd of climactericals such plenty,
That he hath almost out-lived two and twenty.
For by Records, and true Certificate,
From *Shropshire* late, Relations doth relate,
That He liv'd 17 years with *John* his Father,
And 18 with a Master, which I gather
To be full thirty five; his Sires decease
Left him four years Possession of a Lease;
Which past, *Lewis Porter* Gentleman, did then
For twenty one years grant his Lease agen:
That Lease expir'd, the Son of *Lewis* called *John*,
Let him the like Lease, and that time being gone,
Then *Hugh*, the Son of *John*, (last nam'd before)
For one and twenty years sold one lease more.
And lastly, he hath held from *John*, *Hugh's* Son,

A lease for's life these fifty years, out-run :
And till old *Thomas Parr*, to Earth again
Return, the last lease must his own remain.
Thus having shew'd th'extention of his Age,
I'll shew some Actions of his Pilgrimage.
A tedious time a Bachelor he tarried,
Full eighty years of age before he married :
His continence, to question I'll not call,
Mans frailty's weak, and oft doth slip and fall.
No doubt but he in four score years might find
In *Salop's* County, females fair and kind :
But what have I to do with that ; let pass,
At th' age aforesaid he first married was
To *Jane*, *John Taylor's* daughter ; and 'tis said,
That she (before he had her) was a maid.
With her he liv'd years three times ten and two,
And then she died, (as all good wives will do.)
She dead, he ten years did a widower stay ;
Then once more ventured in the wedlock way :
And in affection to his first wife *Jane*,
He took another of that name again ;
(With whom he now doth live) she was a widow
To one nam'd *Anthony* (and surnam'd *Adda)*
She was (as by report it doth appear)
Of *Gilsells* Parish, in *Mongom'ry-shire*,
The Daughter of *John Lloyd* (corruptly *Flood)*
Of ancient house, and gentle *Cambrian* Blood.
But hold, I had forgot, in's first wife's time,
He frailly, foully, fell into a Crime,

Which richer, poorer, older men, and younger,
More base, more noble, weaker men, and stronger
Have fallen into.
The *Cytherean*, or the *Paphæan* game,
That thundering *Jupiter* did oft inflame ;
Most cruel cut-throat *Mars* laid by his Arms,
And was a slave to Loves enchanting charms,
And many a Pagan god, and semi-god,
The common road of lustful love hath trod :
For from the Emperor to the russet clown,
All states, each sex, from cottage to the Crown,
Have in all Ages since the first Creation,
Been foiled, and overthrown with Loves temptation :
So was old *Thomas*, for he chanc'd to spy
A Beauty, and Love entered at his eye,
Whose pow'rful motion drew on sweet consent,
Consent drew Action, Action drew Content,
But when the period of those joys were passed,
Those sweet delights were sourly sauc'd at last.
The flesh retains, what in the Bone is bred,
And one Colts tooth was then in old *Toms* head,
It may be he was gull'd as some have been,
And suffered punishment for others sin ;
For pleasures like a Trap, a grin, or snare,
Or (like a painted harlot) seems most fair ;
But when she goes away, and takes her leave,
No ugly Beast so foul a shape can have.
Fair *Katherine Milton*, was this Beauty bright,

(Fair like an Angel, but in weight too light)
Whose fervent feature did inflame so far
The Ardent fervour of old *Thomas Parr*,
That for Laws satisfaction, 'twas thought meet,
He should be purg'd, by standing in a Sheet,
Which aged (He) one hundred and five year,
In *Alberbury's* Parish Church did wear.
Should All that so offend, such Penance do,
Oh, what a price would Linen rise unto,
All would be turn'd to sheets, our shirts and smocks
Our Table linen, very Porters Frocks
Would hardly 'scape trans-forming, but all's one,
He suffered, and his Punishment is done.
But to proceed, more serious in relation,
He is a Wonder, worthy Admiration,
He's (in these times fill'd with Iniquity)
No *Antiquary*, but *Antiquity;*
For his Longevity's of such extent,
That he's a living mortal Monument.
And as high Towers, (that seem the sky to shoulder)
By eating time, consume away, and moulder,
Until at last in piece meal they do fall;
Till they are buried in their Ruins All:
So this Old Man, his limbs their strength have left,
His teeth all gone, (but one) his sight bereft,
His sinews shrunk, his blood most chill and cold,
Small solace, Imperfections manifold:
Yet still his sp'rits possess his mortal Trunk;

Nor are his senses in his ruins shrunk,
But that his Hearing's quick, his stomach good,
He'll feed well, sleep well, well digest his food.
He will speak heartily, laugh, and be merry;
Drink Ale, and now and then a cup a Sherry;
Loves Company, and Understanding talk,
And (on both sides held up) will sometimes walk.
And though old Age his face with wrinkles fill,
He hath been handsome, and is comely still,
Well fac'd; and though his Beard not oft corrected,
Yet neat it grows, not like a Beard neglected;
From head to heel, his body hath all over,
A Quick-set, Thick-set nat'ral hairy cover.
And thus (as my dull weak Invention can)
I have Anatomiz'd this poor Old Man.
Though Age be incident to most transgressing,
Yet Time well spent, makes Age to be a blessing.
And if our studies would but deign to look,
And seriously to ponder Natures Book,
We there may read, that Man, the noblest Creature,
By riot and excess doth murder Nature.
This man ne'er fed on dear compounded dishes,
Of Metamorphos'd beasts, fruits, fowls, and fishes,
The earth, the air, the boundless Ocean
Were never rak'd nor forag'd for this Man;
Nor ever did Physician to (his cost)
Send purging Physic through his guts in post;
In all his life time he was never known,

That drinking others healths, he lost his own ;
The *Dutch*, the *French*, the *Greek*, and *Spanish* Grape,
Upon his reason never made a rape ;
For *Ryot*, is for *Troy*, an anagram ;
And *Ryot*, wasted *Troy*, with sword and flame :
And surely that which will a kingdom spill,
Hath much more power one silly man to kill,
Whilst sensuality the palate pleases,
The body's filled with surfeits, and diseases ;
By riot (more than war) men slaughtered be,
From which confusion this old man is free.
He once was catched in the venereal sin,
And (being punished) did experience win,
That careful fear his Conscience so did strike,
He never would again attempt the like.
Which to our understandings may express
Mens days are shortened through lasciviousness,
And that a competent contenting diet
Makes men live long, and soundly sleep in quiet.
Mistake me not, I speak not to debar
Good fare of all sorts ; for all Creatures are
Made for mans use, and may by Man be us'd,
Not by voracious Gluttony abus'd.
For he that dares to scandal or deprave
Good house-keeping ; Oh hang up such a knave,
Rather commend (what is not to be found)
Than injure that which makes the world renowned.

Bounty hath got a spice of *Lethargy*,
And liberal noble *Hospitality*
Lies in consumption, almost pin'd to death,
And *Charity* benum'd, near out of Breath.
May *Englands* few good house-keepers be blest
With endless glory, and eternal Rest;
And may their goods, lands, and their happy seed
With heav'ns blest blessings multiply and breed.
'Tis madness to build high with stone and lime,
Great houses, that may seem the clouds to climb,
With spacious halls, large galleries, brave rooms
Fit to receive a King, Peers, Squires, and grooms
Amongst which rooms, the devil hath put a witch in,
And made a small *Tobacco-box* the Kitchen;
For *Covetousness* the Mint of Mischief is,
And *Christian Bounty* the Highway to Bliss.
To wear a farm in shoe-strings edged with gold,
And spangled Garters worth a Copy hold:
A hose and doublet; which a Lordship cost,
A gaudy cloak (three Manors price almost)
A Beaver, Band, and Feather for the head,
(Priz'd at the Churches tythe, the poor mans bread)
For which the Wearers are fear'd, and abhorr'd
Like *Jeroboams* golden *Calves* ador'd.

This double, treble aged man, I wot,
Knows and remembers when these things were not;
Good wholesome labour was his exercise,
Down with the Lamb, and with the Lark would rise,

In mire and toiling sweat he spent the day,
And (to his team) he whistled time away :
The *Cock* his night-*Clock*, and till day was done,
His Watch, and chief *Sun-Dial*, was the *Sun*.
He was of old *Pythagoras* opinion,
That green cheese was most wholesome (with an onion)
Course Meslin[1] bread, and for his daily swig,
Milk, Butter-milk, and Water, Whey, and Whig ;
Sometimes Metheglin[2], and by fortune happy,
He sometimes sipp'd a Cup of Ale most nappy,
Cider, or Perry, when he did repair
T'a Whitsun Ale, Wake, Wedding, or a Fair,
Or when in Christmas time he was a Guest
At his good Land-lords house amongst the rest :
Else he had little leisure time to waste,
Or (at the alehouse) huff-cap Ale to taste.
Nor did he ever hunt a Tavern Fox,
Ne'er knew a Coach, Tobacco, or the Pox ;
His physic was good butter, which the soil
Of *Salop* yields, more sweet than *Candy* oil,
And Garlick he esteemed above the rate
Of *Venice-Treacle*, or best *Mithridate*.
He entertained no *Gout*, no *Ache* he felt,
The air was good and temperate where he dwelt,
Whilst *Mavisses*, and sweet tongued *Nightingales*

[1]MESLIN, a mixture of different sorts of grain.

[2]METHEGLIN, a beverage made of honey and water.

Did chant him Roundelays, and Madrigals.
Thus living within bounds within bounds of Natures
Laws,
Of his long lasting life may be some cause.
For though th' Almighty all mans days do measure,
And doth dispose of life and death at pleasure,
Yet Nature being wrong'd, mans days and date
May be abridg'd, and God may tolerate.
But had the Father of this *Thomas Parr*,
His Grandfather, and his Great grandfather,
Had their lives threads so long a length been spun,
They (by succession) might from Sire to Son
Have been unwritten Chronicles, and by
Tradition shew Times mutability.
Then *Parr* might say he heard his Father well,
Say that his Grand-fire heard his Father tell
The death of famous *Edward* the confessor,
(Harold) and *William* Conq'ror his successor;
How his Son *Robert* wan *Jerusalem*,
O'er-came the *Saracens*, and Conquer'd them:
How *Rufus* reign'd, and's Brother *Henry* next,
And how usurping *Stev'n* this kingdom vext:
How *Maud* the Empress (the first *Henries* daughter)
To gain her Right fill'd *England* full of slaughter:
Of second *Henry's Rosamond* the fair,
Of *Richard Cœur-de-lion*, his brave heir
King *John*, and of the foul suspicion
Of *Arthurs* death, *Johns* elder Brothers Son.

Of the third *Henry's* long reign (sixty years)
The Barons wars, the loss of wrangling *Peers*,
How *Long-shanks* did the *Scots* and *French* convince,
Tam'd *Wales*, and made his hapless son their Prince.
How second *Edward* was *Carnarvon* call'd,
Beaten by *Scots*, and by his Queen inthrall'd.
How the third *Edward*, fifty years did reign,
And t'honor'd Garters Order did ordain.
Next how the second *Richard* liv'd and died,
And how fourth *Henries* faction did divide
The Realm with civil (most uncivil) war
'Twixt long contending *York* and *Lancaster*.
How the fifth *Henry* swayed, and how his son
Sixth *Henry* a sad Pilgrimage did run.
Then of fourth *Edward*, and fair Mistress *Shore*,
King *Edwards* Concubine Lord *Hastings* (———)
Then how fifth *Edward* murdered with a trick
Of the third *Richard*; and then how that *Dick*
Was by seventh *Henries* slain at *Bosworth* field;
How he and's son th'eighth *Henry*, here did wield
The Sceptre; how sixth *Edward* sway'd,
How *Mary* rul'd, and how that royal maid
Elizabeth did Govern (best of Dames)
And *Phœnix*-like expir'd, and how just *James*
(Another Phœnix) from her Ashes claims
The right of *Britain's* Sceptre, as his own,
But (changing for a better) left the Crown

Where now 'tis, with King *Charles*, and may it be
With him, and his most blest posterity
Till time shall end ; be they on Earth renown'd,
And after with Eternity be crown'd.
Thus had *Parr* had good breeding, (without reading)
He from his sire, and Grand sires sire proceeding,
By word of mouth might tell most famous things
Done in the reigns of all those Queens and Kings.
But he in Husbandry hath been brought up,
And ne'er did taste the *Heliconian* cup,
He ne'er knew History, nor in mind did keep
Ought, but the price of corn, hay, kine, or sheep.
Day found him work, and night allowed him rest.
Nor did Affairs of State his brain molest.
His high'st Ambition was, A tree to lop,
Or at the furthest to a May-poles top,
His Recreation, and his Mirths discourse
Hath been the *Piper*, and the *hobby-horse.*
And in this simple sort, he hath with pain,
From Childhood liv'd to be a Child again.
'Tis strange, a man that is in years so grown
Should not be rich; but to the world 'tis known,
That he that's born in any Land, or Nation,
Under a Twelve-pence Planet's Denomination,
(By working of that Planets influence)
Shall never live to be worth thirteen pence.

Whereby (although his Learning cannot show it)
He's rich enough to be (like me) a Poet.
But ere I do conclude, I will relate
Of reverend Age's Honourable state;
Where shall a young man good Instructions have,
But from the Ancient, from Experience grave?
Rehoboam, (Son and Heir to *Solomon)*
Rejecting ancient Counsel, was undone
Almost; for ten of the twelve tribes fell
To *Jeroboam* King of *Israel.*
And all wise Princes, and great Potentates
Select and chose Old men, as Magistrates,
Whose Wisdom, and whose reverend Aspect,
Knows how and when to punish or protect.
The Patriarchs long lives before the Flood,
Were given them (as 'tis righly understood)
To store and multiply by procreations,
That people should inhabit and breed Nations.
That th'Ancients their Prosperities might show
The secrets deep of Nature, how to know
To scale the sky with learned *Astronomy*,
And found the *Oceans* deep profundity;
But chiefly how to serve, and to obey
God, who did make them out of slime and clay;
Should men live now, as long as they did then,
The Earth could not sustain the Breed of Men.
Each man had many wives, which Bigamy,

Was such increase to their Posterity,
That one old man might see before he died,
That his own only off-spring had supplied
And Peopled Kingdoms.
But now so brittle's the estate of man,
That (in Comparison) his life's a span.
Yet since the Flood it may be proved plain,
That many did a longer life retain,
Than him I write of; for *Arphaxad* liv'd
Four hundred thirty eight, *Shelah* surviv'd
Four hundred thirty three years, *Eber* more,
For he liv'd twice two hundred sixty four.
Two hundred years *Terah* was alive,
And *Abr'ham* liv'd one hundred seventy five.
Before *Job's* Troubles, holy writ relates,
His sons and daughters were at marriage states,
And after his restoring, 'tis most clear,
That he surviv'd one hundred forty year.
John Buttadeus (if report be true)
Is his name that is styl'd, *The Wandering Jew*,
'Tis said, he saw our Saviour die; and how
He was a man then, and is living now;
Whereof Relations you (that will) may read;
But pardon me, 'tis no part of my Creed.
Upon a *Germans* Age, 'tis written thus,
That one *Johannes de Temporibus*
Was Armour-bearer to brave *Charlemagne*,
And that unto the age he did attain

Of years three hundred sixty one, and then
Old *John of Times* return'd to Earth agen.
And noble *Nestor*, at the siege of *Troy*,
Had liv'd three hundred years both Man and boy.
Sir *Walter Raleigh* (a most learned Knight)
Doth of an *Irish* Countess, *Desmond*, write
Of seven score years of Age, he with her spake :
The Lord Saint *Albanes* doth more mention make
That she was Married in Fourth *Edwards* reign,
Thrice shed her Teeth, which three time came again.
The *Highland Scots* and the *Wild Irish* are
Long liv'd with Labour hard, and temperate fare.
Amongst the Barbarous *Indians* some live strong
And lusty, near two hundred winters long ?
So as I said before, my verse now says
By wronging Nature, men cut off their days.
Therefore (as Times are) He I now write on,
The age of all in *Britain* hath out gone ;
All those that were alive when he had Birth,
Are turn'd again unto their mother earth,
If any of them live, and do reply,
I will be sorry, and confess, I lie.
For had he been a *Merchant*, then perhaps,
Storms, Thunderclaps, or fear of Afterclaps,
Sands, Rocks, or Roving Pirates, Gusts and storms
Had made him (long ere this) the food of worms.
Had he a *Mercer* or a *Silk-man* been,

And trusted much in hope great gain to win,
And late and early strived to get or save,
His Grey head long ere now had been i'th Grave.
Or had he been a *Judge* or *Magistrate*,
Or of Great Counsel in Affairs of state
Then days important business, and nights cares
Had long ere this, Interr'd his hoary hairs :
But as I writ before, no care opprest him,
Nor ever did Affairs of State molest him.
Some may object, that they will not believe
His Age to be so much, for none can give
Account thereof, Time being past so far,
And at his Birth there was no Register.
The Register was ninety seven years since
Giv'n by th'eight *Henry* (that Illustrious Prince)
Th'year fifteen hundred forty wanting twain)
And in the thirtieth year of that Kings reign ;
So old *Parr* now, was almost an old man,
Near sixty ere the Register began.
I have writ as much as Reason can require,
How Times did pass, how Leases did expire ;
And Gentlemen o'th County did Relate
T'our gracious King by their Certificate
His age, and how time with grey hairs hath crowned
him ;
And so I leave him older than I found him.

THE changes of Manners, the variations of Customs, the mutability of Times, the shiftings of Fashions, the alterations of Religions, the diversities of Sects, and the intermixture of Accidents which hath happened since the Birth of this old *Thomas Parr*, in this Kingdom; although all of them are not to be held worthy of mentioning, yet many of them are worthy to be had in memory.

In the sixth year of his Age, and in the second year of the reign of King *Henry* the seventh, one *Lambert Symnel*, (the Son of a Baker) claimed the Crown, and was crowned King of *Ireland*, and Proclaimed King of *England* in the City of *Dublin:* This Paltry fellow did put the King to much cost and trouble, for he landed with an Army at *Fowdrey* in *Lancashire*, and at a place called *Stoke*, the King met him, and after a sharp and short battle, overcame and took him, and pardoning him his Life, gave him a Turn-broaches[1] place in the Kitchen, and afterwards made him one of his Falconers. *Anno.* 1487.

In the tenth year of his Age, and the eighth of *Henry* the seventh another Youngster, whose name was *Perkin Warbeck* (as some write, a Tinkers Son in *Tournay)* some say his Father was a Jew; not-

[1]BROACH.—*i.e.*, a spit.

withstanding, he likewise put the King to much charge and trouble, for he was assisted with soldiers from *Scotland* and *France;* besides, many joined with him in *England*, till at the last, the King took him, and (on his true Confession, pardon'd him) he falling again to his old Practice, was executed at *Tyburn*, 1499.

The same year also, a Shoemakers Son, dwelling in *Bishopsgate-street*, likewise claimed the Crown, under the name of *Edward*, Earl of *Warwick*, the Son of *George*, Duke of *Clarence*, Brother to King *Edward* the fourth; but this young Shoemaker ended his claim in a halter at *Saint Thomas a Waterings*;* which was a warning for him, not to surpass *Ne Sutor Ultra Crepidam.*

Another Counterfeit, the Son of a Miller claimed the Crown, (in the second year of Queen *Mary's* reign) saying that he was King *Edward* the sixth; but the tenth of *May* 1552, those Royal Opinions were whip'd out of him for a while, till he fell to his old claim again, and purchas'd a hanging the thirteenth of *March* following. So much for Impostures and Counterfeits.

For Religion, he hath known the Times of divers Sects and Changes, as the Romish Catholic Religion from his Birth, till the 24 year of King

*THOMAS-A-WATERINGS.—A place of execution for the county of Surrey, situated close to the second mile-stone on the Old Kent-road.

Henry the eight, the time of 50 years; And the 26 of his reign (the King's understanding being Illuminated from above) he cast the Pope's authority out of this Kingdom, 1534, and restored the Ancient and Primitive Religion, which continued under the Title of *Protestants*, till the end of his Son, King *Edward* the sixth his reign, which was near about 20 years, then was a bloody alteration, or return to Papistry for more than 5 years, all the reign of Queen *Mary*; since whose death, the Protestant Religion again was happily restored, continued and maintained by the Defenders of the True, Ancient, Catholic, and Apostolic Faith, these 66 years and more, under the blessed Governments of Queen *Elizabeth*, King *James*, and King *Charles*. All which time, *Thomas Parr* hath not been troubled in mind for either the building or throwing down of Abbeys, and Religious Houses; nor did he ever murmur at the manner of Prayers, let them be Latin or English, he held it safest to be of the Religion of the King or Queen that were in being; for he knew that he came raw into the world, and accounted it no point of wisdom to be broiled out of it: His name was never questioned for affirming or denying the Kings Supremacy: He hath known the time when men were so mad as to kneel down and pray before a Block, a Stock, a Stone, a Picture, or a Relic of a He or She Saint departed; and he liv'd in a time

when mad men would not bow their knee at the name of *Jesus;* that are more afraid to see a white Surplice, than to wear a white Sheet; that despise the Cross (in anything but money) that hold Latin to be the language of the beast, and hate it deadly because the Pope speaks it; that would patch up a Religion with untemper'd Morter, out of their own Brains, not grounded upon the true Corner-stone; who are furnish'd with a lazy idle *Faith;* that holds good works a main Point of Popery; that hold their Religion truest, because it is contrary to all Order and Discipline, both of Church and Commonwealth: These are sprung up since old *Tom Parr* was born.

But he hath out-lived many Sectaries and Heretics; for in the 32 year of the reign of King *Henry* the eighth, 1540. the 3. of *May*, three Anabaptists were burnt in the High-way, between *Southwark* and *Newington.* In the fourth year of King *Edward* the sixth, one *George of Paris*, a Dutchman, was burned in *Smithfield*, for being an Arian Heretic, 1551. 1583, One *John Lewis* denied the Godhead of Christ, was burnt at *Norwich*, in the 26 year of *Elizabeth.* Not long before that, there was one *Joan Butcher* (Alias) *Joan* of *Kent*, burnt for the like.

In the third year of Queen *Elizabeth's* reign, one *William Geffrey* affirmed one *John Moore* to be

Christ, but they were both whipped out of that presumptuous Opinion, 1561.

In the 17 of Queen *Elizabeth*, the Sect of the Family of Love began 1575, but it took no deep root.

In the 21 of Queen *Elizabeth*, one *Matthew Harmont* was burned at *Norwich* for denying Christ to be our Saviour.

In the 33 of Queen *Elizabeth*, one *William Hacket* was hanged for professing himself to be Christ, 1591.

In the 9 year of king *James*, the 11 of *April*, 1611, one *Edward Wightman* was burned at *Litchfield* for Arianism.

So much have I written concerning Sects and Heresies which have been in this Kingdom in his time, now I treat of some other Passages.

He hath out-lived six great Plagues. He was born long before we had much use of Printing: for it was brought into this Kingdom 1472. and it was long after ere it was in use.

He was above 80 years old before any Guns were made in *England*, 1535.

The Vintners sold no Sacks, Muscadels, Malmseys, Bastards, Allegants, nor any other Wines but White and Claret, till the 33 year of King *Henry* the eight 1543, and then was Old *Parr* 60 years of age: all those sweet Wines were sold till that time

at the Apothecaries for no other use, but for Medicines.

There was no Starch used in *England.* A *Flanders* woman, one Mistress *Dinghen Vandein Plasse* brought in the use of Starch, 1564: and then was this man near 80 years old.

There were no Bands worn till King *Henry* the eights time; for he was the first King that ever wore a Band in *England*, 1513.

Women's Masques, Busks, Muffs, Fans, Periwigs, and Bodkins, were invented by *Italian* Courtezans, and transported through *France* into *England*, in the ninth of Queen *Elizabeth.*

Tobacco was first brought into *England* by Sir *John Hawkins*, 1565, but it was first brought into use by Sir *Walter Raleigh* many years after.

He was 81 years old before there was any Coach in *England:* for the first that ever was seen here, was brought out of the *Netherlands*, by one *William Boonen* a *Dutch-man*, who gave a coach to Queen *Elizabeth*, (for she had been seven years a Queen before she had any Coach) since when, they have increased (with a mischief) and ruined all the best House-keeping, to the undoing of the Watermen, by the multitudes of Hackney or hired Coaches: but they never swarmed so thick to pester the streets, as they do now, till the year, 1605,* and

*During the hearing of the case of the Mid-London Railway Company before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, April, 1872, some

then was the Gun-powder Treason hatched, and at that time did the coaches breed and multiply.

He hath out-lived the Fashion at least 40 times over and over.

He hath known many Changes of Scarcity (or Dearth) and Plenty: but I speak only of the Plenty.

In the year 1499, the 15 of *Henry* 7, Wheat was sold for 4*s.* the quarter, or 6*d.* the bushel, and Bay salt at 4*d.* and Wine at 40 shillings the tun, (which is about three farthings the quart.)

curious details were elicited relative to the street traffic of London. Mr. W. Casey, a traffic taker, gave evidence that on the 28th of March last, in Cheapside, from 8 a.m. to 12 midnight, 9,032 vehicles passed a given point, and 80,257 passengers on foot or in omnibuses and private carriages. At the Post-office end of Newgate-street the number of vehicles was 9,322, and of passengers 64,212. The traffic was taken at twelve stations on or near the line of the proposed railway. In Oxford-street, near Tottenham-court-road, the number of vehicles was 8,803, and of passengers 62,110. In the same thoroughfare, near Regent-circus, the number of vehicles was 9,361, and of passengers 68,872. The witness stated that it had been ascertained that 853 omnibuses passed along Oxford-street in each direction, east and west, daily. The proportions of vehicles of various kinds, and of passengers and their modes of conveyance, varied considerably at the different points of observation. For the sixteen hours from 8 a.m. to 12 p.m. the numbers in Cheapside, near Old Jewry, were:—Omnibuses, 2,604; cabs, 3,477; four-wheeled waggons, 1,438; two-wheeled carts, 1,104; private carriages, four wheels, 326; private carriages, two wheels, 83. Passengers on foot, 54,677; in omnibuses, 21,247; in cabs, 3,307; in private carriages, 1,022; equestrians, 4. Mr. Haywood, engineer to the Commissioners of Sewers, gave evidence as to the street improvements that had been effected in the city of London during the last 25 years, amounting to more than 150 in number. He spoke also to the density of the population of different parts of London, and of the districts that would be accommodated by the proposed railway. St. Luke's contained a population of 159,909 to the square mile. The whole population of the City proper was 74,000. In the observations of street traffic, made under direction, he had found that on different days in February last there passed in 12 hours a point in Oxford-street, between Tottenham-court-road and Regent-street, 8,236 carriages; near Great Turnstile, 10,560 carriages; at the Mansion House, east of the junction with Queen Victoria-street, 13,660 carriages. In Newgate-street 33,000 foot passengers passed a given point in 12 hours; and in the Poultry, before Queen Victoria-street was opened, the foot passengers numbered 75,100 in 12 hours.

In the first of Queen *Mary*, Beer was sold for sixpence the Barrel, (the Cask and all) and three great loaves for one penny.

In the year 1557, the fifth of Queen *Mary*, the Penny Wheaten Loaf was in weight, 56 ounces, and many places people would change a Bushel of Corn for a Pound of Candles.

So much shall suffice for the declaring of some Changes and Alterations that have happened in his time.

Now for a Memorial of his Name, I'll give a little touch. I will not search for the Antiquity of the name of *Parr*, but I find it to be an Honorable name in the 12 year of King *Edward* the fourth, the King sent Sir *William Parr* Knight, to seize upon the Archbishop of *Yorks* Goods, at a place called the *Moor*, in *Hartfordshire*, 1472 : this Sir *William Parr* was Knight of the Right Honourable Order of the Garter.

In the 22 of *Edward* the fourth, the same Sir *William Parr* went with an Army towards *Scotland*, with *Richard* Duke of *Gloster*.

In the year 1543, the 35 year of King *Henry* the eight, *July* 22, the King was married to Lady *Katharine Parr;* and the 24 of *December*. following, the Queen's Brother, *William* Lord *Parr*, was created Earl of *Essex*, and Sir *William Parr* their Uncle was made Lord *Parr* of *Horton*, and Cham-

berlain to the Queen, and the first of King *Edward* the sixth, *William Parr*, Earl of *Essex* was created Marques of *Northampton;* and in the 4 year of King *Edwards* reign 1550, the said Marques was made Lord Great Chamberlain of *England*, and on the last of *April*, 1552, he (amongst other Lords) Mustered 100 brave well appointed Horsemen of his own charge before King *Edward* in the Park at *Greenwich* (his Cognisance or Crest being the *Maidenhead*) in the first of Queen *Mary* he took part with the Lady *Jane* against the Queen, for which he was taken and committed to the Tower, *July* 26, and (contrary to expectation) released again shortly after, *March* 24.

Also the first of Queen *Elizabeth*, *William Parr*, Marquess of *Northampton* sat in *Westminster* Hall, Lord High Steward, upon a Trial of *William* Lord *Wentworth*, (who had been late Lord Deputy of *Calais;* which noble Lord *Wentworth*, came off most Honourably acquitted, *April* 22.

After the death of King H*enry* the eighth, Queen *Katherine Parr* was married to Sir *Thomas Seymour*, Lord High Admiral, and she died the 2 of *September*, 1548.

And thus I lay down the Pen, leaving it to whomsoever can, or will make more of this *Old Man*, than I have

DONE.

Part of this Summers Travels.

Or News

From *Hell*, *Hull*, and *Halifax*,
from *York*, *Linne*, *Leicester*,
Chester, *Coventry*, *Lichfield*,
Nottingham, and the
Divells Ars a *Peake*.

With many pleasant passages,
worthy your observation
and reading.

By *John Taylor*.

Imprinted by *I. O.*

A few words of direction to the Reader.

I HAVE not written every place in that order, as is set down in the title of this pamphlet, but of such places as I travelled unto, I have truly related the passages, and the time, both when, where, why, and how I went, came and performed it. If any man ask wherefore this book is good, or how it may be any way useful, I answer that it is four ways commodious: First, it is profitable, for it will direct a man the high-ways of crossing divers countries from place to place, which no other book shows, as from *Leicester* to *Lynn* in *Norfolk*, from *Lynn* to *Kingston* upon *Hull* in *Yorkshire*, from *Hull* to *York*, thence to *Halifax*, to *Chester*, *Derby*, *Nottingham*, *Coventry*, *Lichfield*, and *the Devils Arse a Peak:* all these ways are herein described;

secondly, there are some monuments of antiquity are mentioned, which greater authors have omitted; thirdly, there are some passages of delightful mirth and recreation. And lastly all is true, or else you have the authors leave to travel as he hath done, and do your best and worst to prove him a liar.

Passages and Entertainments from *London* to *Leicester*, with some observations of the said Town and Shire.

UPON Saint Swithins *day, I noted well,*
The wind was calm, nor any rain then fell,
Which fair day (as old saws saith) doth portend,
That heav'n to earth, will plenteous harvest send,
The morrow being July's *sixteenth day,*
In my progression I began my way.
I need not to relate the towns that lie
Just in my way, (as I rode through or by)
Only at Mims, *a cockney boasting bragger*
In mirth, did ask the women for Belswagger,
But straight the females, like the furies fell,
Did curse, scold, rail, cast dirt, and stones pell mell,
But we betook us nimbly to our spurs,
And left them calling us rogues, knaves, and curs,

With other pretty names, which I discerned
They from their old fore-mothers well had learn'd.
The reason why they are with rage inflam'd,
When as they hear Belswagger *nam'd,*
Is (as report doth say) there dwelt a squire,
Who was so full of love, (or lusts desire)
That with his fair tongue, hypocritic-hood,
(By slanderous people 'twas misunderstood)
The women were so fruitful, that they were
All got with child, in compass of one year,
And that squires name, they say, Belswagger *was,*
And from that tale, the lying jeer doth pass,
Wherefore the women there will chide and swagger,
If any man do ask them for Belswagger.
Thence passed I on my journey unto Hockley,
Where as I saw a drunkard like a block lie,
There I alighted at the sanguine Lion,
Where I had meat, drink, and a bed to lie on,
The next day I rode stately to Northampton,
And all the way my horse most proudly stamped on,
On Thursday, trotting, galloping and ambling,
To Leicester *I proceeded in my rambling:*
There, at the Blue Boar *I was welcome than*
Unto my brother Miles, *a downright man,*
Plain dealing, free from flattery, fraud or fear,
Who hath lived long with reputation there,
He's old and honest, valiant, courteous, free:
(I write not this for making much of me)

But they that doubts on't, let them go and try,
And if he be a changling, say I lie.
That house King Richard *lodged in, his last night,*
Before he did the field of Bosworth *fight,*
And there's a room, a King to entertain,
The like is not in Leicester *town again,*
The Assizes then were there, some causes tried,
And law did there the corpse and souls divide,
Of two offenders, one had with a knife
Stabbed his contracted love, and revealed her life,
T'other, a wench that had stolen some poor raiment,
And fired the house, deserved the hangmans payment.
King Lear *a temple did to* Janus *rear,*
And placed a flamine *in't, there doth appear*
The arched ovens four yards thick at least,
Wherein the heathen sacrifices drest;
Like as the Jews in their idolatry,
Offered their sons and daughters impiously,
To Moloch, Nisroch, Ashtaroth, *and* Baal:
And to those devilish gods adore and fall,
So people here, when war or peace they sought;
They offerings unto Janus *temple brought;*
This was eight hundred forty and four year
Before our Saviour's birth, built by King Lear,
Long after Ethelred *(the* Mercian *king)*
A happy and a Christian change did bring,
The temple raz'd the flamine *he defac'd,*
And there a Christian bishops see he placed,

Which last but few years, for then this land
Was seven-fold yoked, beneath 7 kings command,
And those Kings still were in perpetual wars
That England was quite spoiled with endless jars,
And in those Garboiles Leister *had her share,*
Spoiled, rifled, ransacked, robbed, and left most bare,
Till Ethelred, *with great magnificence,*
Repaired and walled it strongly for defence.
Then did it flourish long in wealth and state,
Till second Henry *it did ruinate:*
He in out-ragious fury fired the town,
Diswalled it quite, and cast the castle down,
So nothing but some ruins doth appear,
Whereby men may perceive that such things were.
Thus Leister *fell, from state superlative,*
Her fifty churches all consumed to five.
Yet it is fair and spacious at this day,
And East, West, North and South 'tis every way
Above a mile in length, so that no doubt,
The town's in circuit six large miles about.
Henry *first Duke of* Lancaster *in war,*
In peace, or bounty a bright blazing star
For buildings in this city is renowned
Which as time rais'd, time did again confound.
Yet one large fabric there doth still abide,
Whereby the good Dukes name is dignified.
And that's an hospital or bead-house, where
One hundred and ten men are harbour'd there,

From perishing through want, still to defend
Those aged men until the world shall end.
Twice every day a chaplain doth repair
To them; and unto God sends praise and prayer,
And nurses are allow'd to dress their meat,
To make their beds, to wash, and keep them neat:
For which they thankful be to God alone
Who raised such means to ease the poor mans mone.
Good Henry *Earl of* Huntingdon *(renown'd)*
A free school did erect there, from the ground,
With means (though mean) for maintenance endowed
Two ushers. and one schoolmaster allowed,
They teach young lads, such rules as do belong,
To read, the English *and the* Latin *tongue,*
And when their knowledge is with hope discerned,
They in the Greek *may learn, and be more learn'd.*

But to relate something in prose of this ancient town of *Leicester*, in the time of nine weeks, which I abode there to and fro, I observed such a civil government and decency, which is not in many places to be found or equalized.

First, I noted the peace, tranquility, and unity which the people live in, under the rule and command of the Mayor and his brethren, to whose authority and power (under the King) the inhabitants do willingly obey.

Secondly, the clergy (or ministry) are learned, diligent, and painful; and both clergy and laity, are conformable to the orders and discipline of the Church of *England*, and I did not hear of any one, residing there, that is, either schismatically opinionated with dogmatical whimseys, or *Amsterdamnable* fopperies.

Thirdly, they are so charitable and careful in providing for the relief of the poor and needy, that a man must go seek where to bestow his alms, for there is not any one (that I could see) that begg'd in the whole town.

Fourthly, the streets are so well paved, and kept so clean from dunghills, filth, or soil, that in the wettest and foulest weather, a man may go all over the town in a pair of slippers, and never wet his feet.

Lastly, the people are generally so loving one to another, that the lawyers want work, and so honest that the apparitors are idle, and those few drunkards which they have, are very civil and fair condition'd.

Certain other observations.

There is a fair library, and a well founded alms-house within the town, also two gaols, two houses of correction, and for mad and frantic people.

Also it is reported, that when King *Richard* the Third went from *Leicester*, to fight the battle near *Bosworth*, that then there was a man of mean calling (some say he was a weaver, and some say a ploughwright by his trade) he had a spirit of divination or prophecy, of whom the tyrant King *Richard*, demanded some questions, what the event of that days fight might be to him, to whom the other (most bluntly) answered, *Mark my words King* Richard, *that as thou dost ride out of the town of* Leicester, *this morning thou shalt hit thy right foot against a stone, and as thou returnest thou shalt knock thy head against the same;* which proved true, for as he rode, he did strike against the corner of a wall his foot, and after he was slain in the field, he was stripped, and his body laid cross behind a man on horse-back (like a calf) and in that vile and ignominious manner, as they brought his corpse back to *Leicester*, his head did knock against the aforesaid wall or stone, which place I saw there; also I went eight miles to see *Redmore* field, where the King fell, which is a moorish kind of ground, altogether unfruitful, and the water doth seem red, which some foolish people do suppose to be the stain of King *Richards* blood; but it is only the colour of the red earth that makes the water seem so, and the ground close adjoining is very fertile for corn and pasturage, but in the lower parts it is boggy and moory: by nature, and not

either barren or bloody by any reason of the King's death.

Another observation is concerning the alteration of the measures of miles, and good sufficient pots or jugs of drink, but the further I travelled Northward, the more the miles were lengthened, and the pots shrunk and curtailed; but indeed, what the liquor wanted in measure it had in strength: the power of it being of such potency, that it would fox a dry traveller, before he had half quenched his thirst.

In this county of *Leicester*, I observed a piece of extreme justice, executed upon three geese, which was thus.

At a village called *Dadlington*, eight miles from *Leicester*, there dwells a gentlewoman a kinswoman of mine, who the last Trinity Term 1639 was at *London*, about some business in law, which much concern'd her; and in her absence, the Pinder of *Dadlington*, finding three of her geese innocently grazing upon the common, for to show the full power, force, virtue, and marrow of his office and authority, drave the geese into the pound or pindfold, and because they could procure no bail for their release, nor sureties for their true imprisonment, he put all their three necks into a horselock, which engine and neck-fetter was so straight, close, and pinching, that the geese were all strangled: Now the question is whether *Willy*, *Tilly* (the

Pinder so silly) were the cause of their deaths, or whether the geese did desperately cast away themselves: all which I humbly refer to the discretion of the jury.

But some readers may muse why I do write so much of *Leicester*, in this little book; the reason is that I lay there from the 17 of *July*, to the 20 of *August*, which was five weeks, but in the mean space, I rode to *Coventry*, and return'd in a day to *Leicester* again, of *Coventry* I have little to say, but that it is a fair, famous, sweet, and ancient city, so walled about with such strength and neatness, as no city in *England* may compare with it; in the walls (at several places) are 13 gates and posterns whereby to enter, and issue too and from the city: and on the walls are 18 strong defensible towers, which do also beautify it: in the city is a fair and delicate cross, which is for structure, beauty, and workmanship, by many men accounted unmatchable in this kingdom: although my self with some others, do suppose, that of *Abingdon* in *Berkshire* will match it, and I am sure the cross in Cheapside at *London* doth far out-pass it. I have been at this city four times, and have written of it before, and therefore at this time (my stay being so short there) I have but little to say, only this that some are of opinion, that at the first it was called *Coventry*, from the *French* word *Trey Covent*, because there were founded three

convents, for three several Orders of Friars, namely, the *Franciscan* Friars, the *Augustine* Friars, and the *Dominicans*. It matters not much who erected the said foundations and convents, but it is certain, that the renowned King *Henry* the Eighth did suppress and demolish them, whose memories now is almost quite buried in their own ruins. *Coventry* is a county of itself, it hath been grac'd and dignified much by the grants and privileges given to it by former kings, as King *Edward* the Third, and King *Henry* the Sixth; the Mayors name (at my being there, was Master *Thomas Forrest* a vintner) and Master *Thomas Phineas* sword-bearer there died at the beginning of the sessions (much about the time of my being there) he was a man of that comely bulk and corpulency, that his coffin was a full yard wide at the shoulders, and it is said, that in his life time he could have been (at one meal) the consumption of a large shoulder of mutton: but he and his good stomach being both deceased, I left *Coventry*, because it was sessions time, and returned to my rendezvous at *Leicester*.

The eleventh day of *August* I rode from *Leicester* to *Nottingham*, where I lodged at the sign of the Princes Arms; but I was well entertained at the house of the Right Worshipful Sir *Thomas Hutchinson* Knight, himself and his good lady made me welcome, and did express their bounty to me in

good cheer and money: for the which I am heartily thankful.

The town of *Nottingham* is seated on a hill, which hill is almost of one stony rock, or a soft kind of penetrable sandy stone; it hath very fair buildings, many large streets, and a spacious market place; a great number of inhabitants (especially the poorer sort) do dwell in vaults, holes, or caves, which are cut and digged out of (or within) the rock: so that if a man be destitute of a house, it is but to go to *Nottingham*, and with a mattock, a shovel, a crow of iron, a chizel, a mallet, and such instruments, he may play the *Mole*, the Coney, or the Pioneer, and work himself a hole, or a burrow, for him and his family: where, over their heads the grass and pasture grows, and beasts do feed; fair orchards and gardens and their coverings, and cows are milked upon the tops of their houses. I was much befriended by Master *Palmer* the jailor there; for he went with me, and showed me the (sometimes) strong and defencible castle, but now much ruined: yet still there are many fair and sumptuous rooms in reasonable reparation and estate. On the lofty battlements of the said castle, there is a most spacious prospect round about: for from thence I could see the most stately Castle of *Belvoyre* or *Bever* Castle, which doth (as it self) belong to the Right Honourable the Earl of *Rutland;* and nearer

hand, within three miles, I saw the ancient town of *Gotham*, famous for the seven sages (or wise men) who are fabulously reported to live there in former ages.

In the aforesaid Castle of *Nottingham*, I was showed divers strange wonderful vaults, cut or hewn out of the rock, whereof one is said to be the place where *David* King of *Scots* was detained many years in captivity; where the said King, with his own hands (without any other instrument than the nails of his fingers) did with the said tools engrave and claw out the form of our Saviour's life, death and passion; which work is there to be seen upon the walls.

Also there is another vault or passage through the rock, whereby men may descend or ascend out, or into the castle; which vault is called *Mortimers Hole*, through which hole (as report goes) the great *Roger Mortimer*, Earl of *Wigmore*, and Lord of *Wallingford*, had egress and regress to the Queen, wife to King *Edward* the Second, or the unfortunate *Edward* of *Carnarvon*.

Thus having seen as much of *Nottingham* town and castle as is related; on the twelfth of *August*, I rode to the ancient town of *Derby;* on the thirteenth of *August* I left *Derby*, with an intent to retire to *Leicester;* but after I had rode half a mile, I met with an acquaintance of mine, who was travelling towards

the *Peak* in *Derby*shire, to a town called *Wirksworth*, and from thence to *Chesterfield*, I returned with him. The country is very mountainous, and many lead mines are found thereabouts: the best and most richest is called *Dove Gany*, within a mile or little more of *Wirksworth* (corruptly called *Wortsworth*) and two miles from thence are most dangerous ways, stony, craggy with inaccessible hills and mountains: the grounds there are lawful (as they told me) for any man to dig or mine in for lead, be they of what condition soever; for the laws of mining is, that those that will adventure their labours shall have all the profits, paying the tenth part to the lord or landlord, of all the lead which they get. If it happen that they take pains, a year or two in sundry places to find a mine if their fortune be so hard to find none (as it often falls out so) they do work all that while for nothing, and find themselves as they are able, and in the end their toil and labour is all lost: but if they do hit upon a good mine that doth hold out, and yield plentifully, then they may quickly enrich themselves (if they be good husbands.) I was told of a poor thatcher that left his trade, and venturing his time and pains, he found so rich a lead mine, that he would turn a gentleman, and he kept men in liveries, living at the rate of the expence of 100 pound a week: so that he supposing that leaden, golden world would never be ended,

took no care to save any thing, but after a while, the mine failed, and he spent that little which he had left in digging for more, could find none, so that for a conclusion, he forsook the Peak, and turned thatcher again.

That part of the *Peak*, which is called the *Devils Arse*, is at or near a town named *Castleton*, or Castle Town, so styled from an ancient ruined castle on a hill, at the end of the town, it is 30 miles from *Derby*, the castle stands at the top of a hill, and under it is a cliff or riff in the said hill, which is as wide at the entrance as three barn doors, but being entered in it is enclosed again so narrow, that a man must stoop to pass further, but after that straight passage is past, there is rooms of incredible and wonderful greatness, with strange and intricate turnings, and windings, which no man can see without great store of lights, and by reason that those things are natural, and formed without any art or labour of man, and with all so dismal, horrid, dark and hideous, that place is called the *Devils Arse a Peak*, at or upon which I have (according to my promise) given three jerks with my pen, at the latter end of this book.

From thence I returned towards *Leicester*, 30 miles, on the 15 of *August*, and lodged at a market town called *Narbury*, and the next day I came all tired and weary (both man and beast to

Leicester) and on the 20 day, I took my journey 64 miles into *Norfolk*, to the famous town of *Lynn*, and three miles from thence, at a village called *Wooton*, I was there well welcomed by Master *Richard Miles*, (to whom I am and must be thankful brother in law) whose loving kindness to me was showed in such extraordinary manner, which because I cannot express, I will remain grateful with silence.

Concerning, *Lynn*, it is an excellent sea-town and strong port, it is gravely and peaceably governed by a mayor, 12 aldermen, and a recorder. It hath been honoured by divers, but chiefly by King *John* 440 years since, and by King *Henry* the Third, the first gave them a fair gilt cup, which is there to be seen, as a witness of his Royal liberality: and who so will know more of *Lynn*, let them go thither and look the records of the town, or else let them read Master *Camdens Britannia*, or the painful labours of Master *John Speed*. The truth is, mine host *noble*, was a noble host to me, at whose house, my brothers kindred and friends, gave me a friendly farewell. On Tuesday the 27 of *August*, from *Lynn* to *Boston* in *Lincolnshire* 24 miles, where I dined with the right Worshipful Sir *Anthony Thomas* Knight, from *Boston* I rode 14 miles to *Horn Castle*, where I lodg'd the 28 of *August*. But I crave pardon of the reader, for I had almost

forgotten a merry passage or two which happened in *Norfolk*, not far from *Lynn;* and thus it was.

At a place called *Priors Thorns*, near two towns, namely, *Northbury* and *Sapham*, there dwelt a man named *Friar*, who was rich in substance, but very poor and miserable in his conditions: belike he had read or heard of a play that was written 40 years since by Master *Benjamin Jonson*, the play is extant, and is called *Every Man out of his Humour*, in which play was acted and personated a miserly farmer, that had much corn in his barns, and did expect a scant or barren harvest, that through want and scarcity he might sell his corn at what dear rates he pleased, but (contrary to his wicked hopes) the harvest proved abundantly plentiful, wherefore he being in an extraordinary merry or mad vein, put himself to the charge of the buying a two penny halter, and went into his barn as secretly as he could, and putting the halter about his neck with a riding knot, he fastened the other end to a beam, and most neatly hang'd himself: But (as ill luck would have it) his man presently came into the barn, and espied his master so bravely mounted, the unlucky knave drew his knife and cut the halter, crying out for help as loud as he could, rubbing and chafing his master with all care and diligence to recover him to life again; at the last he awakened

out of his trance and fetched a deep groan, began to stare and look about him ; and taking the end of the cut halter in his hand, his first words to his man was Sirrah, who did cut this, O Master (said the fellow) it was I that did it, and I thank God that I came in good time to do it, and I pray you to take God in your mind, and never more to hazard your soul and body in such a wicked manner : to which good counsel of the poor fellow, the caitiff replied, Sirrah, If you would be meddling (like a saucy busy rogue) you might have untied it, that it might have serv'd another, time, such an unthrifty rascal as thou will never be worth such a halter, it cost me two pence, and I will abate the price of it in thy quarters wages. And when the quarter day came, he did abate the said two pence, for the which the fellow would dwell no longer with him, but went and got him another service : This was acted really and lately at the place aforesaid, in imitation of that part in the play, of *Every Man out of his Humour.*[1]

After the said *Friar* had some hogs which were like to die of the murrain, which hogs he killed and powdered,[2] and his wife, children, and family, as many as did eat of the pork, fell sick and died all : for the which the slave deserv'd a hanging, and a hangman, but he yet lives for some worse purpose.

[1] In Act iii. sc. 2.—by *Sordido.*

[2] POWDERED, *i.e.*, salted.

Concerning a pair of brewers, and a piece of justice. Another short *Norfolk* tale is not impertinent. There was one Master *Fen* a brewer at *Fensham*, and one Master *Francis Dix* a brewer at *Sapham*, this *Dix* was riding in the country amongst his customers (the innkeepers and victuallers) and he called for a pot of ale or beer as he rode by; (now that ale-house was a customer to *Fen*, as soon as *Dix* had drank, he asked who brewed that drink, to whom the hostess said, that Master *Fen* of *Fensham* brewed it; well said *Dix*, I dare lay a wager, that I will give my mare but a peck of malt, and she shall piss better drink than this; at the last these words came to *Fens* hearing, for the which disparagement, he sued *Dix*, and recovered from him twenty pound damage, besides costs, at the Assizes last at *Norwich* 1639. And now to return to the narration of my travels, from whence I have digressed, since I lodged at *Horn Castle* in *Lincolnshire.*

From thence on the 18 of *August*, I rode 30 miles to *Barton* upon *Humber*, and the next day (being Friday) I took a boat for myself, my squire, and my two palfreys, down to *Hull*, or *Kingston* upon *Hull*, the strength and situation of which town I have formerly written of :* and I had no new thing

*HULL, I HAVE FORMERLY WRITTEN OF.—See Taylor's "A Very, Merry, Wherry, Ferry Voyage, or Yorke for my Money, 1623."

there whereof to make any new relation: let it suffice, that it is absolutely accounted the strongest and most defensible town in the kingdom of *England*, and for good government inferior to none: I might speak somewhat of their good fellowship; but my book would swell big with it, therefore I will pay them with thinking and thanking of them, both my old friends and new acquaintance all in general.

The 31 of *August* I left *Hull*, and rode to *Holden*, 16 miles, and on the morrow I rode to *Cowood* Castle, to see the most Reverend Doctor *Neale*, the Lord Archbishop of *York* his Grace, whom in all humility I do acknowledge myself much bound in duty daily to pray for, and remember him with unfeigned reverend thankfulness, not only for the undeserved favours and bounty which his Grace extended towards me now, but for many other former approvements of his Graces love and liberality, when his Grace liv'd near me at *Winchester* House. At dinner with his Grace, I had the happiness to renew my acquaintance with the noble and worthy Knight Sir *Francis Wortley*, who most courteously invited and commanded me to visit him in my journey, of which more followeth.

My humble thanks remembered to the right worthy worshipful Knight Sir *Paul Neale*, with his fair and virtuous lady, as also my grateful remembrance to all my lords gentlemen and servants, to

whose loves and for whose friendships I shall ever acknowledge myself an engaged debtor.

Thus having past the Sunday with my Lords Grace, and those other before named gentlemen. On Monday the second of *September*, I took my breakfast and my leave both of *Cowood*, and rode to *York*, where I visited the worthy Knight (my old acquaintance) Sir *Arthur Ingram*, with whom I thank his worship, I dined, and also had some other token of his love and bounty, for the which I remain thankful.

Of *York* I have but little to say, though it be a great, a fair, and the second city in *England*, built 989 years before our Saviours birth, by *Ebranc* King of this land, from whom the city is called *Eboracensis*, this *Ebranc* is said to have 21 wives, by whom he had 20 sons, and 70 [*sic*] daughters: he reigned here when as King *Solomon* reigned in *Jerusalem*, he overran *France*, he builded *Alclaid*, or *Dumbritton* in *Scotland*, he founded *York*, he erected a temple there, and therein plac'd a *flamine* to *Diana;* but after (in King Lucius time) *Elutherius* pull'd down the said idolatrous wooden temple, and displac'd the *flamine*, and caused the minster to be built in that magnificent manner of free stone, placing there an Archbishop; *Severus* the *Roman* Emperor died there, and also there died the Emperor *Flavius Valerius Constantius* (which some

call *Chlorus*,) those that will know more of *York*, let them read Chronicles and larger volumes.

The Lord Mayor of *York* was (at my being there, one Sir *Roger Jaques* Knight, a gentleman of approved wisdom and government: myself did not stay three hours, and mine host Master *Corney* at the Talbot, told me all the news which I heard there, which was a fellow, that (amongst other offenders) was the first that was hang'd, and the last that was cut down, and being put into the grave or pit, with his fellows, when the earth was cast upon them, he began to stir and recover life, and was returned to the gaol is now there living, and able to report truly what hanging is. *Probatum est.*

From *York* I rode after dinner to *Tadcaster*, and so to a place called *Kidell*, where at a poor ale-house I was glad of entertainment, and had the company of a tinker who made pretty music with his *Banbury* kettle-drum, there was also with him two drovers and 35 hogs, which were to be driven on the morrow seven miles further to *Leeds* market, this good lodging and company, I passed the night with all, and on the morrow I rode to the town of *Leeds*; of which town I must say somewhat. This town is (for the bigness of it) one of the most populous towns in *England*, it hath in it above 12,000 people, and having but one church there, it was not half capable to receive so great a congrega-

tion, they were extremely thronged and dangerously crowded (especially in the heat of summer, or sultry contagious weather) that the most part of the people were enforced either to go two or three miles several ways to other village churches, or else to stay at home and want the hearing of Gods word, and the means of their salvation. The care and consideration of these grievances entered into the pious mind of one Master *John Harrison* gentleman there, (now living) so that God opened his heart, that of his own proper costs he caused a church to be built (though it have but the name of a chapel) which is so large, that it will contain 4000 people, it is so neatly compacted and framed, with exquisite art of carving and masonry, with painting, gilding, polishing, embellishing, and adorning, with a most stately roof, a fair lofty tower or steeple, a sweet ring of bells ; besides the admirable and costly joiners and carvers workmanship in the font, pulpit pews, chancel, communion-board, and all other things and ornaments for the decent adornment of such a house consecrated and dedicated to the Service of God. I do absolutely affirm, that neither the church or the founder hath any fellows to be found.

This chapel is called by the name of Saint *John Evangelist*, it hath a fair churchyard for burials, well and strongly walled about, and at the west end of the churchyard, the said gentleman hath

founded a fair alms-house, and therein placed 21 poor aged people; also he hath founded and finished a fair school house, for the instruction of youth, and a fine sweet street he hath built on both sides in a uniform and fair manner, with houses: the rents whereof are for the maintenance of the alms-houses, the school, and reparations of the church to the end of the world. And I leave this worthy founder to God for a blessing and to the world, for imitation.

From *Leeds* I went to *Wakefield*, where if the valiant *Pindar* had been living, I would have played *Don Quixot's* part and challenged him; but being it was so happy that he was dead, I passed the town in peace to *Barnsley*, and so to *Wortley*, to Sir *Francis Wortley's* ancient house. The entertainment which himself, his good lady, and his most fair and hopeful daughter gave me there, as I never did or can deserve, so I never shall be able to requite, to talk of meat, drink, money, and free welcome for horse and man, it were but a mere foolery for me to begin, because then I should run myself into a labyrinth, out of which I should hardly find the way: Therefore to his worship, my humble thanks remembered, and everlasting happiness wished both to him, and all that is his. Yet I cannot forbear to write a little of the further favour of this noble knight. Upon the fourteenth of *September* after-

noon, he took horse with me, and his lady and daughter in their coach, with some other servants on horseback; wheret hree miles we rode over rocks and cloud-kissing mountains, one of them is so high, that (in a clear day) a man may from the top thereof see both the minsters or cathedral churches, *York* and *Lincoln*, near 60 miles off us : and as it is to be supposed, *That when the Devil looked over Lincoln, as the Proverb is* (that he stood upon the mountain) or near it : Sir *Francis* brought me to a lodge, the place is called *Wharncliff*, where the keeper dwells, who is his man, and keeps all this woody, rocky, stony, vast wilderness under him, for there are many deer there, and the keeper were an ass if he would want venison, having so good a master.

Close to the said lodge, is a stone in burthen at the least 100 cart loads, the top of it is four square (by nature) and about 12 yards compass, it hath three seats in the form of chairs, made by art (as it were in the front of the rock) wherein three persons may easily sit, and have a view and goodly prospect over large woods, towns, corn-fields, fruitful and pleasant pastures, valleys, rivers, deer, neat, sheep, and all things needful for the life of man : contained in thousands of acres, and all (or the better part, belonging to that noble Knights ancestors, and himself. Behind the stone is a large inscription, engraven, where in an old character is described the

ancient memory of the *Wortley's* (the progenitors to Sir *Francis* now living) for some hundreds of years, who were lords and owners of the said lands and demains which he now holds as their right heir. About a bow shoot from thence (by the descent of many rungs of a ladder) his worship brought me to a cave or vault in the rock, wherein was a table with seats, and turf cushions round, and in a hole in the same rock, was three barrels of nappy liquor, thither the keeper brought a good red deer pie, cold roast mutton, and an excellent shoeing-horn of hanged *Martimas* beef; which cheer no man living would think such a place could afford: so after some merry passages and repast, we returned home.

On the fifth of *September*, I hired a guide, and rode to *Halifax* 16 miles, the ways were so rocky, stony, boggy and mountainous, that it was a days journey to ride so short a way. At *Halifax* I saw the fatal *Engine*, wherewith they do behead pilfering thieves, which Sir *Francis Wortley* told me was set upon this occasion following.

This town of *Halifax* hath (for time out of mind) liv'd and subsisted by the rich and laudable trade of clothing, and often times their clothes were stolen from the tenterhooks, (or tenters) whereupon the King (then reigning) upon their humble suit had privilege granted to the town for ever: That if a thief were taken either of these three ways, which is,

hand-napping, *back-bearing*, or *tongue-letting*, that is either *about to steal*, or *carrying it away*, or *confessing*, that then the party offending (after trial by a jury of townsmen) if the goods, be it cloth, cattle, or whatsoever is valuable, is judg'd to have their heads struck off with the said Engine, without any assize or sessions. Now the Engine is two high pieces of timber, an ell or yard asunder, fixed and closed on the top, with a cross piece like a gallows; in the inner sides of the two standing pieces are two gutters, and on the top (or cross piece) is a pulley through which they do put a small line or rope, and fastening it to another heavier piece of wood of 100 weight (in which they do fix the sharp-edge tool) then they do pull or hoist up the said weight, and the stolen goods is brought to the place of execution with the malefactor; now the one end of the rope is made fast to a pin or stake, which being cut, the Engine falls so ponderously and speedily, that it severs the head from the body in a moment, but there is no man will or must cut the line, but the owner of the stolen goods, which if he do, he hath all again: if he will not cut it, then he must lose all, and it is employed to some charitable uses; by which means the thief escapes; and this is *Halifax* law.

The sixth day I left *Halifax*, and rode over such ways as are past comparison or amending, for

when I went down the lofty mountain called *Blackstone Edge*, I thought myself with my boy and horses had been in the land of *Breakneck*, it was so steep and tedious, yet I recovered 12 miles to *Rochdale*, and then I found smooth way to *Manchester*, and to *Sandy* Lane end 13 miles; and to *Chester* 14 miles, which was the furthest place of my tedious travel.

For my short stay at *Chester* (which was but one day and two nights, I had good and friendly entertainment, of many Gentlemen, to whom I must rest thankful, especially to the worshipful Master Alderman *Edwards*, and to Master *Wright* and his Wife. It was my fortune to see and rejoice at the sight of the Noble, Right Honourable Earl and Knight of the Renowned Order of Saint *George*, *William* Earl of *Derby:* and although I have no relation to his Lordship or acquaintance with him, yet for the reverend respect which I do owe and bear to Nobility, it did me good to see so grave and honourable a peer.

The city of *Chester*, is of ancient erection and fame, it was the Royal Seat of Kings, and there are yet some ruins left of the memorable Palace of King *Edgar*, to which manion the said King was rowed in a barge by eight captives (or tributary kings from Saint *Johns*) on the river of *Dee*, which river there

is spoiled and impeached by a bank of stones all over it, only for the employment of a mill or two, which river other ways would be both passable and profitable to the whole country, for many miles, for the carriage of goods in boats and barks. *Chester* it self is a fair city four square, well walled, with an old ruined castle, which hath been a strong fabric, but now a gaol, the streets are spacious, the buildings sumptuous, and so contrived, that four or five men may walk in the most parts of a breast, dry from the injury of rain, or any falling weather; it is gravely and peaceably governed by a mayor and his 12 brethren, it hath four gates and three posterns, goodly churches, and chiefly painful and learned preachers. And so much for *Chester*.

Only a merry tale, of a late true business which happened there; There dwelt a bricklayer, a good workman (but a good husband) whose name was *John Tilly*, who had the good hap to spend all that he got in his lifetime, except two sons and one daughter: And being sick and in his death-bed, there came a poor neighbour to visit him, whom he desired to make or write his last Will and Testament; the poor man (having ink and paper) asked him what he should write?

Quoth honest John Tittle, *my estate is but little, but I pray thee write thus.*

MPRIMIS, I give and bequeath to my wife (for her solace and comfort) my little dog, for it is a pretty nimble active cur, and will make her some sport that may delight her, and put the grief of my death out of her sad remembrance.

Item, I give and bequeath to my eldest son John, all my working tools belonging to my trade of bricklaying, which as he may use, may be as available to him, as they have been to me, and this is the sum of my Will.

His youngest son standing by, said, father have you nothing to give me? *Yes son (quoth he) I had almost forgotten thee, but I will leave thee somewhat.*

Item, I give and bequeath to my son George seven foot of ground under the gallows.

Good father take comfort (said *George*) for my hope is that you will recover, and live to enjoy that legacy your self.

Then the daughter prayed him to give her somewhat whereby she might remember his fatherly love, *yes, quoth he, I pray write.*

Item, I give and bequeath to my only daughter a whores conditions and qualities, which as she may use them, she may live in such estate, and fame that she may be mistaken for a gentlewoman.

Lastly, I do make and ordain my neighbour here, my full Executor: and for his pains for writing my

Will, I do give him and his heiress male for ever, an old shoeing-horn.

The ninth of *September* I turned my back upon *Chester*, (almost without taking leave) and rode 15 miles to *Nantwich*, the tenth I rode to *Stone* and to *Lichfield*, 32 miles.

Of the ancient town of *Lichfield* I can say nothing (by reason of my short stay) only there is a fair and curious old cathedral church or minster.

And the town hath that privilege (as mine host told me) that they can draw and hang one another, and never trouble any other judge, assize or sessions.

The eleventh I rode to *Fazeley*, *Abersom*, *Hinckley* and *Dadlington*, eighteen miles, where all weary and almost worn out with age and travel, I rested until Saturday the fourteenth of *September*, and then rode eight miles to my brother *Miles*, at my old welcome lodging at *Leicester*.

News from *Hell*, with a short description of the *Hell* at *Westminster*.

NOT from that Hell where souls tormented lie
In endless death, and yet shall never die,
Where gnashing cold, commixed with flames still burning,
Where's entrance free, but never back returning:
Where nought but horror, fiends, and torments dwell.
I bring no news from that accursed Hell *;*
Yet mine own merits are of such low price,
To bar me from Celestial Paradise,
And sink me in that horrid Lake infernal,
But that my hope and faith is fixt supernal.
The Hell *I write of is well known to be*
A place of pleasure, and for all men free,
Where wretched Ghosts are not in torments staid,
For all the pains upon the purse is laid.
To find this Hell *you need not travel far,*
'Tis understood the high Exchequer *bar*

At Westminster, *and those who thither venter,*
Do not give Cerberus *a sop to enter,*
For Charons *fury, you need never fear it,*
(Although ten thousand do land somewhat near it)
Within this Hell *is good content and quiet,*
Good entertainment, various sorts of diet,
Tables a score at once, in sundry places,
Where hungry mouths fall to, and say short Graces,
And then (in some sort) I may parallel
This earthly Hell, with the infernal Hell.
Hot swelt'ring vapours, pots, and cauldrons boiling.
Great vehement fires, with roasting, stewing, broiling;
The cooks & scullions, all besmear'd and smook'd,
And in their masters grease well stew'd & soak'd,
And had the Devil a stomach unto it,
The cook himself is not the rawest bit,
Like as th' infernal Hell *doth entertain*
All comers, so this Hell *doth not refrain*
To give free welcome unto every one
If money fail not, there's excepted none.
This Hell *is govern'd by a worthy Duke,*
That Pluto *like, his under fiends rebuke,*
There the tormenting tapster is controll'd,
If courteously he Nick not (as he should)
He must attend at every knock and rap,
His reverend jug deck'd with a frothy cap,
He fills and empts, and empts and fills again
Like Sisyphus, *he toils, but not so vain,*

Like Danaus *daughters, taking up, and spilling,*
He's always emptying, and he's never filling.
Thither the Counsellor for comfort comes
To rince his toiling tongue, ond was his gums.
The Client having Tityus *empty maw*
(His guts tormented with the Vulture Law)
He coming to this Hell *may find relief.*
Of comfortable plum broth, and roast beef;
There, for your solace you may feed upon
Whole seas of pottage, hot as Phlegethon,
And midst those seas, by art, the cooks hath laid
Small Isles of mutton, which you may invade
With stomach, knife and spoon, or tooth and nail,
With these, the victory you cannot fail.
Therefore this earthly Hell *is easier far,*
Then were the miserable damned are,
There's no redemption from that black Abyss,
And here regress, as well as egress is,
Therefore they falsely do mistake the story
To call this Hell, *which is but* Purgatory,
For here's no Thraldom, from this place you may
Get present freedom, if the shot you pay.

Here followeth three Satyrical *Lashes* or
Jerks, given with the *pen* of
the *Author*, at or upon
the *Devil's Arse*
a Peak.

PENS, are most dangerous tools, more sharp
by odds
Than swords, and cut more keen than whips
or rods,
Therefore (most high and mighty Duke of Dis)
Commander where the lake Avernus *is,*
Great Lord of Limbo, Styx, *and* Phlegethon,
Of Tartarus, Gehenna, Acheron,
Most potent Monarch of black Erebus,
Prince of the triple-headed Cerberus,
Sole Emperor, of Darkness, *and dark works,*
Master Heretics, Infidels *and* Turks,
Arch-flamine *of hot* Tophets *smouldering flames,*
King of Cocytus, *and th' infernal streams*
Earl of Errors, and chief Dominator
Of all sins done, by earth air, land, or water,
Viscount, and Baron of large Barathrum,
Since I have lived to come so near your Bum

As is your wicked worships Arse a Peake,
Though some men think my Muse is all too weak;
I with my pen do mean to yerk and ferk ye,
And (as I promis'd) with three jerks will jerk ye.
I know that many fools will jeer and frump,
That I durst come so near the Devil's rump,
And lash with my poor pen satyrical,
This great Don Diego Diabolical:
But I would have him and his friends to know,
I jeer him not, for all his bug-bare show:
'Tis known that he, and all that him attend,
To any Poet never was a friend:
And therefore now I daring him oppose,
And jerk his hellish Majesty in Prose.

ALTHOUGH you (great master of the hot-house) *Don sel de Lucifer*, have on the earth in all places and countries many multitudes of damnable sons, friends, and servants, to oppose me and take your part, yet I being come so near your *Podex*, must jerk your breech with my *satyre pendragonly* goose quill, you know that reproof is as ill taken as correction by the ungracious. Therefore although you are so bad that you are quite past any mending, yet your graceless Majesty may be lawfully touch'd by reprehending; you have been a cheater ever since

the Creation, and in that art of Cozening, you first cheated your self of everlasting happiness, and gained thereby perpetual perdition, and ever since you have play'd *Hocus Pocus*, and with your tricks, Sleights, and juggling Legerdemain, done your best to draw all the whole race of mankind after you into your kingdom of *Cimerian Tenebrosity;* you taught our first Parents Infidelity, Pride, Disobedience and Lying, which qualities of theirs are so naturally descended to us, that (by your industrious instigation) we do continually shew (by our lives and conversations) of what house we came. By their example of believing too much in you, we are grown incredulous in things which most concerns our better and best of being, and we are so inur'd and practised in lying, (by your inspiration being the father of lies) that we are doubtful to believe one another. And yet (like the *Cretans*) with long use and custom, we do many times believe our own lies to be true.

May it please your infernal Hell-hood to take into your execrable consideration, that you were the first inventor of the most ignoble Science of Offence, you taught *Cain* the *Imbrocado*, and showed him how to murder his Brother, and from that time to this, the Art of Murdering, Killing and Cutting Throats hath been universally and perfectly learned and practised. You have been the inventer of all manner of destroying weapons, from the high degree

of the Welsh-hook, to the lower descent of the Tailor's Bodkin; and in these later times you (with the help of a Friar) have devised a burning, smouldering, most Hellish and undefencible mischief that murders men by heaps, (and with a powder) can blow whole Kingdoms into the Firmament; and for the innumerable Engines that are daily used and cast for such uses, your most high and Imperial malediction have declared yourself an excellent Artist, from the double *Cannon* to the *Elder* Gun-mines, Countermines, Petards, Granadoes, Fire-works, Wild-fire, and the Devil and all do continually seek and work the destruction of miserable mankind. You are a great traveller, and will take the pains to compass the whole earth to find just man, on purpose to do him mischief, but for a crew of common Drunkards, Rascals, Bawds and Whores, you know you need not wet your foot to seek them, they are your own already, and by your good will, you would fill Hell so full, that Heaven should have but a few.

And so let that pass for one and the first Jerk.

SECONDLY, you know that there is but one narrow way to happiness, and many ways to your *Zona Torrida, Frigida,* (for all those large ways do meet in one at the last,

and bring poor souls into your pestiferous purse net) some go by the way of *Sodom*, to find out your most damnable Mansion, some by the way of *Incest*, some by *Adultery*, some by *Fornication* (for they say you are the Master of the Honourable and Worshipful Company, and Brother-hood of the *Fornicators)* in which regard you are a great friend to Parators and Panders. You shew'd *Cham* the way how to deride his father, by which example a company of *Chammists*, have ever since practised not only to mock, scoff, and abuse their natural parents, but also to contemn, rail and revile against Kings and Princes, who are the Royal Fathers of Terrestrial Government, and further to despise, slight, and libel against the most Reverend Fathers, the Stewards and painful Dispensers of the spiritual food of Eternity; you directed *Corah* and his Complices the high road-way to murmer; *Ahithophel* to give wicked counsel, and *Absalom* to rebel and usurp; you shewed *Joab* the way to treachery, *Achan* to steal, *Jobs* wife to abuse her husband, from whom the most part of women (like apt scholars) are very expert in that kind of miserable mystery. You put *Gehazi* into the high-way of taking a bribe, and it is too well known what a wicked number of followers he hath had of all degrees, from the Sceptre to the swain, from the black gown to the buckrum bag. You directed *Nabal* (who Anagrammatized

or read backward is *Laban*) to be as churlish as a hog, from whom miserable *Dives* hath perfectly learned the way to true misery, you taught *Nimrod* the way to tyrranize and enclose and encroach upon Land and Territories, which hath been the bounding, mounding, and curtailing of Commons. The raising of ambition, Pride, Voluptuousness, and such earthly virtues of accursed greatness, and to the Almighty making of Beggars. You tie fast the rich mans purse, and let loose the poor mans curse, you instructed *Pharaoh*, *Senacherib*, and *Rabshakeh* in the way of blasphemy, and from those Hellish presidents, their wickedness is daily impiously imitated, *Shimei* was one of your *Anathema* profound scholars, and from you he learned to curse the Lord's Anointed extempore: once (as I have read) you were so addicted to peace and unity that you made *Herod* and *Pilate* friends, who were hateful enemies, but afterwards your Hypocrisy was found, that it was your plot to destroy innocence; you made *Demas* to forsake the truth, and embrace the world (your wicked sister:) you have never been unprovided of a kennel of Whores, Queans, and Concubines, to tempt and draw the wisest men to folly, and for him that is most strong (in his own opinion) you have always one darling sin or other to fit his disposition, constitution,

inclination, or humour, that like a *Daliah* shall weaken him, or quite overthrow him.

And this shall suffice for the second Jerk.

THIRDLY and lastly, you know that your end draws nigh, and therefore now you rave, rage, and are more mad than ever you were, you know that after Doomsday, that you shall have no more power over Mortals, then you shall be for ever chained in your den like a dog in a kennel; and therefore now you with all double diligence, do endeavour to do your best to do your worst, and as much as in you lieth, you draw us from bad to worse, and from worse to worse. The Hypocrite (by your enticement) doth vizard all his villany, with the mask or veil of virtue; he follows the steps of *Ananias and Saphira* to a hair, he with his sour look shrouds a lofty mind. You have scattered pride into as many shapes as *Proteus*, so that a proud fashion hunter (if either money or credit will furnish him) will transform himself into as many forms as you can do; our roarers (who by your pestiferous favour are styled the damn'd crew) are so given to most unhallowed meditations, that they lie a bed almost till dinner time, to study new oaths, to vent at this Ordinary, at bowls, cock-fight-

ing, horse-race, whore-house, or any other place of gentleman-like or noble exercise, and as you have taught them to swear without fear, so they do often forswear without shame : although sometimes they hazard their ears, as they do their souls. You set bad projectors (and unprofitable) a work, as thick as crab-lice or caterpillers, and it is no doubt but you will deal so justly with them, that you will pay them their wages, and after you have set them agog (with a vengence) to do injury with a mischief. You are so skilful in Physic, that you have made too many believe that the loss of a Maiden-head is an approved and speedy medicine for the green sickness. Poets, Painters (and some few Courtiers) you have so well taught that they can flatter most artifically with pen, picture, and by word of mouth.

It is long of you that what ever the choplin and the chaplain hath, yet the thin-cheek'd chiplin hath nothing at all. I know a poor Curate that comes and goes a mile every Sunday, be it winter or summer, all manner of weathers, sometimes wet to the skin, and preaches once a week (on Sundays) for bare five pound a year, the Tithe being valued at sixty pound *per annum*, so that the miserable stipend or hireling wages, will hardly buy wood to make a fire for him when he comes home to dry him ; when he is through wet. This is your work *(Monsieur Diabola)* for it is your inspiration to put

such wrangling spirits into Impropriators, that for the not paying off a tenth pudding or a tithe egg the Law must take his course. You have brought the Schismatical Separatist to be as unconformable as your self, for (like you) they cannot bide the Cross or the sign of it (if it be not upon money) and you have made them as unmannerly as your self, for they will not move a hat, or bow a knee at the name of our Saviour, and they are wax'd as slovenly as you can make them, for they hate clean linen, and all order, neatness and decency in the church; And you have long practised a politic slight, which is, that when a Reverend Pastor is painfully, and carefully preaching to his audience, instructing them how to avoid your snares and traps; then you are so angry and impatient when you are told of your faults, and hear your damnable devices laid open, that you could afford to pull the preacher out of the pulpit by the ears, or to tear him in pieces, but that he is so happy that you have no power over him: your inveterate malice being limited, curb'd, and snaffled by an unresistable High and Omnipotent power, and he very well understands and knows in whose service he is, and whose embassage he delivers, and therefore is so valiant that he neither fears or cares a rush for you; which your imperial malevolence perceiving, you have another trick for him, which is to lull the people asleep, (of which

number many times the best of the Parish are some) by which means you do debar them of what they should hear, and in the mean time, the Preacher speaks to the bare walls. And I am persuaded that is against your will, that there is any good Preacher living, and seeing they do live (in despite of you) and that by their care and industry they do now and then violently pluck a soul from you, in revenge thereof you chiefly seek their confusion, either by war, slander, or starving them through want of means. Yet this much may be spoken as one of your good parts, which is, that you were never known to be drunk, and though you never walk uprightly, yet you never stumbled, you were never so fox'd but you knew the way home (and the truth is, you are so bold, that you would make every place your home) the Court, the City, the Country, the Palace, the Castle, the Cottage, and the Church and all, you are so audacious either to enter them by force, or else to insinuate and sneak into them by craft and subtilty. And though you are no drunkard, yet you do love the whole Rabble of them so well, that you are unwilling to lose one of them all, but my hope is better. For if they leave it, and mend their manners as they should do, the Devil the one of them you are like to have. You have the art to make great Scholar to learn Retrograde, for if a man be never so good a Grammarian, and hath *Greek*

and *Latin* as perfect as *Homer* or *Virgil*, yet (if he be married) you do too often teach his wife the way to read him backward, like an *Hebrician*, and though he be never so well skill'd in learned Volumes, and the Seven liberal arts, yet she puts him again into his *Horn-book*. You have so much Devotion in you, that you do assist those Brethren that do pray zealously, that they may be disobedient with a safe Conscience, and you make them so stout and valiant that some of them are more able to do more service in a white sheet then the honestest man in the whole shire can do. You know that the Projector would be an honest man if he did not keep company with himself, therefore you might do somewhat to be talked of, if you would separate him. It is a scurvy fashion of your devising, that wise men in russet, must reverence and stand bare to silken fools; but to conclude, you have gotten such a freedom that you have a finger in all trades, and an oar in every mans boat, nor was there ever any bad thought, word or deed, imagined, spoken, or committed since the Creation, but you were at the middle and both ends of it: and I do remember that I have read how once you bragged, boasted and promised to give all the Kingdoms of the world to be worshipped, and afterwards you were in that poor roguish case, that you were fain to ask leave to take possession of a silly hog. In which manner

of vain-glorious ostentation, bragging and boasting, the most part of men are expert, and to promise much, and to perform nothing is, so easy a lesson of your teaching, that many great men are more ready and perfect in it than in their *Pater noster*. And now you Grand Master of mischief, you may truss up your hose, for at this time my pen is worn blunt, my inkhorn dry and my self weary with jerking, where correction is in pain, and no possibility of no amendment.

Thus after the expense of much money, and ten weeks time, having riden 645 miles (of sundry measures and sizes) all weary and almost money-less, I returned to *London* on Friday the twentieth of September, 1639.

FINIS.

THE

VVhole Life and Progresse of

Henry Walker the Ironmonger.

First, The manner of his Conversation.

Secondly, The several offences, and scandalous Pamphlets the said Walker *hath writ, and for which he is now a prisoner in New-Gate.*

Thirdly, The forme of the Inditement which is laid against him, by the Kings Sergeants at Law, and his learned Counsell.

Fourthly, His Conviction by the Iury.

Fiftly, His Recantation, and sorrow for the publicke wrong he hath done his Majesty and the whole Kingdome.

Here are also many remarkable passages concerning the offence, and apprehending the said *Henry Walker*, with a true Relation of his several escapes and rescues from the hands of Justice; &c.

Collected and Written by Iohn Taylor.

Printed at *London* 1642.

WALKER'S RECANTATION,

TOGETHER WITH

HIS LIFE AND CONVERSATION.

IT is too much apparent to this whole land or kingdom (which our Gracious Sovereign is the Lord's Anointed over) what, and how many, and numberless pamphlets, seditious and scandalous libels, impudent over-bold, impertinent and saucy petitions, to the great discontent of his Majesty, the abuse of the High Court of Parliament, and disorder or cause of the too much confusion throughout all his Majesties Dominions have been dispersed.

The chief or main stickler in this cause hath been this *Henry Walker* of whom I intend to treat in these ensuing lines; and first to begin with his beginning (as far as I know.) The truth is, he was an apprentice to one Mr. *Holland* an ironmonger in Newgate Market; his time being expired (I know not how or when) he did set up that trade in divers places of this city of London; but his trade and he

fell at odds one with the other, so that there was a breach betwixt them, and being there was no reconciliation they parted, and never mean to come together again. Then he having left selling grid-irons and gads*, with a gadding brain, walk'd and found out a softer occupation, and setting up a booksellers shop, fell to bookselling, he not having any Word of God in his said shop above the bulk or size of a horn-book. In these troublesome times Mr. *Walker* set his wits a work to compose such things as he supposed would vent or be saleable, amongst such people as understood them not, loved contention, or were willing to believe any thing that tended to rend or shake the peace of either Church or State, and such (and no other but such) were all the pamphlets, which he (the said *Walker*) composed, caused to be printed and sold, of which kinds of stuff it is supposed that he hath written near 300 several ones, of which number many of them have been printed 1500. or a 200. at an impression, and 100. (at the least) of any one of them; besides, some of them have been printed twice or thrice over, so that there hath not been fewer than between 4. or 500,000, of such pamphlets of his dispersed, by which means or doings, some hundred of thread-bare scribblers fell to trade of scandalous writing, and news making, and would be called poets, some half a

*GADS.—Knobs or spikes of iron used in ancient armour.

year (or there abouts) Mr. *Walker* did set his name to his worthless works, till at last his name grew odious and contemptible, so that his flim-flams would not sell, if people did perceive they were of his doing. Then he set out his rarities, nameless and shameless, in greater numbers than formerly he had done, so that all this kingdom or island of Great *Britain*, with the principality of *Wales* and realm of *Ireland*, were embroidered over with lies, libels, and lice; nay these scandalous fooleries (or knaveries) were of such attractive force and power, that they drew at least 500. vagrants and vagabonds from all the shires round about *London*, and they were all suddenly metamorphos'd and transform'd into wandering booksellers; every one of them (like apt scholars) had quickly learned the art to cry, *Will you buy a new book, new lye come forth.* This hath passed without controlment to the abuse of Church and State, the scandal of the whole kingdom, the injury to this honourable City; the raising of strifes, divisions, and bad opinions in many people of weak capacities and judgments; and to the mighty impeachment and detriment of the Worshipful Brotherhood of the Stationers, who are at great charges in paying all duties and taxes, and that now (almost two years) the bread hath been eaten out of their mouths by those vagrants, commonly called Mercuries and Hawkers.

Walker continuing still in this course, cursed course, his ragged regiment of tatterdemallions daily vending and dispersing his pestiferous pamphlets, at last, one night late he was by a Watch in *London* taken for a *Rat** and carried to the Counter; the next day he was brought before the Right Honourable Sir *Edmond Wright*, (then Lord Mayor) where (upon some occasions) was one *Nathanial Brown* a stationer, whom *Walker* desired to speak a good word for him to the Lord Mayor, to whom *Brown* answered that he would speak.

And speak he did to the purpose, for when my Lord came to examine *Walker* what he was, and how he lived, he being not able to give a good account for himself, then *Brown* began to certify my Lord of *Walkers* good behaviour in manner and form following.

My Lord (quoth he) I do know this Walker *to be an arrant rascal, an ironmonger by his trade, which though it be a Worshipful Company, yet it cannot contain him, nor he it; but he is a base intruder, and a shifting shuffler into the trade of the Stationers or Booksellers, wherein he unlawfully doth invent, write, print, and scatter all the abusive lies and babbles (or the most part of them) that do bestrew the City and country, and I do humbly beseech your Lordship to take some course with him, in restraining*

*RAT.—An old contemptuous nickname for a clergyman.—*Halliwell.*

him from doing any more. Upon these words the Lord Mayor would have bound Walker *to answer at the Sessions, but he promising to desist and return to his old trade again, was dismissed, and so for that time got off. Yet for all the promises Mr.* Walker *walked on in his calumnious art and mystery of libelling, until at last his old master owing him a shame, paid him in his own coin thus:*

He having gotten some notice from some of his Slavonian Hungarian *scouts, that his Majesty intended to come to* London, *to the Guild-Hall the next day, which his Majesty did, and dined at Sir* George Garrets *Knight, and one of the Sheriffs and Alderman of the City, (near* Aldermary *Church)* Walkers *invention being mounted upon the attitude of mischief, he plotted and contrived with a Printer, the said night before to write and print a perilous Petition to his Majesty, and borrowed the Printers wifes Bible, out of which he took his theme out of the first of* Kings, chap. 12. ver. 16 *part of the verse;* To your Tents O Israel. *There was writing and printing all night, and all the next day those libels were scattered, and when his Majesty had dined, and had taken coach to return to* White-Hall, Walker *stood watching the Kings coming by amongst the drapers in* Pauls *Church-yard, and having one of his pamphlets in his hand meaning to have deliverd it to his Majesty, but could not come at him by reason of the*

press of people, insomuch as Walker *(most impudently saucy) threw it over the folks heads into his Majestys coach. The Earl of* Essex *being also in the coach took it up, and kept it till his Majesty came to his Palace, where he caused it to be read, and finding it a most seditious thing, the next morning after caused the L. Chief Justice of the Kings Bench to be sent for, who obediently came to his Majesty, to whom the said pamphlet was delivered, with charge with all diligent speed to send forth warrants, for the taking of* Walker *and the printer, in which business there was used such vigilant care, that they were both taken that very day and brought before the said L. Chief Justice, and being examined apart,* Walker *said he wrote it not, but that he bought it of a young scholar all in black in Westminster Hall, and that it cost him two shillings six pence, this was* Walkers *confession, which he subscribed unto.*

But afterwards the printer was examined, and he affirmed that Walker *writ it all with his own hand, and for the doing of it made use of his wifes Bible, in his house, to which confession the printer hath also set his hand.*

My Lord Chief Justice caused both their Mittimusses to be made, whereby they were sent to the Kings Bench in Southwark by two officers of good place and trust; in which prison they remained a week or near, until it was thought meet to remove

them from the Kings Bench to Newgate, whereby they might be tried at the next approaching Sessions, for which purpose they were removed as aforesaid two days before the Sessions, but they taking boat on the Bankside were landed at the Blackfriars, whereby a rout or rabble of (little better than) rebels, they were violently taken from their keepers, rescued, and so got away that there was no finding of them in many weeks search and enquiry.

But all these fair warnings could not make Mr. *Walker* give over writing, lying and libelling, (selling scurvy base words for good money) lodging in bye-places, holes and cellars, till one time he was seen to go into the house of another usurping pamphleteer, one *Fisher* a barber an associate of his, but as some would have apprehended him, he made use of his heels, for at that time there was no officer to be found to take him.

From this second escape he fled into St. *Martins*, whither he was pursued, and where he had a printers press at work, but being not able to recover that house, he got into an ale-house called the sign of the Castle, the owner of it (as I have been certified) is one *John White*, but from thence he was set free by the disorderly stir and force of some unruly journeymen shoemakers (who surely knew not what they did) and this was his third escape.

The news of this caused more and more Warrants to be issued out for his apprehension ; and there was such narrow search made for him that he was deprived of all his starting holes, and could skulk nowhere secure, so that he was fain to veil himself in the disguise of a minister in a black cloak pendant to his ankles, a spiritual cassock, girt to him with a silk girdle and a canonical knot.

With this artificial borrowed habit (and some natural impudence of his own) he presumed to mount into the pulpit, at Saint *Mary Magdalens*, at *Bermondsey* in Southwark, where he so handled a text, and made such a preachment, that what with liking and disliking the people were ready to go together by the ears ; at which time an Aldermans man (being curious to hear what stuff *Walker* would vent) was abused much, and beaten a little.

All this while his Majesty is justly and highly offended, that no order is taken for the suppressing of seditious and scandalous pamphlets, and in two messages at several times from his Majesty to both the Houses of Parliament, he nominates *Walkers* pamphlet of *To your Tents O Israel :* and indeed whosoever shall read that text and consider the mischief it did in the days of *Rehoboam*, the son of *Solomon*, in making 10 of the 12 tribes to fall from the king to *Jeroboam*, the son of *Nebat*, (they being both wicked kings) may think it a strange piece of

Scripture to be spoken, written, or printed in those times under so mild and gracious a King, to alienate or estrange the hearts of wavering subjects from their allegiance.

Well, great enquiry is made night and day, and *Walker* having a house about Moor-fields, he forsakes it, and escapes when it was beset for him, from thence he got into the Tower Liberty into an upholsterers shop in the Bulwark; and being heard of, new Warrants being out for him, he was espied in the said shop by one that knew him, and that he knew came to take him, wherefore by the help of two women there, he violently burst away, running towards the Tower Stairs, crying an Arrest, an Arrest, and so got into a boat, offering any gold or silver to be carried away.

Thus stood he in the boat almost a quarter of an hour, hundreds or multitudes of people standing on the shore on the Tower-wharf the officers not daring to fetch him off the water least they should entrench upon the Liberty of the water Bailiff, so that some would rescue him (amongst whom two seemed to be lightermen) and do deserve to have a reward over the shoulders; others would have him come on land and yield himself; at last the officers that were appointed to take him went to Sir *John Conniers* Knight, Lieutenant of the Tower, to crave his command for taking him. Master Lieutenant

presently sent his clerk to the water side, upon whose coming the boat began to row away with *Walker;* then straight four pair of oars made after them, who beleagured him on both sides, and with much ado brought him to the land, and into the Tower, where he now remains, expecting his time of trial, and let him escape how he can or may, it is most certain that he hath done more mischief by his pamphletizing seditions, scandalous ridiculous lies, and railing libels, than one thousand of his heads are worth.

But now to come a little nearer, *Henry Walker*, who is now to be removed by a Warrant directed to the Lieutenant of the Tower, which was on Tuesday last being the fifth of this month of July, to have the body of this aforesaid *Walker* to be removed to Newgate, and there at the Sessions house in the Old Bailey to have an indictment framed and drawn up against the said *Henry Walker*, for the several acts which he hath committed in and about London : the true indictment being made by the advice of the Kings Serjeants and Counsel at Law, was preferred against the said *Walker* on Thursday after being the eighth of the aforesaid month, which being read openly in the Court, and *Walker* there present at the bar ; pleaded to the said indictment not guilty ; and being asked how he would be tried, answered, by God and his Country, and withal further desired

of the honourable Bench ; that he might first have a copy of his indictment. Secondly, that the Judges who were then present with the rest of the honourable Bench, that they would be pleased to grant him the liberty, in regard he knew not the law, that he might have some Counsellor of the Law to plead his cause for him ; both which requests were granted to him which was a great favour. Then the Bench asked *Walker* what time he would require to make his answer ; then *Walker* desired but till the next day in the morning to make his defence, which was Friday ; Friday being come about ten of the clock the Queen's Attorney and two Serjeants at Law, caused the indictment to be read ; which being done, they began to show and did make it plain how odious the matter was, and how it was a fact of a high nature ; first against his Majesty, to make him as it were odious to his people : *To your Tents O Israel ;* as if the King were a tyrant, bidding as it were every man to take his sword and armour ; and oppose all authority whatsoever, obeying no law but that of their own humour and will ; what can there be more said, but that it was very plain, but that this *Walker* did by those words labour to instigate and stir up the Kings subjects to a mutiny, and to cause tumults to arise in this kingdom, nay in the heart of this kingdom, in the City of London too ; not only to teach these words, but to cause them at his own

charge to be printed, and to divulge the same through his Majesties Kingdoms: Nor did this *Walker* rest himself therewith satisfied, but in an audacious way, and in a bold manner, as the King's Majesty passed through the City of London riding in his coach, threw one of them into the very coach itself, and in the very face of the King; what an affront was this? can any age parallel it, or any Chronicle make mention of the like, and in a Civil Common-wealth; and in a well governed city; I think not: nor is this all, for this *Walker* hath invented and writ divers pamphlets, and other scandalous books, to the great disturbance of his Majesty, and of his liege people, a mere sower of division, an upholder of a new Government; an inventor of a new Doctrine, nay, he is become a preacher and a deliverer of this his humour even in the Church, and openly in the pulpit too, and on the Sunday: drawing after him, and seducing poor ignorant people to the very ruin of their souls, if it were possible. This act of his, it was done with much venom, malice, bitterness, and rancour; considering the time because the King and his Parliament were then at some difference, who did as much as in him lay to set his Majesty and his subjects together at discord; it was drawn with cunning, and at such a time published, that if envy itself had plotted it, it could not have come forth in

a more dangerous season. He confessed it was his own work, and done by night; and the next day by him exposed to sale: it was a foul misdemeanour, and it was published with an ill intent. Nay what is this *Walker* not, what wrong he hath done let his own conscience, his several books and pamphlets, which he hath both written, made, and printed them himself witness. Well, the Jury hears the information, the several pleadings, the several witnesses that this *Walker* was the only framer, inventor, publisher, and disperser of that book *To your Tents O Israel;* upon which several evidences the Jury withdraws themselves (being 12 honest men and of a good rank and quality) to consider of the matter; which being truly weighed, and a long time debated and scanned, agreed all in one mind, called for *Henry Walker* to the bar; who being come to deliver their verdict, they all declared him by the voice of their Fore-man to be guilty both of the Trespass and of the Misdemeanour. He was convicted, 1. For writing of it. 2. For the composing of it. 3. For the publishing of it himself at the printers house, and receiving money for them. Which done he had nothing to say for himself, nor his Counsel neither, but only he did it not with an ill intent to do any harm. And now he is heartily sorrowful for it, and begs the Kings mercy, and the charitable censure of all men for his rashness and over-hot zeal; especially

of his sacred Majesty, whom he hath most offended; and for his Majestys clemency to him, he will ever be bound to pray for him; because his Majesty did give command that this indictment should not be put against him for Treason, but only for Misdemeanour; which if it had been preferred for Treason, it might have been as well found and cost him his life, as for this fact of misdemeanour; and so I *H. Walker* am heartily sorry, and desire God, his Majesty, and all his Majestys subjects to forgive me, and by my example to forsake these private and secret meetings, or rather conventicles; and so with tears I submit myself to the law, and the punishments whensoever it shall be denounced and inflicted upon me.

Dated the 12 *of July*, 1642.

FINIS.

MAD FASHIONs,

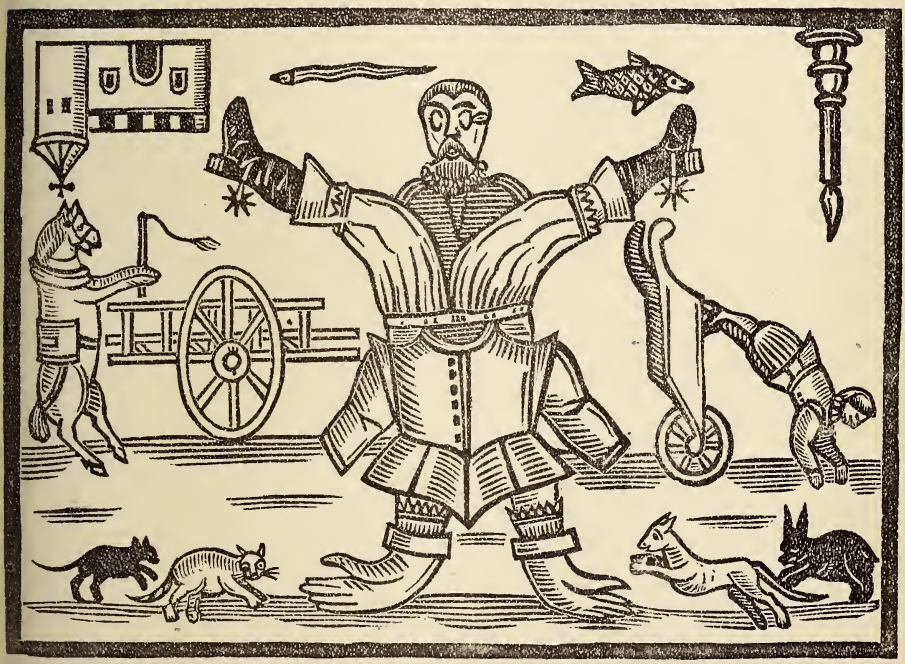
OD FASHIONS,

All out of Fashions,

OR,

The Emblems of these Distracted times.

By *Iohn Taylor.*



LONDON,

Printed by *Iohn Hammond*, for *Thomas Banks*, 1642.

Mad Fashions, Odd Fashions, All out of Fashions,

OR,

The Emblems of these distracted times.

THE Picture that is Printed in the front
Is like this Kingdom, if you look upon't:
For if you well do note it as it is,
It is a transform'd Metamorphosis,
This Monstrous Picture plainly doth declare
This land (quite out of order) out of square
His Breeches on his shoulders do appear,
His Doublet on his lower parts doth wear;
His Boots and Spurs upon his Arms and Hands,
His Gloves upon his feet (whereon he stands)
The Church o'erturned (a lamentable show)
The Candlestick above, the light below,
The Coney hunts the Dog, the Rat the Cat,
The Horse doth whip the Cart (I pray mark that)
The Wheelbarrow doth drive the man (oh Base)
And Eels and Gudgeons fly a mighty pace.
And sure this is a Monster of strange fashion,
That doth surpass all *Ovid's* Transformation.

And this is England's case this very day,
All things are turned the Clean contrary way ;
For Now, when as a Royal Parliament,
(With King, and Peers, and Commons whole consent)
Have almost sat two years, with pains and Cares,
And Charge, to free us from our Griefs and fears,
For when many a worthy Lord and Knight,
And good Esquire (for King and Country's Right)
Have spent so much time with Great Toil, and Heed,
All England's Vicious garden how to weed,
So like a Wilderness 'twas overrun,
That though much hath been done ; All is not done.
The Devil doth persuade, entice and lurk,
And force bad men to set good men awork.
That whilst the *Worthies* strive to right our wrongs,
And give to each man, what to him belongs ;
Whilst they take pains to settle all things here,
An *Irish Devil*, doth madly domineer.
From Hell's black Pit, begirt with Romish Arms,
Thousands of *Locusts*, are in Troops and Swarms,
More Barbarous than the Heathen, worse than Jews,
No Turks, or Tartars would such Tortures use.
Sure that Religion can no ways be good,
That so inhumanly delights in Blood :
Nor do that doctrine from the scriptures spring,
That Subjects should Rebel against their King.

Nay (further) murder, ravish, spoil deflower,
Burn and lay waste, depopulate, devour,
Not sparing Infants at the Breast or womb,
(To die where first they lived, their Birth, their Tomb)
'Tis said no Serpent, Adder, Snake, or Toad,
Can live in *Ireland*, or hath there abode :
'Tis strange that she those Vipers doth not Kill,
That Gnaws her Bowels, and her blood doth spill,
Can Irish Earth Kill all things venomous,
And can she nurse such Vermin Mischievous :
Her own sons Native, worse than Strangers Born,
They have their Mother's Entrails rent and torn,
Yet still her Indulgency, harbours those.
And feeds those Rebels that do breed her woes :
God (in thy Mercy) give her strength and Aid,
And courage, make her foes and ours dismayed,
Thou Lord of Hosts, thine own cause take in hand,
Thy foes (Thine Anti-christian foes) withstand ;
Defend thy truth, and all our Armies guide,
Our enemies to scatter and divide.
Thus leaving *Ireland* (with my hearty prayers)
To *Britain* back again my Muse repairs :
Where I perceive a Metamorphosis,
Is most preposterous, as the Picture is,
The world's turned upside down, from bad to worse,
Quite out of frame, *The cart before the Horse.*

The Felt-maker, and saucy stable Groom
Will dare to Perch into the Preacher's Room,
Each Ignorant, do of the Spirit Boast,
And prating fools brag of the *Holy Ghost*,
When *Ignoramus* will his Teacher Teach,
And Sow-gelders, and Cobblers dare to preach,
This shews, men's wits are monstrously disguised,
Or that Country is Antipodis'd.
When holy Common Prayer, is by the Rabble
Accounted Porridge, and unfruitful Babble,
When our Belief is not so much as said,
When as the Ten Commandments are not read,
When as the Lord's Prayer is almost neglected,
When as all decency is quite rejected,
When to avoid a *Romish Papist's* name,
A man must be unmannerly, past shame,
When he that show Reverence, doth offend,
And he seems best that will not bow or bend,
When he that into God's House doth not come,
As to a Stable, or a Tippling Room,
Is counted for a Popish favourite,
And branded so, despised, and scorned with spite.
When He that (of his ways) doth conscience make,
And in his heart doth world, flesh, fiend forsake,
Loves God with all his soul ; adores no pelf,
And loves his Neighbour, as he loves himself,
This man is Rare to find, yet this Rare man

Shall have the Hateful name of Puritan ;
When execrations pierce the firmament,
And oaths do batter against Heaven's Battlement :
When Imprecations, and damned Blasphemies,
In sundry cursed volleys scale the Skies,
When men more Brutish than the Horse or Mule,
Who know not to obey, presume to Rule,
Thus Church and Common-wealth, and men, all are
(Much like the Picture) out of frame or square.
And if 'twere possible our fathers old
Should live again, and tread upon this mould,
And see all things confused, overthrown,
They would not know this Country for their own.
For *England* hath no likelihood, or show
Of what it was but seventy years ago;
Religion, manners, life and shapes of men,
Are much unlike the people that were then,
Nay England's face and language is estrang'd,
That all is Metamorphosed, chopped, and changed,
For like as on the Poles, the World is whirled
So is this Land the *Bedlam* of the World ;
That I amazed, and amated am,
To see *Great Britain* turned to *Amsterdam*,
Men's brains and wits (two simples beat together)
From thence (mixed and compounded) are sent hither
For *Amsterstam* is landed (as I hear)
At *Rye*, or *Hastings*, or at *Dover Pier*,

At *Harwich*, *Ipswich*, *Sandwich*, or at *Weymouth*,
At *Portsmouth*, *Dartmouth*, *Exmouth*, *Plymouth*, *Falmouth*,
At *Yarmouth*, and at all the Ports, to *Teignmouth*,
And westward unto *Bristol* and to *Monmouth*;
From all these *Mouths* and more, mad sects are sent,
Who have Religion all in pieces Rent,
One would have this, Another would have that,
And most of them would have they know not what.
God give us peace, and ease us in our pain,
And send those sects, from whence they came again,
The Papist, and the Schismatic; both grieves
The *Church*, for she's like *Christ* (Between two Thieves.)
I took the Protestation twice of Late,
Where I protested not to Innovate.
T'avoid all Popish Rites, and to express
Obedience to what *England's* Church profess,
My Loyalty unto my King is bent
With duty to the Peers and Parliament.
With Prayers, and my best service for them all,
That on them may Heaven's chiefest blessings fall,
That with one heart, as one man, with one mind,
(For God's great glory) they may be combined,
And never vary, but go boldly on,
To end the good work, which they have begun.
This is the Sum (which ne'er shall be forsook)

Of what I in the Protestation took.
But, for all this, I may be mannerly
In God's House, and be free from Papistry;
I hope I may put off my hat, and be
Allowed to Kneel, and Pray, and Bow my Knee,
When as divine Command bids, only then
I'll Bow to God, and not to Saints, or Men.
And from those duties I will never vary
Till death, or Order do command contrary.
The Almighty's Name be ever praised and blessed,
That Romish superstition is suppressed,
We have no Abbies, Abbots, Friars, or Monks,
Nor have we Nuns, or Stews allowed for Punks,
We have no Masses, or no Mass-Priests here.
But some are hanged, and some are fled for fear.
All those that are so bold to stay behind,
I wish they may like entertainment find;
Beads, Baubles, Relics, Tapers, Lamps or Lights,
We have no superstitious Romish Rites,
We seek our Pardons from our Heavenly Hope,
And not by works, or favour from the Pope;
To Saints we make no prayer, or Intercession,
And unto God alone we make Confession;
We hold no Real Presence in the Bread,
And we do know King *Charles* our supreme head
(Beneath God, who hath placed him in his Throne)
For other Supreme, we acknowledge none.
No Purgatory, Image, Wood or Stone,

No Stock, or carved Block, we trust upon,
Nor is our Church discretion here so little,
As to Baptize with Cream, with salt and Spittle.
We have as many Sacraments, as Heaven
Ordained; which are but two, and Rome hath seven
We do not Christen Bells, and give them Names
Of Simon, Peter, Andrew, John and James;
We use no Pilgrimage, or Holy-water,
Nor in an unknown tongue our Prayers scatter;
All these, and many more, in Rome are used
Which are by us rejected and refused.
And yet too many faults, alas remains,
Which are the Church's, and the Kingdom's stains,
The Church Triumphant is not clear from spots,
The Poor Church Militant hath still some blots,
Here's all imperfect, something's still amiss,
And nothing's blessed, but in Eternal Bliss.
Meantime, till we amend, and leave our crimes,
The Picture is the Emblem of the Times.

FINIS.

THE KINGS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTIES

VVellcome to his owne House,
Truly called the Honour of *Hampton*

COVRT,

VVho came thither on the 24. of *August*, and so consequently hoped and humbly desired to *White-Hall.*

Written by his Majesties most humble servant *John Tailor*, one of the Yeoman of His MAJESTIES Guard.

Alius Poeta Aquatticus.

From my House at the Crowne in *Globe* Lane, alias *Phœnix* Ally, nere the Globe Taverne in Long Aker,

---

Printed in the Yeare. 1647.

THE KINGS

Most Excellent MAJESTIES,
Welcome to his own House,
Truly called the Honour
of *Hampton*-Court.

MOST Gracious (suffering) Sovereign Lord and King
Had I a quill plucked from the *Phœnix* wing,
Or *Homers* Muse or, *Virgils* towring style,
(Thy ten times long wish'd welcome to compile)
Had I all these great aids, all were too few,
Thy Subjects long expected joys to show
Thy presence hath inspir'd this Muse of mine,
More than *Apollo* and his triple Trine,
He's dull brained, and a Poet cannot be,
That wants a Muse (Great King,) and writes of thee.
A juster Master servant never had
And servants false to man, too bad
But as the Eagle never cast his eyes,

On abject, objects, vermin, gnats or flies,
So thou not minding injuries, hath still,
With thine own goodness overcome their ill.
Ungrateful men took clothing, wages, food,
From thee, and have repaid thee ill for good :
Which thy Heroic mind still slighted hath,
As most unworthy of thy Royal wrath.
There's not a grace, a virtue of an Art,
But are enthroned in thy Princely Heart :
Faith and *Fame* unshaken with the wrongs,
Of perjur'd writers and perfidious tongues,
Thy certain *Hope* in thy Majestic Breast
That fix'd belief, shall be made manifest
By *Charity*, which thou hast shew'd to those
Who are thy cursed causeless mortal foes.
Whereby thy virtues patient constancy,
Hath won thee a more glorious victory,
Than If (by conquest) thy sharp sword should pierce
Through all the Kingdoms of the Universe.
Thy *Mercy* and thy *Justice* are the Gems,
And richest Jewels in thy Diadems.
To sum up all ; 'tis truly understood
There's nothing may be named *just* or *good*
But is in thee ingrafted, and nothing ill
Thou sayest or doest, but 'tis against thy will.
Thy Master *Christ* (the *light* made thee discern,
And this bless'd Lesson thou from him didst learn.
That he that Loveth, Father, Mother, Wife,

Children, earths goods or glory, or his life
More than his Saviour (such a sordid Spirit)
Is most unworthy of his Masters Merit:
This precept thou hast practis'd this thy troth
Kept in thy Christian Coronation Oath,
Wife, Children, Crown, and Kingdoms, friends,
Life, all
Thou hazard'st either to rise, stand or fall,
Thy Love (Great King) to thy great King of Kings,
By thee hath been prefer'd above all things,
For which he'll crown his Gifts in thee, and He
Will crown thee glorious with Eternity:
Thy Constancy hath trip'd up *Fortunes* heel,
Thy mind ne'er minded her Inconstant Wheel:
What good, or bad Occurrences effected;
Thy Spirits were ne'er erected or dejected;
Not with a stupid Humour stoical,
But with a Christian Mind Majestical:
And with Impregnable strong confidence,
Still trusting in the Almighties Providence.
Now may we see that Patience, Clemency,
Religion, and true Magnanimity,
Are Talents lent, whose value doth excel:
And all the Profits their's that use them well.
And (Royal Sir) Thou hast done well (no doubt)
Thou hast not wrap'd thy Talent in a Clout,
But so improv'd thy trust, in thy Trustee,
That tenfold ten times more thy trust shall be.

And now poor *England*, hath so many years
Been Plagu'd with causeless *Jealousies* and *Fears*,
Which (like Black clouds) dispersed with wavering wind:
Made *Wit* squint-ey'd, and *Understanding* blind,
Whereby each how was frighted hence sweet *Peace*
And every moment miseries increase:
But as bright *Phœbus* (interposed by Clouds,
Which with a mourning face the earth e'en shrouds)
At last dispels them with his Radiant Ray,
And makes the dulsome dark, a gladsome day.
So we (mistaken Subjects) hood-wink over
With Ignorance, our sights again recover,
King *Charles* shines clear, as *Sols* Coruscant Beams
Hath prov'd our *Jealous Fears* were less than dreams,
Mild *Dove-like* King brings Peace with the *Olive* Branch,
Whose Love (like *Balsam*, Bleeding wounds will staunch
Our cheerful faces, shows our minds (like Mirrors)
Free from suspicious thoughts, or needless Terrors:
Hearts overflow'd with Joys, Thanks up erected
To God, who for us hath this good effected:
Our joyful eyes shows *April* drops of pleasure,
And showers of Joy fill the *Horizons* measure,
The Almighty hath thy troubles seen and heard,
And hath thy upright heart in such regard

That (maugre mischief) His outstretched Arm
Hath, doth, and will defend thee still from Harm,
Base *Shimei* Rails not as he erst hath hath done,
Nor rake-hell *Sheba (Bieri's* cursed son)
Doth roar and rail with loud Infernal yell,
Or cry out, *to your Tents oh Israel*
That Secretaries no more contention Breed
But humbly learn to know their Christian Creed,
That *Judases* no more *Hail Master* say
When as they mean their Master to betray,
That Reverend *Levites* of a new hatch Brood,
Make *England* drunk no more with English Blood.
That we may have our Queen and Prince once more,
And use them Kinder than we did of yore.
Triumphing trumpets sound shall mount to the stars
And not the dreadful charge of civil wars,
Sweet Peace (we hope shall still the Churlish Drum,
And Murdering, Thundering, Guns, Commanded Dumb,
Justice and *Mercy* both Kiss (when they meet)
No heavy sad complaining in our street,
No more shall *England* bathe in her own Gore,
Or leading to captivity no more.
Sword (drunk with blood) shall in their Scabbards rest,
No plundering or free quartering shall molest,

The painful *farmer*, ploughman, or the swain,
And *weapons* shall give place to *gowns* again.
The Church resume her rights she had before,
The Clergy to be scandalized no more.
Thus each man hopes he shall his right enjoy
And all cease one another to destroy.
The King shall have his own again, and see,
His enemies ashamed and odious be.
Upon thy Head still flourish may thy Crown,
And ten times troubled be thy high Renown
That thee and thine in glory here may Reign,
Until the King of glory come again:
For such as speak peace, and do war intend,
For any Sinister or private end.
That of tranquillity do prate and prattle,
But wish for war, yet dare not see a Battle,
Let all such never claim a Christian Name
Whose trade or pleasure in Blood and Flame,
Of their dear Country, to Rip, Rend and tear,
Their Mothers Womb, which did such Bastards bear.
Belike some fear that Peace would drive'em hence
To *England* New, or the Isle of *Providence:*
Virginia, *Bermudas*, or St. Kitts.
Barbadoes, *Mevis*, or besides their wits·
But those that offering to the Altars bring,
To raise new wars 'gainst Kingdom Laws and King,

Let them go West-ward to the Triple tree,
And like false Traitors, hang both he and she.
Those Sons of *Hittites* and of *Amorites*,
God do to them, as to the *Midianites*,
As Heathen *Sisera*, and as *Fabin* died
At *Endors* Field, (where *Kishows* Brook doth slide)
As they became as dung, so let them be,
That to a blessed Peace will not agree,
The peace of God, grant us thou God of Peace,
Let us cease sin, thou wilt our sorrows cease.
Let's frame our lives according to thy word
And let no Sword be drawn, but Justice Sword,
To which ends, thou good God of Consolation,
Send happy peace to this afflicted Nation.
So welcome good King *Charles* to Hampton Court,
And God be still thy shield, defence and Fort.

FINIS.

JOHN TAYLORS

Wandering to ſee the Wonders of the WEST.

How he travelled neere 600. Miles, from London to the Mount in Cornwall, and beyond the Mount, to the Lands end, and home againe.

Dedicated to all his loving Friends, and free minded Benefactors.

In theſe dangerous dayes for Rich men, and miſerable times for the Poore Servants of the late King, (whereof I was one, 45.yeers to his Royall Father and Himſelf) I thought it needful to take ſome courſe to make uſe of ſome friends, and deviſe a painfull way for my ſubſiſtence; which was the Journey I have paſt, and this Booke heere preſent; for which purpoſe I gave out many of theſe following Bills, to which neere 3000. Gentlemen and others, have kindly ſubſcribed, to give me a reaſonable reward.

Printed in the Yeere 1649.

The Bill of John Taylor, *or a Taylor's Bill, without either* Imprimis, *or Items.*

OLD, lame, and poor, by mad contentions begger'd,
And round about with miseries beleagur'd :
Too many masters, made me masterless,
Too many wrongs have made me moneyless,
Helpless, and hopeless, and remedyless,
And every way encompast with distress,
To ease my griefs I have one trick of wit,
(If you that read will set your hands to it :)
Which is, when I do give you good account
From London unto Cornwall's Michaels Mount,
Of all my journey, and what news I found
In air, or sea, above, or under ground ;
When I do give you truths of this in print,
How I did travel, gravel, dust, dirt, flint,
My entertainment, where 'twas good, where ill,
Then (in good money) give me what you will,
Your names and dwellings, write that I may find you,
And I shall (with my book) seek, find, and mind you,
with humble thanks.

SEVEN times at Sea I served Eliza Queen,
Since when, I thrice in Germany have been,
Once in Bohemia 'twixt earth, sea and sky,
And once to Scotland, and the mountains high :
Then unto Queenborough, in a paper boat,
Then next (from London) I to York did float
With a small pair of oars (or little wherry)
And in like sort from London to Salisbury,
Next that my man and I did ride out steeds
To Leicester, Lynn, Hull, Halifax and Leeds,
O'er lofty mountains, where the winds blew bleak,
To Chester, Derby, and Devil's arse a peak.
Then with a sculler's boat to Cirencester,
From thence (up Severn's flood) to Gloucester,
To Worcester, and the town of Shrewsbury,
From thence to Bristol, and to Bath I fly ;
These are no fictions, or false idle tales,
I pass from Bath to the river Wye in Wales ;
Then Hereford did me well entertain,
From whence I home came in my boat again.
Last (to the King) at the Isle of Wight I went,
Since when my best content, is discontent :
Thus having travelled North, and South, and East,
I mean to end my travels with the West,

TAYLORS WESTERN VOYAGE TO THE MOUNT.

THIS a mad world (my masters) and in sadness
I travelled madly in these days of madness:
Eight years a frenzy *did this land molest,*
The ninth year seemed to be much like the rest,
Myself (with age, grief, wrongs, and wants opprest,
With troubles more than patience could digest)
Amongst those ills, I chose the least and best,
Which was to take this journey to the West:
And sure it is an argument most fit,
That he who hath a portion of small wit
As I have, and good store of friends, 'twere sloth
And foolery, not to make use of both.
My wit was worn threadbare, half naked, poor,
And I, with it, went wool-gath'ring for more.
This long walk (first and last) I undertook
On purpose to get money by my book:
My friends (I know) will pay me for my pain,

And I will never trouble them again.
Six hundred miles, I (very near) have footed,
And all that time was neither sho'd or booted;
But in light buskins I performed this travel
O'er hill and dale, through dust, dirt, flint, and gravel.
And now no more words I in vain will scatter,
But come unto the marrow of the matter.
My reader must not here suppose that I
Will write a treatise of geography:
Or that I mean to make exact relations
Of cities, towns, or countries situations;
Such men as those, I turn them o'er to read
The learned Camden, *or the painful* Speed.
And now (good reader) I my muse do tune,
I London *left, the twenty one of* June:
To Brentford, Colnbrook, Maidenhead and Henley,
I past (the weather fair, the highways cleanly)
To Abingdon, *where four days I remained,*
By friends and kinsfolks kindly entertained:
Thanks to my nephew John, *with all the rest,*
To whom that time I was a costly guest.

AND now methinks a little prose may be relished amongst friends; I left *Abingdon* on Wednesday the 27 of June, and (for the ease of my purse) I gave 2s. 6d. for the hire of the skeleton or anatomy of a beast to carry me ten miles to *Farringdon;* the thing I was mounted on was neither horse, mare, or gelding, it was all spirit, with very little (or no) flesh. It was none of your pursy foggy jades, and amongst horsemen it might have passed for a light horse, too much work, and too little meat, made him as gaunt as a greyhound: Thus (mounted like *Don Quixote)* I entered *Farringdon*, but worse guests than I had been there since these troubles; for the King's party burnt one part of the town, and the Parliament's fired the rest, so that between them there was a good handsome market town turned into ashes and rubbage: It begins to bud and spring out again, for here and there a pretty house peeps up: so that it will in short time be rebuilt, and Phœnix like (out of its own cinders) be revived and renewed to a more pleasing and beautiful prospect.

From *Farringdon* I footed it four miles to *Highworth*, (a market town) and from then to *Purton* seven miles more, where I lodged, there was nothing remarkable in all that day's travels; but that in the morning a church at a village called

Kingston, (five miles from *Abingdon*) having no steeple; but the church at *Purton* (where I lay all night) had two steeples; but I was certified that the minister that had two steeples, had but one benefice, and he that had none, had two, by which means the reckoning was even betwixt them, for what the one had, the other had not.

The 28 of *June*, I betook me to my feet an hour and half before the sun could show his face in Somersetshire, and for one shilling I hired an old drunkard to guide me eight long miles to the town of *Malmesbury*, where all worthy remembrance was, that I found an ancient town, an old castle, and new ale; from thence I hired a horse for 2s. seven miles, and footed it seven miles more that day to the famous, renowned, ancient, little pretty city of *Bath*; I lodged in the Mayor's house: but his worship was as ignorant as myself, for he being a baker, had let half his house to a victualler; so he sold bread without, and I bought drink within: The next day I had notice where I was, wherefore I went to his stall or shop window, and told him what I was, and that I was he who came nine years ago from *London*, to that city with a small sculler's boat; Mr. Mayor was pleased to entertain me most kindly (with both his hands in his pocket) and like a man of few words, forbore to say welcome to town; so we parting drily I left him in his shop,

Lord Baron of the brown loaves, and Master of the Rolls (in that place :) but there is no doubt but the man may live a fair age, and die in his bed, if he escape the unfortunate destiny of *Pharaoh's* baker.

Friday 29 of *June*, I had the luck twice to have not one dry thread about me, (being wet to the very skin) and yet my clothes were as dry as a bone : the reason is, that I was in the Bath, and my clothes out.

June 30. I travelled fifteen miles to the town of *Wells*, where I stayed but little, and found as little matter of observation, but that these holy, profane days, and blessed execrable times of troublesome tranquility, have spoiled and defaced one of the goodliest and magnificent cathedral churches in the Christian world : but such pious works as pollution and abusing of churches, we need not go amongst Turks for proofs ; for though *Peters* at *Westminster* hath scaped reasonable cleanly, yet *Pauls* in *London* hath lain out of order, in ordure a battening.

The same day I went four miles further to the ancient town of *Glastonbury*, there I saw the ruins of an abbey, which was one of the stateliest and most sumptuous structures in *England* or *Europe:* there remains yet the ruined walls of a chapel built in memory of Joseph of *Arimathæa* (who as it is recorded by authentic historians) did first convert this land from Paganism to Christianity : *And we have*

great need of another good Joseph to come amongst us, to do as much for us now. But there is no memorial of any place where that good old man was buried : the abbey was walled more than a mile about, with a wall of free-stone, as fair as *London* wall; it is very probable that King *Arthur* (our English worthy) was there sepulchred ; for there I saw some stones of marble, of which I placed the broken pieces together ; I read these words in Latin,

Hic jacet Guineverus Regina, Uxores, &c.

Queen *Guinever* was wife to the great *Arthur*, and she being buried there, it is to be conjectured that his bones were not laid far from her.

Mr. *Camden*, doth quote the ancient historian- *William of Malmesbury*, to write these words follow, ing concerning *Glastonbury.*

That it was the first Land of God in England, *the first Land of Saints in* England, *the beginning and fountain of all Religion in England, the Tomb of Saints, the Mother of Saints, the Church founded and built by the Lord's Disciples.*

I saw a branch or slip of the hawthorn tree that did bear blossoms every year (when all other trees were frost-bitten, and seemed dead:) this tree only, on Christmas-day, the day of our blessed Saviour's birth ; this tree did (in its kind) show its joy in commemoration of the Nativity of the Redeemer of unkind mankind : There are all the

inhabitants in the town will verify it, and thousands in *England* and other countries will affirm that it is no fable : the soldiers being over zealous did cut it down in pure devotion ; but a vintner dwelling in the town did save a great slip or branch of it, and placed or set it in his garden, and he with others did tell me that the same doth likewise bloom on the 25th day of *December*, yearly; I saw the said branch, and it was ten feet high, green, and flourishing ; I did take a dead sprig from it, wherewith I made two or three tobacco stoppers, which I brought to *London;* my humble thanks to Mr. *Brook*; with (his good sister) for they entertained me freely, so that the town of *Glastonbury* was not one penny the richer for any expense of mine.

Monday, the second of *July*, I went to *Bridgewater* ten miles, where all that was worthy of note was, that near the town, at a stile I had a great disaster ; for a shag or splinter of the stile took hold of my one and only breeches, and tore them in that extreme unmerciful, unmannerly manner, that for shame and modesty's sake I was feign to put them off, and go breechless into the town, where I found a botching threepenny tailor, who did patch me up with such reparations as made me not ashamed to put my breeches on again, and trot five miles further to a ragged market town called *Neatherstoy*, where extreme weary, I took up my lodging, at a

sign and no sign, which formerly was the Rose and Crown; but Roses are withered, and Crowns are obscured, as the sign was.

Surely that day was a mad, sad, glad, auspicious, unlucky day to me, worse than an ominous, childermas,[1] or a dogged biting dog-day; for the hostess was out of town, mine host was very sufficiently drunk, the house most delicately decked with exquisite artificial, and natural sluttery, the room besprinkled and strewed with the excrements of pigs and children: the wall and ceilings were adorned and hanged with rare spider's tapestry, or cobweb-lawn; the smoke was so palpable and perspicuous, that I could scarce see anything else, and yet I could scarce see that, it so blinded me with rheum a sign of weeping; besides all this, the odourous and contagious perfume of that house was able to outvie all the milliners[2] in Christendom or Somersetshire.

I being thus embellished, or encompassed with these most unmatchable varieties; but to comfort me completely, mine host swigged off half a pot to me, bade me be merry, and asked me if I would have any powdered beef and carrots to supper; I told him yes, with all my heart; but I being weary of the

[1] CHILDERMAS OR INNOCENT'S-DAY.—An anniversary of the Church of England, held on the 28th of December, in commemoration of the children of Bethlehem slain by Herod.

[2] MILLINERS were originally men.—"He was perfumed like a *milliner*." *Shaks.* 1 *Henry IV.* Act 1, sc. 3.

house, I went and sat three hours in the street, where mine host often did visit me with most delightful and hydropical nonsense; at last, seven of the clock was struck, and I went into the house to see if supper were ready; but I found small comfort there, for the fire was out, no beef to be boiled, mine host fast asleep, the maid attending the hogs, and my hungry self half starved with expectation; I awaked mine host, and asked him where the beef was, he told me that he had none, and desired me to be contented with eggs fried with parsley; I, prayed him to show me my chamber, which he did; the chamber was suitable to the rest of the house; there I staid till near nine o'clock, expecting fried eggs, when mine host came to me with an empty answer, there were no eggs to be had, so at the last I purchased a piece of bread and butter, and to bed, and then began my further torments; for thinking to take a little rest, I was furiously assaulted by an Ethiopian army of fleas, and do verily believe that I laid so manfully about me that I made more than 500 *mortuus est:* they were so well grown that as I took 'em I gave 'em no quarter, but rubbed 'em between my finger and my thumb, and they were so plump and mellow, that they would squash to pieces like young boiled peas: but all these troubles I patiently passed by, making no more account of them, than of so many flea bitings. For my further

delight, my chamber-pot seemed to be lined within with crimson plush, or shagged scarlet baize, it had scaped a scouring time out of mind, it was furred with antiquity, and withal it had a monumental savour; and this piss-pot was another of my best contentments.

At last, weariness and watching, began to enforce sleep upon me, so that (in spite of the fleas teeth) I began to wink, when suddenly, three children began to cry, and for an hour's space I was kept waking, which made me fall to the slaughter again. The children being hushed asleep, the game began afresh amongst the dogs; for the cry was up, and the bawling curs took the word one from the other, all the town over; and the dogs had no sooner done, but the day break appeared, and the hogs began to cry out for their breakfast: so I arose, and travelled (almost sleeping) ten miles that day; which was to a town called *Dunster*, where upon a lofty hill stands a strong castle, it had then a garrison in it; I must confess I was free there,

From nasty rooms, that never felt brooms,
From excrements, and all bad scents,
From children's bawling, and caterwauling,
From grunting of hogs, and barking of dogs,
And from biting of fleas, there I found ease.

The fourth of *July*, I travelled to Exford (so named) because it stands near the head, or spring of

the river *Ex*, which runs down from north to south near forty miles to the city of *Exeter*, and to *Exmouth*, where it delivers itself into the ocean, and from thence to *Brayford*, (another ford which runs into the river of *Ex*, as the people told me; but I find it not so in the map,) that day's journey was sixteen miles, a tedious weary way for a crazy, old, lame, bad, foundered footman, I am sure I found it so; for when I came to my lodging I had more mind to eat than to fight, and a better stomach to a bed than a supper.

The fifth of *July*, I walked but seven miles to *Barnstaple*, a very fine sweet town, so clean and neat, that in the worse of weather, a man may walk the streets, and never foul shoe or boot; there I staid till the next day noon, being well and welcomely entertained by one Mr. *John Downs*, who gave me fiddlers fare, meat, drink and money, for which I heartily thanked him: from thence I passed by water five miles to *Aplear* [Appledore].

July the sixth (being Friday) I paced it ten miles to a place named *Ferry Cross*, in the parish of *Arlington*, and the seventh day I turned my back upon *Devonshire*, having gone that day fifteen miles to the market town in *Cornwall* (on the north-side of the county) named *Stratton*.

Cornwall is the *Cornucopia*, the complete and replete horn of abundance for high churlish hills,

and affable courteous people; they are loving to requite a kindness, placable to remit a wrong, and hardy to retort injuries; the country hath its share of huge stones, mighty rocks, noble, free, gentlemen, bountiful housekeepers, strong and stout men, handsome, beautiful women, and (for any that I know) there is not one *Cornish* cuckold to be found in the whole county: in brief they are in most plentiful manner happy in the abundance of right and left hand blessings.

It is a wonder that such rugged mountains do produce such fertility of corn, and cattle; for if the happy days and times of peace were once settled, *Cornwall* might compare with any county in *England*, for quantity of all necessaries needful, and quality of persons.

The ninth of *July* I left *Stratton*, and ambled twenty miles to the town of *Camelford*, and to a village called *Blisland*, and there I was taken for the man I was not; for they suspected me to be a bringer of writs and process to serve upon some gentlemen, and to bring men into trouble: But with much ado I scaped a beating, by beating into their beliefs that I was no such creatnre.

July the tenth, I came to *Bodmin*, (a market town) and from thence the same day to a village called St. *Enoder*, a part of which parish is called *Penhall*, there at a smith's house was good lodging,

better cheer, and best drink; the smith was lame, his wife was fair and handsome, where if I could have acted the part of *Mars*, there might have been played the comedy of *Vulcan* and *Venus:* that day's travel was eighteen miles.

July eleventh, I progressed to *Truro*, another market town, which is the Lord *Roberts* his land; there I bought a fish called a *Bream* for three pence, it would have served four men; after dinner I went eight miles further to a town called *Redruth*, in all that day's travels eighteen miles, I saw nothing strange to me but a few *Cornish* daws (or choughs) with red bills, and legs: They saluted me upon the wing, just in the language of our jack daws about *London*, *Ka*, *ka*.

The twelfth of *July*, I came within two miles of Saint *Michaels Mount*, to an ancient house called by the name of *Trimineague;* it hath been, and is the birth place of worthy families, of the noble name of the *Godolphins;* The right owner and possessor of it now is *Francis Godolphin*, Esquire, a gentleman endowed with piety, humanity, affability and ability; he hath a heart charitable, a mind bountiful, and a hand liberal; he hath (deservedly) the cordial love of all the county, and would have the enjoyments of earthly contentments, if once these discontented times were quieted; seven days I staid with him, in which time he was pleased to

send a kinsman of his (Mr. *Anthony Godolphin)* with me to see the Mount, which I thus describe. It is about a mile in compass at the foot, and it rises about 700 paces very steep to the top, it is in form like a great haycock or rick, or much like a mountere; on the top or piramis[1] of it, is a fine church called Saint *Michaels*, the said church is now for no other use but a well stored magazine with ammunition. From whence (for a relic of remembrance) I brought half a yard of Saint *Michaels Mounts* monumental match; I went to the top of the church tower seventy steps higher, and in my coming down I viewed the bells (which were five in number) being fair and handsome, they cannot be rung, because the crack rope soldiers have broke all the bell-ropes, insomuch as for any more ringing there, the bells being ropeless, the people are hopeless.

To speak the truth of this so much talked of famous mount; it is lofty, rocky, inaccesible, impregnable not to be taken, or kept, not worth the taking or keeping; it is a barren stony little wen or wart, that with men, ammunition, and victuals is able to defend itself; but if it hath not the sea and land to friend, there is an enemy called hunger (or famine) that will conquer mounts and mountains: it can do no service to the seaward, for the water is so

[1] PIRAMIS.—*i.e.*, Pyramid.

shallow, that no ship can sail within shot of it, and for land service the Town of *Market-Jew*,* stands better for defence: the Mount is an island, and no island, twice in every 24 hours: for when the sea is up, boats must be used to go to it, but upon the ebb, troopers may ride to it forty in rank: *Market-Jew* is about two flight shoot of it, the Mayor whereof (one *Mr. William Mabb*) caused me to dine with him, for which I return him a few printed thanks.

In the mount I saw a craggy rugged seat, of rocky upholstery, which the old fabulous rumour calls St. *Michæls Chair:* and a well I saw there, which twice in 24 hours is fresh water, and salt water: this mount had a garrison within it, which made the country people to grumble without it; yet the soldiers are pretty civil: and one captain *Geary* did courteously regard and drink with me at the majors house at *Market-Jew*. From whence I returned to Mr. *Godolphins*, and he did persuade me to see the Lands end, fourteen miles further; for which journey on the 16 day of July, he did lend me two horses, with his kinsman to ride with me, where (for his sake) I was welcome by the way, with a good dinner, at one Mr. *Levale's* house, from whence I rode, and went as far as I could ride, go, or creep, for rocks and sea: and there I saw the

* MARKET-JEW.—Now known as Marazion.

Island of *Scilly*, with other smaller Islands, which are said to be 16 or 17 in number. The main Island is held for the Prince, by one Captain (or as some say, a Knight) called Sir *John Grenville;* it is very strong, with a good safe harbour, and as it is reported there, hath a good fleet of ships in it: some do call it a second *Algiers*, for there cannot a ship or vessel pass by it, but they do make out upon them, whereby they have great riches, with all necessaries: it was eight leagues at least from me, insomuch that I could but only see it dimly, and two ships I perceived that lay at road (perdue) to give notice (as I conjectured) of the appearance of any shipping that sailed within their ken: I did cut my name four inches deep in a small patch of earth amongst the rocks, at the Lands end, and I am sure no man can go thither and set his name or foot, half a foot before me.

The same day I returned to one Mr. *Jones* his house a mile thence, in the farthest western parish of the county of *Cornwall*, called *Sennen* ;* there I had good entertainment all night, by the gentleman's and his wife's free welcome, which was out of their own courteous disposition; but chiefly for Mr. *Godolphin's* sake, to whom at *Triminaegue* I returned, on the 17th on July, where I rested one day: and on the 18th day I took my leave, having received seven

* SENNEN.—Here is the whimsical inn sign of the "FIRST AND LAST INN IN ENGLAND."

days' hospitality in plenty, with many other courtesies in money and other necessaries which I wanted; besides he sent his kinsman with me to direct me the way to another *Francis Godolphin* of *Godolphin* house. That gentleman is the chief of that noble name; his house a stately ancient palace, and my cheer and welcome at dinner, most freely bountiful. After dinner he walked with me, where (in my way) I saw his mines of tin, and a house where his workmen were refining and melting of tin, which is a rich commodity. So at my taking leave of him, he put ten shillings in my hand, which came to me in an acceptable time.

From thence I jogged three miles further, to a house called *Clowance* in the parish of *Crowan*, where dwells one Mr. *John Sentabin*, he is son-in-law to the first *Godolphin* I came to, whose daughter he married (a virtuous and beautiful gentlewoman) where I took a welcome, a supper and a bed, till the next morning, being *July* 19th, he sent a man with me eight miles to a sister of his, named Mrs. *Gertrude*, to her I was so welcome, that after I thought she had been weary of me, she would fain have had me to stay two days more, which I (with thanks refusing) she lent me a mare (and a man to bring her home again) which mare I rode to a town called *Penny-come-quick*, within a mile of *Pendennis* Castle, which Castle I looked on afar off, but I durst

not attempt to offer to go into it, for fears and jealousies might have mistaken me for a spy; for at all places of Garrison, there is very strict examinations of persons, and at every town's end, in all the sea towns of part of *Cornwall*, *Devonshire*, *Dorsetshire*, and every shire, no traveller could pass without catechizing words: *As what is your name, whence came you, where dwell you, whither go you, what is your business, and wherefore came you hither?* Now he that cannot answer these particular demands punctually, is to be had before governors, captains, commanders, mayors, or constables, where if a man do chance to be suffered to pass freely from them, yet it is a hazard of the loss of a traveller's liberty by either their unbelief or misprison, and at the best it is a hindrance to a man's journey and loss of time.

These considerations made me doubtful to presume to look into *Pendennis* Castle, or any other garrison or place of defence: this Castle is seated very high, and it stands very defensive for the famous haven of *Falmouth* (one of the best harbours for shipping in the world): it was built by King *Henry* the eight, it is impregnable, and as long as it is well manned, ammunitioned, and victualled, it is thought to be invincible, and there is an end of that point.

That day I passed a ferry called King *Harry's* Passage, (but why it is so named few men know)

there I lodged at the ferryman's house, and the next morning being 21 of *July*, I travelled twelve miles to a fisher town called *Mevagissey;* that town hath in it two taverns, and six ale-houses, to every one of which I went for lodging, and not any one would harbour me, then I sought for a constable to help me, but no constable was to be found; the people all wondering at me, as if I had been some strange beast, or monster brought out of *Africa;* at which most uncivil and barbarous usage, I began to be angry, and I perceiving that nobody cared for my anger, I discreetly went into the house where I first demanded lodging; where the hostess being very willing to give me the courteous entertainment of *Jack Drum*,* commanded me very kindly to get me out of doors, for there was no room for me to lodge in. I told her that I would honestly pay for what I took, and that if I could not have a bed, yet I was sure of a house over my head, and that I would not out till the morning: with that a young saucy knave told me that if I would not go out, he would throw me out, at which words my choler grew high, my indignation hot, and my fury firey, so that I arose from a bench, went to my youth, and dared to the combat; whereat the hostess (with fear and trembling) desired me to be quiet, and I should have

* JACK DRUM.—A phrase signifying ill-treatment, or turning an unwelcome guest out of doors.

a bed, at which words my wrath was appeased, and my ire assuaged.

But straightways another storm seemed to appear; for an ancient gentleman came suddenly out of another room (who had heard all the former friendly passages,) and he told me that I should not lodge there, for though I had sought and not found a constable, yet I should know that I had found a Justice of Peace before I sought him : and that he would see me safely lodged : I was somewhat amazed at his words, and answered him, let him do his pleasure, for I submitted myself to his disposal.

To which he replied, that I should go but half a mile with him to his house, which I did, and there his good wife and he did entertain me courteously, with sure fare and lodging, as might have accommodated any gentleman of more worth and better quality than one that had been ten times in degree before me : there I staid the Saturday, and all the Sunday, where I found more Protestant religion in two days, than I had in five years before. The gentleman's name is Mr. *John Carew*, a gentleman of noble and ancient descent, and a worthy Justice of the Peace in those parts.

I was certified, that in that little town of *Mevagissey*, there are 44 fisher boats, which do fish for pilchards, that every boat hath 6 men, and that every 2 boats have one net between them : they do call the 2

boats a seine; so there are 22 seines, and 22 nets: every Cornish bushel is in measure 2 bushels and a half of our measure at London: every 2 boats (or seine) do spend 250 bushels of salt (Cornish measure) to salt pilchards only; every seine do use 100 hogheads to pickle the said pilchards in yearly. So that this one little town, doth spend by God's blessing, and the means of those small fishes, every year,

Of salt, 22 times 250 Cornish bushels, which is in the number of our bushels, 14,000,350.*

Of hogsheads, or cask, 2,200.

Of men for 44 boats, 6 men for each, 264.

These men with their families (being many in number) are all maintained by pilchard catching; but this is not all, for there are other greater towns in that county, which do every one of them use the same trade of fishing, with more and greater numbers of men, boats, nets, cask, and much more quantity of salt; some of the other towns are St. *Kevern*, *Foye* [*Fowey*], *Looe*, with others which I cannot recite.

This infinite number of pilchards, being salted and put up in cask, are brought a main by the Spanish, French, Dutch, Italian, and other merchants, and by them they are either eaten or sold, and transported to many other people and nations:

* But, "according to Cocker," 13,750.

And now I hope I have filled my readers bellies with pilchards, without cloying or offending their stomachs; if any one be queasy, or do feel a wambling in the gizzard; let them call for a cup of sack, drink it, and pay for it.

The 23 of *July*, I came to *Foye*, and to *Looe* (or *Low*) twenty miles; this town of *Looe*, is divided in two parts, or two towns together, two mayors, two churches, two governors, and more than two religions; all that I can say of either of the *Looes*, is, that there was soldiers and swordmen, strong beer and dagger ale,* land flesh and sea fish in plenty.

On the 24 of *July*, I turned my back upon *Cornwall*, and went from *Looe* to *Plymouth* in *Devonshire*, twelve miles: at *Plymouth* I staid not two hours, the town was too full of suspicions to hold me: there I saw Colonel *William Leg*, a prisoner in the Tower-house, or Guild-hall, I spake to him (being on the one side of the way in a window, and he on the other) in a low whispering voice that every one might hear what we said; I wished him health and liberty, and so left him in thraldom; there was two stationers did make me very welcome for two or three hours; their names were *Thomas Ratcliff* and *William Weeks*, they gave me smoke and drink in *Plymouth*, for which I requite them in paper and ink at *London*.

* DAGGER ALE.—*i.e.*, strong ale.

That afternoon I left *Plymouth*, and went four miles further, to *Plympton*, and on the morrow (being Saint *James* his day) I hired a horse forty miles to *Exeter*, where I was two days entertained at mine own cost, with some charges that *Burgomasters* and booksellers underwent :* I can say little of *Exeter* but that it is a fair sweet city, a goodly cathedral church (not yet quite spoiled or stabled and it had large suburbs, with long streets, and many fine dwellings till this mad fire of contention turned all to ruins, rubbage, cinders, ashes, and fume.

Two hours before *Phœbus* appeared in our hemisphere, I was on footback from *Exeter* to *Honiton*, the 27 of *July*, there I had a night's lodging, and diet of such a homely fashion, as I have no occasion to boast of; there I hired a horse (which proved to be a blind mare) she had two wens as big as clusters of grapes hung over both her eyes, and five or six wens on her shoulders and flanks, all which beautiful ornaments I could not perceive or see till I had rode the beast four mile, (for I was mounted before the break of day ;) but when I saw the comeliness of the beast, between shame and anger I was almost mad at the rogue that owned her; and being near to a market town called *Axminster*, I dismounted, and footed eight miles further to

* CHARGES, &c.—*i.e.*, by the purchase of some of his books.

Broad Winsor in *Dorsetshire*, where I was better horsed eight miles further to *Evershot*, and then I paced on foot eight miles further to the town of *Sherborne*, that day's travel was 31 miles.

The 31 of *July*, I went from *Sherborne* to *Shaftsbury*, and so to *Wilton*, and *Salisbury*, 31 mile: at *Wilton* I saw the Earl of *Pembroke's* magnificent and sumptuous building and repairing of such a stately fabric, that for strength, beauty, form, state glazing, painting, gilding, carving, polishing, embellishing and adorning: it may be a palace for the greatest king of Christendom: the springs, and fishponds, the garden, the walks, the rare artificial rocks and fountains, the ponds with fish on the housetop, the strange figures and fashions of the waterworks, the numerous, innumerable varieties of fruits and flowers; yea all, and everything that may make an earthly paradise, is there to be seen, felt, heard, or understood, (which because I understand not) I shut up all with this, there is estimable cost, exquisite art and artists, most exceeding good work and workmen, only one thing (that is quite out of fashion almost everywhere) is used there, which is good and just payment.

From *Wilton*, to *Salisbury* two miles, there I sleeped out the latter end of the whole month of *July*. I had a desire to go into the church there

(one of the fairest in England) but now the plays be down, there was no sights to be seen without money, which though I could have paid, yet for two reasons I would not; the one was because I had oftentimes seen that church in former times, when God's service was said there, and the second cause why I would not be guilty of Simony, and with corrupting Mammon enter or intrude into the house of God.

The first of *August*, I footed to *Andover*, fifteen old miles, and eighteen new ones, (of the posts late measuring:) The next day to *Morrel Green*, 24 miles, the third day to *Staines*, eighteen miles, and the fourth of August fifteen miles to *London:* My journey being in all 546 miles, which I went and came in six weeks, and lay still and rested twelve days in several places on week days, besides six Sundays: But all this was nothing to me, being a youth of threescore and ten, with a lame leg and a half, and there is an end of the story.

Like to the stone of Sisyphus, *I roll*
From place to place, through weather fair and foul,
And yet I every day must wander still
To vent my books, and gather friends good will;
I must confess this work is frivilous,
And he that (for it) deigns to give a louse,

Doth give as much for't as 'tis worth, I know;
Yet merely merrily I this jaunt did go
In imitation of a mighty king,
Whose warlike acts, good fellows often sing,
The King of France and twenty thousand men,
Went up the hill, and so came down again.
So I this travel past, with cost and pain,
And (as I wisely went) came home again.

FINIS.

A SHORT

RELATION

OF A LONG

IOURNEY

Made *ROUND* or *OVALL*

By encompassing the Principalitie of *Wales*, from *London*, through and by the Counties of *Middlesex* and *Buckingham*, *Berks*, *Oxonia*, *Warwick*, *Stafford*, *Chester*, *Flint*, *Denbigh*, *Anglesey*, *Carnarvan*, *Merioneth*, *Cardigan*, *Pembrooke*, *Caermarden*, *Glamorgan*, *Monmouth*, *Glocester*, *&c.*

This painfull circuit began on Tuesday the 13 of *July* last, 1652. and was ended (or both ends brought together) on Tuesday the 7. of *September* following, being nearly 600 Miles.

Whereunto is annexed an Epitome of the Famous History of *WALES*.

Performed by the Riding, Going, Crawling, Running, and Writing of *John Taylor*, dwelling at the Sign of the *Poets Head*, in *Phenix Alley*, near the midle of *Long Aker* or *Covent Garden*.

To all my Honourable, Worshipful, and honest Friends, that have subscribed to this following Bill; I humbly desire them to read it again, and consider the contents of it, and content me accordingly.

A Taylors Bill, with few or no *Items:* by or for *John Taylor.*

NOW in the seventy fourth year of mine age,
I take an English *and* Welsh *Pilgrimage:*
From London *first I bend my course to* Chester,
And humbly I to all men am requester;
That when I have past over hills and dales,
And compast with my travels famous Wales,
That when to you that I a book do give,
Relating how I did subsist and live,
With all my passages both here and there,
And of my entertainment everywhere.
Write but your names and dwellings in this bill,
I'll find you, for the book give what you will.
Twelve voyages and journeys I have past,
And now my age says this may be my last.
My travels story shall most pleasant be
To you that read, though painful unto me.

IN this Bill I did promise to give to my friends (Subscribers) a true relation of my journey, and entertainment, (which I

have done) and I do give to them more than I promised, which is a brief Chronicle of *Wales,** which I did not mention in my bill) I know there are four or five sorts of adventurers with me in this wearisome journey, some of them have paid me already (before I went) and their pain is past; If all the rest do pay me (being near 3000) I am deceived; If none do pay me I am miserably cozened; For those that have paid, or can and will pay, I thank them; for such as would if they could or will when they can, I wish them ability to perform their wills for their own sakes, and mine both: But for those that are able to reward me and will not, I will not curse them, though I fear they are almost past praying for.

*CHRONICLES OF WALES.—We have not deemed it necessary to reprint "*Cambria Britannica: or, a Short Abbreviation of the History and Chronicles of Wales,* by John Taylor," which is by no means *Tayloric*, and merely appended to the book as a sort of "make-weight," and to compensate the "near 3000" subscribers for the very meagre description of a journey of 600 miles. It is but a lengthy extract from Lloyd's Historie of Cambria now called Wales, translated into English, corrected, augmented and continued by David Powell, D.D., London 1584. To which Taylor adds: "*Those who are desirous to read more largely, let them make use of their larger Book: But for such as love brevity, or cheapness, let them read this which followeth.*"

A SHORT RELATION OF A LONG JOURNEY, &c.

A TRAVELLER that loves to see strange lands,
May be a man or not a man of's hands:
But yet 'tis very requisite and meet,
He should be furnish'd with good brains and feet;
For he that wants legs, feet, and brains, and wit,
To be a traveller is most unfit:
And such am I by age of strength bereft,
With one right leg, and one lame left leg left.
Beggars on their backs their brats do rear;
But I my issue in my leg do bear:
I dress it often and impatiently
It lies and cries not, though it make me cry;
Yet I dare challenge Scottish Jock *or* Jackey,
Or any light-heel'd nimble footed lacquey,
To travel such a jaunt as I have done,
With th' right leg going, and the left leg run;

Or if I please, the case I'll alter so,
To make the worst leg run, the best to go.
And sure my heart was stout, men may suppose,
To venture travel with such legs as those.
But there be some few that do understand,
'Tis merry walking with a horse in hand.
Such was my lot, I had a stately courser,
None coarser quality'd, and for a worser,
There's neither Halifax, *or* Hull, *nor* Hell,
That for good parts my horse can parallel;
He was a beast, had heated been and cheated,
Too much hard over rid and under meated,
That he as gaunt as any greyhound was,
And for a horses skeleton might pass:
You might have told his ribs, he was so thin,
And seen his heart and guts, but for his skin;
He was not pursy foggy, cloy'd with grease,
And like his rider lov'd rest, ease, and peace:
Dun *was, and is the dumb beast, and was done,*
E're I begun, or he with me begun.
He had a black list, from the mane to tail,
Which is a colour that doth seldom fail:
To change of paces he had been inur'd,
But yet not one t'endure, or be endur'd;
His trot would fling a dagger out o'th sheath,
Or jolt a man to death, or out of breath.
His ambling was invisible to me,
From such smooth easy garbs his feet were free:

His common pace in sunshine or in shower,
Was (as he pleas'd) about two mile an hour.
I never yet could put him in a sweat,
For he was never free, but at his meat.
Thus John *upon* Dun's *back, were both* Dun John,
And thus the tedious way we wandered on.
Now to proceed in order duly, truly,
I London *left the thirteenth day of* July :
The ways as fair as man could well desire,
'Cause I had none to draw Dun out o'th mire :
I fifteen miles (to Rislip*) that day went,*
Baited at Edgworth, *to give* Dun *content ;*
There my acquaintance, of good fame and worth,
Did welcome me : the next day I set forth,
With boots, sans, *spurs with whip, and switch of birch,*
I got on twenty miles to Stoken *Church :*
The fifteenth day, St. Swithin, I *and* Dun,
Did shuffle sixteen miles to Abingdon ;
There till the Tuesday following I abode,
From thence sixteen miles to great Tue *rode,*
There at the Swan *mine host was free and kind,*
He had but one eye, t'other side was blind ;
But surely he a right good-fellow was,
And there one night my Dun *did eat good grass.*
On July's *twenty one from* Tue *I went,*
And unto Warwick *straight my course I bent,*

There did I find another sign o'th Swan,
Mine hostess kind, mine host a Gentile man,
And for your love to me, good Master Venner,
With humble thanks I am your praises penner.
My gratitude to Master Jacob Harmer,
His drapers shop could never make me warmer,
Then high and mighty Warwick's *drink did there,*
It made my brains to caper and career,
It was of such invincible strong force,
To knock me (in five miles) twice from my horse:
And sure I think the drink was certainly
Infused with the conqu'ring ghost of Guy.
On July's *two and twentieth day I came*
Unto an ancient house call'd Hunningham,
There were two ladies of good worth and fame,
Whom for some reasons I forbear to name:
Their son and grandson (John) *I'll not forget,*
He's nobly minded as a baronet;
Four days they kept me with exceeding cheer,
And gave me silver because travels dear,
From thence my journey 5 miles I pursue,
To Coventry, *most famous for true blue;*
There the fair cross of ancient high renown
Stands firm, though other crosses all are down.
'Tis a dry city, and dry let it be,
'Twas not made dryer one small drop for me:
Like a chameleon there I break my fast,

And thence I twenty miles to Lichfield *past;*
There at the George *I took my lodging up,*
I well was lodg'd, and well did sup and cup,
When there by chance, I cast my wandering eye on
The ruin'd church, with grief I thought on Sion :
I sigh'd to see that sad confusion,
Like th' Hebrews *by the brook of* Babylon.
On July's *twenty seventh I rode alone*
Full sixteen miles unto a town call'd Stone.
Next day to Nantwich *sixteen long miles more,*
From thence to Chester *near the* Cambrian *shore:*
There was my welcome in such noble fashion,
Of which in prose I'll make some brief relation.

MY lodging at *Chester* was in the Watergate-street, at the sign of the Feathers, I lay on a feather bed, and in the same house I met with two brothers of mine acquaintance thirty years, they brought me to the chamber of a reverend *Italian* physician, named *Vincent Lancelles*, he was more than 80 years of age, yet of a very able body, and vigorous constitution. The young mens names were *Thomas Morrine* and *Francis Morrine*, the people were pleased (out of their ignorance, or in small wit) to call the old gentleman a mountebank; but I am sure he was deservedly well reputed and reported of, for many maladies and diseases which he cured, whereof divers were judged incurable. He

helped such as were grieved for three several considerations—

First, He cured the rich, for as much as he could get.

Secondly, He healed the meaner sort for what they could spare, or were willing to part withal.

Thirdly, He cured the poor for God's sake, and gave them money and other relief, as I myself (with thankful experience) must ever acknowledge: For he looked upon my lame leg, and applied such medicine, as did not only ease me, but I am in hope will cure me, the grief being nothing but a blast of lightning and thunder, or planet stroke, which I received nine years past at *Oxford*.

For a further courtesy, when I was taking my leave of *Chester*, I demanded what I had to pay for lodging, diet, and horse-meat, mine host said, that all was fully paid and satisfied by the good old physician. My humble thanks remembered to Captain *Vincent Corbet*, but more especially to Captain *John Whitworth* at Chester.

On Friday, the 30 of *July*, I rode (and footed it) ten miles to *Flint* (which is the shire town of Flintshire) and surely war hath made it miserable, the sometimes famous Castle there, in which *Richard* the Second of that name, King of *England*, was surprised by *Henry* of *Bolingbroke*, is now almost buried in it's own ruins, and the town is so spoiled,

that it may truly be said of it, that they never had any market (in the memory of man) they have no saddler, tailor, weaver, brewer, baker, botcher, or button-maker; they have not so much as a sign of an ale-house, so that I was doubtful of a lodging, but (by good hap) I happened into the house of one Mr. *Edward Griffith*, where I had good meat and lodging for me and my dumb *Dun* beast, for very reasonable consideration, and this (methinks) is a pitiful description of a shire town.

Saturday, the last of *July*, I left *Flint*, and went three miles to *Holy-well*, of which place I must speak somewhat materially. About the length of a furlong, down a very steep hill, is a well (full of wonder and admiration), it comes from a spring not far from *Rhuddlan* Castle; it is, and hath been many hundred years, known by the name of *Holy-well*, but it is more commonly and of most antiquity called Saint *Winifreds* Well, in memory of the pious and chaste Virgin *Winifred*, who was there beheaded for refusing to yield her chastity to the furious lust of a Pagan Prince; in that very place where her blood was shed, this spring sprang up; from it doth issue so forcible a stream, that within a hundred yards of it, it drives certain mills, and some do say that nine corn mills and fulling mills are driven with the stream of that spring: It hath a fair chapel erected over it called Saint *Winifreds* Chapel, which

is now much defaced by the injury of these late wars. The well is compassed about with a fine wall of free stone, the wall hath eight angles or corners, and at every angle is a fair stone pillar, whereon the west end of the chapel is supported. In two several places of the wall, there are neat stone stairs to go into the water that comes from the well, for it is to be noted that the well itself doth continually work and bubble with extreme violence, like a boiling cauldron or furnace, and within the wall, or into the well very few do enter : The water is crystalline, sweet and medicinable, it is frequented daily by many people of rich and poor, of all diseases, amongst which great store of folks are cured, divers are eased, but none made the worse. The hill descending is plentifully furnished (on both sides of the way) with beggars of all ages, sexes, conditions, sorts, and sizes, many of them are impotent, but all are impudent, and richly embroidered all over with such hexameter prouded *ermins* (or vermin) as are called lice of *England.*

Monday, the second of *August*, when the day begun, I mounted my *Dun*, having hired a little boy (to direct me in the way) that could speak no English, and for lack of an interpreter, we travelled speechless eight miles, to *Rhuddlan*, where is an old wind and war-shaken castle ; from that town, after my horse, and the boy, and myself had dined with

hay, oats, and *barraw causs*,* we horsed and footed it twelve miles further, to a fine strong walled town, named *Aberconway*; there I lodged at the house of one Mr. *Spencer* (an English man) he is post-master there, and there my entertainment was good, and my reckoning reasonable: there is a good defensive castle which I would have seen, but because there was a garrison, I was loath to give occasion of offence, or be much inquisitive.

The next day when the clock stroke two and four,
I mounted Dun, Dun *mounted* Penmaen Mawr;
And if I do not take my aim amiss,
That lofty mountain seems the skies to kiss:
But there are other hills accounted higher,
Whose lofty tops I had no mind t' aspire:
As Snowdon, *and the tall* Plinlymmon,
Which I no stomach had to tread upon.
Merioneth *Mountains, and Shire* Cardigan
To travel over, will tire horse and man:
I, to Beaumaris *came that day and din'd,*
Where I the good Lord Buckley, *thought to find:*
But he to speak with me had no intent,
Dry I came into 's house, dry out I went.
I left Beaumaris, *and to* Bangor *trac'd it,*
Ther's a brave Church, but Time and War defac'd it:
For love and money I was welcome thither,
'Tis merry meeting when they come together.

*BARA'R CAUS.—*i.e.*, bread and cheese.

Thus having travelled from *Aberconway* to *Beaumaris* and to *Bangor*, Tuesday 3 *August*, which in all they are pleased to call 14 miles, but most of the Welsh miles are large *London* measure, not any one of them but hath a hand breadth or small cantle at each end, by which means, what they want in broadness, they have it in length; besides the ascending and descending almost impassable mountains, and break-neck stony ways, doth make such travellers as myself judge that they were no misers in measuring their miles; besides, the land is coarser than it is in most parts about *London*, which makes them to afford the larger measure, for coarse broadcloth is not at the rate of velvet or satin.

Wednesday the 4. of *August* I rode 8 miles from *Bangor* to *Caernarvon*, where I thought to have seen a Town and a Castle, or a Castle and a Town; but I saw both to be one, and one to be both; for indeed a man can hardly divide them in judgment or apprehension; and I have seen many gallant fabrics and fortifications, but for compactness and completeness of *Caernarvon*, I never yet saw a parallel. And it is by Art and Nature so fitted and seated, that it stands impregnable, & if it be well manned, victualled, and ammunitioned, it is invincible, except fraud or famine do assault, or conspire against it.

I was 5. hours in *Caernarvon*, and when I thought that I had taken my leave for ever of it, then was I merely deceived; for when I was a mile on my way, a trooper came galloping after me, and enforced me back to be examined by Colonel *Thomas Mason*, (the governor there) who after a few words, when he heard my name, and knew my occasions, he used me so respectively and bountifully, that (at his charge) I stayed all night, and by the means of him, and one Mr. *Lloyd*, (a Justice of Peace there) I was furnished with a guide, and something else to bear charges for one weeks travel; for which courtesies, if I were not thankful, I were worth the hanging for being ungrateful.

The 5 of August I went 12 miles to a place called *Climenie*, where the noble Sir *John Owen* did, with liberal welcome, entertain me.

The 6 day I rode to a town called *Harlech*, which stands on a high barren mountain, very uneasy for the ascending into, by reason of the steep and uneven stony way; this town had neither hay, grass, oats, or any relief for a horse; there stands a strong Castle, but the town is all spoiled, and almost inhabitable by the late lamentable troubles.

So I left that town (for fear of starving my horse) and came to a place called *Barmouth* (12 miles that day, as narrow as 20). That place was so plentifully furnished with want of provision, that it

was able to famish 100 men and horses. I procured a brace of boys to go two miles to cut grass for my *Dun*, for which I gave them two groats; for myself and guide, I purchased a hen boiled with bacon, as yellow as the cowslip, or gold noble. My coarse lodging there was at the homely house of one *John Thomson*, a Lancashire Englishman.

Saturday, the 7 of August, I horsed, footed, (and crawling upon all 4) 10 slender miles to *Aberdovey*, which was the last lodging that I had in Merionethshire, where was the best entertainment for men, but almost as bad as the worst for horses in all *Merionethshire*.

August 9 I gat into *Cardiganshire*, to a miserable market town called *Aberystwith*, where, before the late troubles, there stood a strong Castle, which being blown up, fell down, and many fair houses (with a defensible thick wall about the town) are transformed confused into heaps of unnecessary rubbidge; within four miles of this town are the silver mines, which were honorable and profitable, as long as my good friend *Thomas Bushell* Esquire, had the managing of them, who was most industrious in the work, and withal by his noble demeanour, and affable deportment, deservedly gained the general love and affection of all the country, of all degrees of people: but since he hath left that important employment, the mines are neglected.

From *Aberystwith*, I went to the house of Sir *Richard Price*, knight and baronet, where my entertainment was freely welcome, with some expression of further courtesies at my departure, for which I humbly thank the noble knight, not forgetting my grateful remembrance to Mr. *Thomas Evans* there: that whole days journey being 9. miles.

Tuesday, the 10 of August, having hired a guide, for I that knew neither the intricate ways, nor could speak any of the language, was necessitated to have guides from place to place, and it being harvest time, I was forced to pay exceeding dear for guiding, so that some days I paid 2s., sometimes 3s., besides bearing their charges of meat and drink, and lodging; for it is to be understood that those kind of labouring people had rather reap hard all the day for sixpence, than to go ten or twelve miles easily on foot for two shillings. That day, after sixteen miles travel, I came to the house of an ancient worthy and hospitable gentleman, named *Sir Walter Lloyd*, he was noble in bountiful house-keeping, and in his generosity, caused his horse to be saddled, and the next day he rode three miles to *Conway*, and showed me the way to *Caermarthen*, which they do call 18 small miles, but I had rather ride 30 of such miles as are in many parts of *England*; the way continually hilly, or mountainous and stony, insomuch that I was forced to alight and walk 30 times, and when the sun

was near setting, I having four long miles to go, and knew no part of the way, was resolved to take my lodging in a reek of oats in the field, to which purpose, as I rode out of the stony way towards my field-chamber, my horse and I found a softer bed, for we were both in a bog, or quagmire, and at that time I had much ado to draw myself out of the dirt, or my poor weary *Dun* out of the mire.

I being in this hard strait, having night (of God's sending,) owl-light to guide me, no tongue to ask a question, the way unknown, or uneven, I held it my best course to grope in the hard stony way again, which having found, (after a quarter of an hours melancholy paces) a horseman of *Wales*, that could speak English, overtook me and brought me to *Caermarthen*, where I found good and free entertainment at the house of one Mistress *Oakley*.

Caermarthen, the shire town of *Caermarthenshire*, is a good large town, with a defencible strong Castle, and a reasonable haven for small barks and boats, which formerly was for the use of good ships, but now it is much impedimented with shelves, sands, and other annoyances: it is said that *Merlin* the prophet was born there; it is one of the plentifulest towns that ever I set foot in, for very fair eggs are cheaper than small pears; for, as near as I can remember, I will set down at what rates victuals was there.

Butter as good as the world affords, two pence halfpenny, or three pence the pound.

A salmon two foot and a half long, twelve pence.

Beef, three half pence the pound.

Oysters, a penny hundred.

Eggs, twelve for a penny.

Pears, six for a penny.

And all manner of fish and flesh at such low prices, that a little money will buy much, for there is nothing scarce, dear, or hard to come by, but tobacco pipes.

My humble thanks to the Governor there, to *William Gwynn* of *Taliaris*, Esquire; to *Sir Henry Vaughan*; and to all the rest, with the good woman mine hostess.

Concerning *Pembrokeshire*, the people do speak English in it most generally, and therefore they call it little *England* beyond *Wales*, it being the farthest south and west county in the whole principality. The shire town, *Pembroke*, hath been in better estate, for as it is now, some houses down, some standing, and many without inhabitants; the Castle there hath been strong, large, stately, and impregnable, able to hold out any enemy, except hunger, it being founded upon a lofty rock, gives a brave prospect a far off. *Tenby* town and Castle being somewhat near, or eight miles from it, seems to be more useful and

considerable. My thanks to Mistress *Powell* at the *Hart* there.

Tenby hath a good Castle and a Haven, but in respect of *Milford* Haven, all the havens under the heavens are inconsiderable, for it is of such length, breadth, and depth that 1,000 ships may ride safely in it in all weathers, and by reason of the hills that do enclose it, and the windings and turnings of the Haven from one point of land to another, it it conjectured that 1,500 ships may ride there, and not scarce one of them can see another. The Haven hath in it 16 creeks, 5 bays, and 13 roads, of large capacity, and all these are known by several names.

The goodly Church of *St. Davids* hath been forced lately to put off the dull and heavy coat of peaceful lead, which was metamorphosed into warlike bullets. In that church lies interred *Edmund* Earl of *Richmond*, father to King *Henry* the Seventh, for whose sake the grandson (K. *Henry* the Eight) did spare it from defacing, when he spared not much that belonged to the church.

Thus having gone and ridden many miles, with too many turning and winding mountains, stony turning ways, forward, backward, sideways, circular, and semicircular, upon the 17. of *August* I rode to the house of the right Honorable, *Richard Vaughan* Earl of *Karbery*, at a place called *Golden Grove;*

and surely that house, with the fair fields, woods, walks, and plesant situation, may not only be rightly called the *Golden Grove*, but it may without fiction be justly styled the *Cambrian* Paradise, and *Elysium* of *Wales;* but that which graced it totally, was the nobleness, and affable presence and deportment of the Earl, with his fair and virtuous new married Countess the beautiful Lady *Alice*, or *Alicia*, daughter to the Right Honourable the late Earl of *Bridgwater*, deceased: I humbly thank them both, for they were pleased to honour me so much, that I supped with them, at which time a gentleman came in, who being sat, did relate a strange discourse of a violent rain which fell on the mountains in part of *Radnorshire*, and into *Glamorganshire;* the story was, as near as I can remember, as followeth:

That on Saturday the 17 of *July* last, 1652, there fell a sudden shower of rain in the counties aforesaid, as if an ocean had flowed from the clouds to overwhelm and drown the mountains; it poured down with such violent impetuosity that it tumbled down divers houses of stone that stood in the way of it; it drowned many cattle and sheep, bore all before it as it ran, therefore a poor man with his son and daughter forsook their house, and the father and son climbed up into a tree for their safety; in the mean time the merciless waters took hold of the

poor maid, and most furiously bare her away down between two mountains, rolling and hurling her against many great stones, till at last it threw her near the side of the stream, and her hair and hair-lace being loose, it catched hold of a stump of an old thorn bush, by which means she was stayed, being almost dead; but as she lay in this misery she saw a sad and lamentable sight, for the water had fiercely unrooted the tree, and bore it down the stream with her father and brother, who were both unfortunately drowned; the maid, as I was certified, is like to live and recover.

My humble thanks to the good young hopeful Lord *Vaughan*, and to all the rest of the noble olive branches of that most worthy tree of honour, their father, not omitting or yet forgetting my gratitude to Mr. *Steward* there, with all the rest of the gentlemen and servants attendant, with my love to Mr. *Thomas Ryves*, unknown, and so *Golden Grove* farewell.

The 18 of *August* I hired a guide who brought me to *Swansea* (16 well stretch'd Welsh mountainous miles), where I was cordially welcome to an ancient worthy gentleman, *Walter Thomas*, Esquire, for whose love and liberality I am much obliged to him and the good gentlewoman his wife; he staid me till the next day after dinner, and then sent his man with me a mile to his sons house, named *William*

Thomas Esquire: There, as soon as I had rewarded my guide he slipped from me, leaving me to the mercy of the house, where I found neither mercy nor manners; for the good gentleman and his wife were both rode from home; and though they were people old enough, and big enough, yet there was not one kind enough, or good enough to do me least kind of courtesy or friendship; they did not so much as bid me come into the house, or offer me a cup of drink; they all scornfully wondered at me, like so many buzzards and woodcocks about an owl, there was a shotten thin sculled shadow brained simpleton fellow, that answered me, that he was a stranger there, but I believed him not, by reason of his familiarity with the rest of the folks, there was also a single-souled gentlewoman, of the last edition, who would vouchsafe me not one poor glance of her eye-beams, to whom I said as followeth.

Fair gentlewoman, I was sent hither by the father of the gentleman of this house, to whom I have a letter from a gentleman of his familiar acquaintance; I am sure that the owner of this place is famed and reported to be a man endowed with all affability and courtesy to strangers as is every way accommodating to a gentleman of worth and quality; and that if I were but a mere stranger to him, yet his generosity would not suffer me to be harbourless, but by reason of his fathers sending his servant with

me, and a friends letter, I said that if Mr. *Thomas* had been at home I should be better entertained.

To which Mrs. *Fumpkins*, looking scornfully askew over her shoulders, answered me with (*it may be so*), then most uncourteous Mistress, quoth I, I doubt I must be necessitated to take up my lodging in the field, to which the said ungentle gentlewoman (with her posterior, or but end towards me) gave me a final answer, that I might if I would.

Whereupon I was enraged and mounted my *Dun*, and in a friendly manner I took my leave, saying, that I would wander further and try my fortune, and that if my stay at that house, that night, would save either Mr. *Shallow-pate*, or Mrs. *Jullock* from hanging, that I would rather lie, and venture all hazards that are incident to horse, man, or traveller, than to be beholding to such unmannerly mongrels.

Thus desperately I shaked them off, that would not take me on, and riding I know not whither, with a wide wild heath under me, and a wider firmament above me. I road at adventure, betwixt light and darkness, about a mile, when luckily a gentleman overtook me, and after a little talk of my distress and travel, he bade me be of good cheer, for he would bring me to a lodging and entertainment; in which promise he was better than his word, for he brought me to a pretty market town called *Neath*

where he spent his money upon me; for which kindness I thank him. But one doctor (as they call him) *Rice Jones*, (or doctor *Merryman*) came and supped with me, and very kindly paid all the reckoning. That days journey being but 6 miles sterling.

The 19. of *August* I hired a guide for 3s. (16 miles) to a place called *Penlline*, where sometime stood a strong castle, which is now ruined; adjoining to it, or in the place of it, is a fair house, belonging to *Anthony Turberville* Esquire, where although the Gentleman was from home, the good gentlewoman, his wife, did with hospitable and noble kindness bid me welcome.

Friday, the 20. of *August*, I rode a mile to an ancient town, named *Cowbridge*, from whence I scrambled two miles further to *Llantrisant*, where the noble gentleman Sir *John Aubrey*, and his virtuous lady kept me three days, in the mean space I rode two miles to the house of the ancient and honorable Knight, Sir *Thomas Lewis* at *Penmark*, to whom and his good lady, I humbly dedicate my gratitude: The same day after dinner, I returned back to *Llantrisant*, which was to me a second Golden Grove or Welsh Paradise, for building, situation, wholesome air, pleasure and plenty, for my free entertainment there, with the noble expression of the gentleman's bounty at my departure; I

heartily do wish to him and his, with all the rest of my honorable and noble, worshipful and friendly benefactors, true peace and happiness, internal, external, and eternal.

Monday, the 23. of *August*, I rode eight miles to the good town of *Cardiff*, where I was welcome to Mr. *Aaron Price* the Town Clerk there, with whom I dined, at his cost and my peril, after dinner he directed me two miles further, to a place called *Llanrumney*,* where a right true bred generous gentleman, *Thomas Morgan* Esquire, gave me such loving and liberal entertainment, for which I cannot be so thankful as the merit of it requires.

Tuesday, being both Saint *Bartholowews* Day, my Birth day, the 24, of the month, and the very next day before Wednesday, I arose betimes, and travelled to a town called *Newport*, and then from thence to *Caerleon*, and lastly to *Usk*, in all 15 well measured Welsh *Monmouthshire* miles: at *Usk* I lodged at an inn, the house of one Master *Powell*.

The 25. of *August* I rode but 12 miles, by an unlooked for accident, I found *Bartholomew* fair at *Monmouth*, a hundred miles from Smithfield; there I stayed two nights upon the large reckoning of nothing to pay, for which I humbly thank my hospitable host, and hostess, Master *Reigald Rowse* and his good wife.

*Qy., Landaff.

Monmouth, the shire town of *Monmouthshire*, was the last Welsh ground that I left behind me; *August* 27. I came to Gloucester, were though I was born there, very few did know me; I was almost as ignorant as he that knew no body: my lodging there was at the sign of the *George*, at the house of my namesake, Master *John Taylor*, from whence on Saturday the 28. I rode 16. miles to *Barnsley*.

Of all the places in *England* and *Wales* that I have travelled to, this village of *Barnsley* doth most strikingly observe the Lords day on Sunday, for little children are not suffered to walk or play; and two women who had been at church both before and after noon, did but walk into the fields for their recreation, and they were put to their choice, either to pay sixpence apiece (for profane walking), or to be laid one hour in the stocks; and the peevish wilful women (though they were able enough to pay), to save their money and jest out the matter, lay both by their heels merrily one hour.

There is no such zeal in many places and parishes in *Wales;* for they have neither service, prayer, sermon, minister, or preacher, nor any church door opened at all, so that people do exercise and edify in the churchyard at the lawful and laudable games of trap, cat, stool-ball, racket, &c., on Sundays.

From *Barnsley* on Monday, the 30 of *August*, I rode 30 miles to *Abingdon*, from thence, &c., to *London*, where I brought both ends together on Tuesday, the 7 of *September*.

Those that are desirous to know more of *Wales* let them either travel for it as I have done, or read Mr. *Camdens Britannia*, or Mr. *Speeds* laborious history, and their geographical maps and descriptions will give them more ample, or contenting satisfaction.

THE CERTAIN
TRAVAILES
OF AN UNCERTAIN
JOURNEY,

Begun on Tuesday the 9. of *August*,
and ended on Saturday the 3.
of *September* following,
1653.

Wherein the Readers may take notice, that the Authors purpose was to Travell, and Write this following Relation, for no other intent or purpose, but to pleasure himself, and to please his Friends in the first place.

By ***John Taylor***, at the Signe of the Poets Head, in Phœnix Alley, near the Globe Tavern in the middle of Long Acre, nigh the Covent-Garden.

Those twelve following lines I gave to divers Gentlemen and Friends, before I went, and as they have kindly subscribed to my Bill, I do humbly expect their courteous acceptation of this Booke.

A merry Bill of an uncertain Journey, to be performed by *John Taylor*, by Land, with his *Aqua Musa*.

TO all my Friends, and courteous Gentlemen,
Know, that my journey is, I know not when:
Unto the parts I go. I know not where,
Or of my Entertainment far or near;
Thus neither knowing when, or where, or whether,
Begun, or done, or both ends brought together,
When I this unknown Walk have put in print,
Each man to's pocket, put your fingers in't,
And, for my Book then give me what you list,
To which end, to this Bill take pen in fist,
And write your names and habitations down,
I'll find you when again I come to Town.

The certainty of the uncertain Travels of John Taylor, *performed in year* 1653.

THIS laudable to read well pen'd Relations,
Of foreign Countries, and their situations,
That by the judgment of the eye and brain
Some knowledge to discourse we may attain,
For Histories, and learn'd Cosmographers ;
And diligent acute Geographers ;
One hath survey'd celestial lofty spheres,
How all the Planets run in their careers ;
The stars, the signs, and every influence
In every Heavenly Orbs circumference,
And were it not for high Astronomy
(Whose lofty painful steps have scal'd the sky)
For times and seasons we might grope and seek,
Not knowing years, or quarters, month or week,
Or hours, or minutes, nor the Sabbath day,
Nor when to eat, or sleep or debts to pay.
Millions of people would this knowledge lack
Except directed from the Almanack.

Thus Art, (with pains and travel of the Mind)
Taught mean capacities, these things to find.
He travels far that goes beyond the Moon,
Or thinks this skill may be attained soon,
Their overweening thoughts fly high and quick
But such mad fools are only lunatic.
Geographers have travel'd land and seas
Each Coast, and opposite the Antipodes;
And the description of all lands and parts
Described are, in several Maps and Charts.
The Sun and Moon have seldom shew'd their faces
On any Empire, Kingdom, place, or places,
Which Travellers have not view'd and survey'd
And by rare Geographique Art displayed
By either sea or land, by night or day,
Geography hath chalk'd us out the way:
That with Maps, Compass and indifferent weather
True men or Thieves may travel any whither.
And thus through thick and thin, ways hard or soft,
Thousand and thousand miles I travel'd oft.
Some men do travel in their contemplations,
In reading Histories and strange Relations:
Some few do travel in the ways Divine,
Some wander wildly with the Muses nine;
For every man would be a Poet gladly,
Although he write and Rhyme, but badly madly.
Sometimes the wit and tongues do most unfit
Travel when tongues do run before the wit

But if they both keep company together,
Delight and profit is in both, or either.
Discretion gravely goes a gentle pace,
When speech, a gallop, runs a heedless race :
Mans earthly portion's travel, pain, and care,
(Of which I make a shift to get my share.)
Some do disdain, and hold it in high scorn
To know thatched cottages where they were born,
Some cross the sea to see strange lands unknown
And here, like strangers, do not know their own.
Their own, 'tis fit work for a golden pen
To write the names down of such knowing men ;
Should each one know and have his own, 'twere rare
Right owners would be rich, and knaves stark bare,
He's counted wise, with the Italians ;
That knows his own wife from another mans.
But he's more wise that knows himself to be
Frail, mortal, and a map of Misery.
But wisest he, that patient takes his lot,
And use the world as if he used it not.
Some seem to know most, yet know almost nothing,
For man, in knowledge, is a very slow thing.
Nosce teipsum, Know thyself, and then
Each one will know himself the worst of men.
Many of foreign travels boast and vaunt,
When they, of *England*, are most ignorant.
But yearly I survey my Country Native,

And, 'mongst 6, cases, live upon the *Dative.*
I travel hard, and for my lifes supply,
I every year receive a Subsidy.
(Or else to come more near unto the sense)
'Tis fit to call it a Benevolence.
Thus (travelling) a toiling trade I drive,
By reason of mine age, near seventy five :
It is my earthly portion and my lot,
(The Proverb says, *Need makes the old wife trot.*)
Seven times at sea I serv'd *Elizabeth,*
And 2. Kings forty five years, until death
Of both my Royal Masters quite bereft me,
That nothing now but age and want is left me,
This makes me travel, and my friends to try,
Else I might (like my fellows) starve and die,
Had the last State, had consciences so tender
To think on Oxford siege, with that surrender,
Had they kept Articles and Covenants,
In some sort, then they had reliev'd our wants,
But they were in the land of Promise born
Perform'd, and paid as nothing, but their scorn,
Chamelion like we had *Air*, *Words*, and *Wind*,
With these three empty dishes oft we din'd.
And with light Suppers, and such breaking Fast,
With meagre Famine, many breath'd their last.
We ne'er bare arms, but household servants menial
We waited, if 'twere sin, it was but venial.
These thirteen years no wages I could get,

Which makes me thus to try my friends and wit
Unto the Kings Revenues, great Committee
We oft Petitioned, and implored their pity ;
And first and last, we gave Petitions plenty,
I'm sure in number, near two hundred twenty.
Two thousand Books and Bills then printed were,
Wherein our woes and wants we did declare :
Lord *Fairfax* was himself Lord General then,
He pitied us (poor miserable men :)
And he in person, more than one time went
And told our griefs unto the Parliament,
Besides, for us, to them he Letters wrote,
For all which, only, promises we got,
I will not curse those men, but this I say,
If need and want afflict them, I do pray
They may be comforted, and fed, and clad
With promises, as we from them have had.

H' year sixteen hundred fifty, with 3. added
Old *Tib* my Mare and I, a Journey
gadded :
I *London* left, the 9. day I remember
Of August, near 3 weeks before September.
In 4. hours riding Post I got to *Croydon*
And so hath many a Man, and many a boy done,
There was the George a horseback day and night,
And there I, from my mares back did alight.

At Water there wine was, but that's a Riddle,
At *Croydon*, you may know both ends a middle,
To *Mitcham*, from my way full 3. miles wide,
A Gentleman, I thank him, was my guide.
Holland my sheets, and *Holland* was mine Host,
My entertainment good for little cost.
August the tenth, my bonny Beast and I,
From Surrey travelled to South Saxony,
Now called Sussex, where to *Billingshurst*
Six days I felt no hunger, cold, or thirst.
There at a sign, and no sign, but a Frame,
'Twas the Kings arms, but shattering shot and flame
Did beat them down, as useless, of small stead,
For arms are of no use without a Head.
Mine Host was mighty good, and great withal
And amongst Hosts, may be a General,
He's friendly, courteous, although big and burly,
A right good fellow, no way proud or surly,
Six nights at *Billingshurst* I freely staid
And all the charge of mare and man was paid
By a Gentleman, to name whom I'll refrain,
Whose love, my thankful mind still retain.
Thus in one week I rode Post 30 mile,
And neither man or mare tired all that while.
A Reverend Preacher preached on Sunday twice
Directing souls to th' Heavenly Paradise,
And if we could but do as he did say,

His Doctrine told us all the ready way.
Thus *Billingshurst* thy bounty I extol
Thou feastest me in body and in soul,
There was rare Music, and sweet gentle *Airs*
For undeserved favours, *I am theirs.*
My love to Mr. *Fist* and to mine Host,
But love and thanks T. H. deserveth most,
From *Billingshurst*, August the sixteenth day
I took my leave before I took my way.
The way indifferent good, the welkin smiles
I rode to *Petworth*, 7 good Sussex miles
To set forth *Petworth*, its worth more worth is
Than I am worth, or worthy ; but know this
Northumberland the Noble, there doth dwell
Whose good housekeeping, few Lords parallel
There Honourable bounty is expressed
With daily Charity to th' poor distressed,
I speak not this for any thing I got
Of that great Lord, I felt or saw him not
For had I seen him, my belief is such
I should have felt and found his bounties touch,
But I, for my part, never was so rude,
To flatter, fawn, or basely to intrude,
Yet I declare him liberal, Honourable,
And there I din'd well, at his Stewards Table,
Thanks Mr. *Williams* there, the Cook exact
By his good friendship there, I nothing lack'd

Thanks to my Hostess kind, good Mrs. *Martin*
Who welcom'd me with good white wine a quart in
And last of all, but not of all the least,
I was kind Mr. *Barnards* costly Guest
To me he shew'd his bounty from the Mint
For which I gave him here my thanks in Print
He pay'd the chinque, and freely gave me drink
And I return my gratitude with Ink
August the 18 twelve long miles to *Steyning*
I rode, and nothing saw there worth the Kenning
But that mine Host there was a jovial Wight
My Hostess fat and fair ; a goodly sight :
The Sign the Chequer, eighteen pence to pay
My Mare eat mortal meat, good Oats and Hay
Twelve miles from *Steyning* I jog'd on to *Lewes*
And there I found no Beggars, Scolds, or Shrews
Lewes hath no Bailiff, Mayor, or Magistrate
For every one there lives in quiet state :
They quarrel not for wagging of a straw
For each man is unto himself a Law
They need no bridle (like the Horse or Mule)
Where every one himself can wisely rule
At the terrestial Star[1] (a glist'ring Sign)

[1]THE STAR is still one of the principal inns in the good old fashioned town of Lewes. The cellar is a very antique vaulted apartment, in which, according to tradition, were imprisoned the "Sussex Martrys," who were afterwards brought to the stake and burnt in front of the house during the Marian persecutions. Several relics in connection with the circumstance, and

I lodg'd, and found good Diet, and good Wine
Mine Host and Hostess Courteous, free, and kind,
And there I sip'd and sup'd but seldom din'd :
Lewes is an ancient Town, as may be seen
In *Camden*, page three hundred and thirteen :
Twelve men they choose, the most substantialest
Most rich and wise, to govern all the rest
And out of that discreet and honest dozen
Two (as it were) high Constables are chosen
These have no power themselves to hang or draw
Or on offenders to inflict the Law
But to a Justice of the Peace, or Coram
They bring the parties, and their cause before 'em,
From Friday unto Friday I did stay
But in the mean time I did take my way
Five miles to *Tarring*[1] where my old friend there
The Parson welcom'd me with Country cheer
His name is *John*, or honest Master Rice

of the period, are shown to the curious in such matters, on application being made fee-in-haud to "Boots," who is craftily and well read-up in Foxe and "The whole army of Martyrs."

"In the reign of Queen Mary, Lewes, as the county town, was the scene of many of those *holocausts* which disgraced her times. Sixteen martyrs to the cause of the Reformation were burnt in the *forum* of Lewes —the local Smithfield, opposite the Star inn—between 1555 and 1557, the last "burnt-offering to a good conscience" being the well-known iron-master, Richard Woodman, and nine others, five of whom were women."

M. A. Lower's History of Sussex.

[1]TARRING, *i.e.*, Tarring Neville, or East Tarring, to distinguish it from Tarring Peverell or West Tarring in the Western Division of the County, 2 miles W. of Worthing.

Six meals he meated me, and lodg'd me thrice
He Preached on Sunday *August* twenty-one
Two Sermons, tending to Salvation :
His Doctrines good and he himself doth frame
To live in conversation like the same.
I thank him, and his Wife and Family,
For making of so much (too much) of me,
Thus when he could no longer me retain,
With love and thanks, I rode to *Lewes* again
This Town contains six Churches, and at least
It is a mile in length from West to East :
A strong and spacious Castle there hath been
As by its moulder'd ruins may be seen
Thence 12 miles I was on my female beast borne
T'an unknown feast borne, at a Town call'd Eastbourne
I at an Inn alighted, and fouud there
Unlook'd for welcome, and good *Sussex* cheer
Sir *Thomas Dike*, Sir *Thomas Parker*, Knights
With kind Esquires, whose names and Epithites
I mention not, because I know them not
But to them all my thanks is unforgot
For undeserved unlook'd for, and unthought
From thee my purse and person both were fraught
This was on *August* twenty-six, a Friday
Near *Dogs days end*, a very fair and dry day
The next day, and the next I felt the bounty
Of the high Sheriff of *Sussex* famous County !

He entertain'd me Saturday and Sunday,
And would have kept me 20 days past Monday
There was a high and mighty drink call'd *Rug*[1]
Sure since the Reign of great King *Gorbodug*
Was never such a rare infus'd confection
Injection, operation, and ejection,
Are *Hogen Mogen*[2] *Rugs*, great influences
To provoke sleep, and stupify the senses
No cold can ever pierce his flesh or skin
Of him who is well lin'd with *Rug* within

[1]EASTBOURNE RUG on which our *Water*-Poet is "so sweet and voluble in his discourse" upon, must have been some "high and mighty" *local* drink, with which he was previously unacquainted, as he makes no mention of it in a work which he published in 1637, entitled "DRINK AND WELCOME: or the Famovs Historie of the most part of Drinks in use now in the Kingdoms of *Great Brittaine* and *Ireland;* with an especial declaration of the potency, vertue, and operation of our *English* ALE." From the description given of its qualities it would appear that *Eastbourne Rug* possessed sufficient of narcotic principle——

"To provoke sleep, and stupify the senses."

Singular enough we find in Captain Grose's Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue, Edition 1811: "RUG; asleep. The whole gill is safe at *Rug: i.e.*, the people of the house are fast asleep."

But as smuggling—wholesale and retail; and in all its various branches—was most extensively carried on at this part of the Sussex coast, and from what we in our youth have heard our Grandmother say—and she was clever—we are inclined to think that *Eastbourne Rug*, though having ale, or elder and blackberry wines, or *tria juncta in uno*, for its basis, was nevertheless well mixed with French brandy, Dutch Hollands, and other spirituous liquors that had never been contaminated by the Exciseman's "stick," in the proportion of—

"A pint of the first to two quarts of the latter daily."

[2]HOGAN MOGAN, a corruption of Hoogh mogedige -high and mighty *Belj.* A Title of the States of the United Netherlands."—*Bailey.*

Rug is a Lord beyond the Rules of Law
It conquers hunger in the greedy maw
And (in a word) of all the drinks potable
Rug is most puisant, potent, notable
Rug was the Capital Commander there
And his Lieutenant General was strong beer
Wine plenteous both in Bottles and in flagons
Whose strength would quell St. George and dragons
But *Ahasuerus* Laws were there enrol'd
No man was forc'd to drink more than he would
There was good *will*, good *wills son* and good *Willia*
As free as was the Emp'ror Maximilian
Beasts, fowls and fish, from earth and sea and air
Unto the Table, well cook'd did repair
There were rare Birds I never saw before
The like of them, I think to see no more :
Th'are called *Wheat-ears*,[1] less than Lark or Sparrow

[1] WHEATEARS.—In July and August great quantities of those delicious birds, wheatears—sylvia œnanthe—arrive at Eastbourne, and are scattered over the extensive Downs in vast numbers, but not in flocks, as they are almost invariably seen singly. It is a great perquisite to the shepherds to catch them, which they do by cutting out lines of traps in the turf in the form of a T, and inverting the turf over a couple of horse-hair nooses. Pennant states, that in his time the numbers snared about Eastbourne amounted annually to about one thousand eight hundred and forty dozen. They are called the English ortolan, from their being so fat and plump and of such delicious flavour. They are a great delicacy potted. They are, however, gradually lessening in numbers, year after year, so that it hardly pays the shepherds now, for their time and trouble to get their traps ready.—*Erredge's* History of Brighthelmston.

Well roasted, in the mouth they taste like marrow
When once 'tis in the teeth it is involv'd
Bones, flesh, and all, is lusciously dissolv'd
The name of *Wheat-ears*, on them is ycleped
Because they come when wheat is yearly reap'd
Six weeks, or thereabouts, they are catch'd there
And are wellnigh 11. months, God knows where
My humble gratitude is here expresed
To Mr. Sheriff, and his beloved best
His kindness join'd with hers, and hers with his
Doth merit my unfeigned thankfulness
Unto my Cousin *Thomas Taylor* there
My love rememb'red, and for my Samphire
He promised me, I thank'd him thrice before
And when I have it, I will thank him more
Twelve miles on August 9. and 20 day
From *Bourne* to *Battle* 4 miles on my way
At *Pevensey* doth a ruin'd Castle stand
And there the Norman Conqueror did land
Since his invading power arrived there
'Tis now 500, 60, and 6 year
Eight miles from thence, the Battle fierce was strook
Where blood of 70000 like a Brook
Or rather I may say like *Sanguin* Rivers
Which down hills, it impetuously delivers
Into the Vales : and where that blood was spilt
The Conqueror caus'd an Abbey to be built

Of stately structure, and what it hath been
By great extended ruins may be seen
When Norman forces *England* overcame
From bloody Battle, *Battle* had its name
This Abbey now is kept, by right and due
By the Honourable Viscount *Montague*
That Lord repair'd some part magnificent
And ther's good house kept, when he's resident
That noble Lord is, in account most famous
Though many miserable Lords do shame us
Arth' Imperial crest, or Eagle spread
My self and mare, were stabled lodg'd and fed
About the reckoning I did not contend
My friend T. H. paid all, and there's an end
August the thirtieth, I rode to *Hastings*
Where was relief for men of several tastings
Our Sundry palates, put them altogether
Or relished appetites, take all or neither
At *Hastings* I staid not, but hastily
I ambled six miles into *Winchelsea*
Which hath been counted in the days of yore
(Until the seas contended with the shore)
A famous sea Town, rich in merchandize
But buried in the Ocean now it lies.
A Castle stands i'th sands, enduring flaws
Gusts, tempests, storms, and times devouring jaws
In twice twelve hours, 'tis twice embraced round
In th' arms of *Neptune*, seeming to be drowned

And when the floods are ebb'd into the main
Three miles in sands 'tis compast round again
In *Winchelsea* that now is I could ken
Nothing worth observation of my pen
Two miles from thence, upon a hill stands *Rye*
And there I, at the Star, did lodge and lie
More odds there is 'twixt singing sounds and crying
Than was betwixt my lodging, and my lying
I lodg'd by night, and I did lie by day
And as upon my bed I musing lay
The chamber hang'd with painted cloth[1] I found
Myself with sentences beleaguered round
There was Philosophy and History
Poetry, Enigmatic mystery.
I know not what the Town in wealth may be
But sure, I on that chambers walls did see
More wit than all the town had, and more worth
Than my unlearned Muse can well set forth

[1]PAINTED CLOTH.—Cloth or canvas painted in oil, a cheap substitute for tapestry. It was frequently the receptacle of verses, devices, proverbial sayings, and mottoes. Such cloths are often made the subject of allusion by our old authors.

"*Jaques.* You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmith's wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orlando.—Not so; but I answer you right *painted cloth*, from whence you have studied your questions."—*As You Like It*, act iii., sc. 2.

"I have seen in Mother Redcap's hall,
In *painted cloth*, the story of the prodigal."
The Muses' Looking Glass.

"I know you'll weep, madam, but what says the *painted cloth?*"
The Honest Whore.

I will not hold my Reader in dilemma
Thus truly, lying I transcribed them a'

No flower so fresh, but frost may it deface
None sit so fast, but he may lose his place
'Tis Concord keeps a Realm in stable stay
But Discord brings all Kingdoms to decay
No Subject ought (for any kind of Cause)
Resist his Prince, but yield him to the Laws
Sure God is just, whose stroke, delayed long,
Doth light at last, with pain more sharp and strong
Time never was nor ne'er I think shall be,
That (unshent) might speak, in all things free.

This is the Sum, the Marrow and the Pith
My lying Chamber was Adorned with :
And 'tis supposed, those lines written there
Have in that Room been, more than 40 year.
Now, Reader take this notice more of *Rye*
'Tis worth Remembering, and I'll tell you why :
If to unload your Bellies, Nature drive ye,
In all the Town you'll scarcely find a Privy
For as our Sectaries, in Tubs preach here
They make (Sir Reverence) Reverend Jakeses there,
Of Pulpits of Profanity, and these
When they are full, are empti'd in the Seas

My fare was good at *Rye*, my Reck'ning small
I thank my noble friend, that paid for all
Near unto *Rye*, 2 dirty Ferrys be
So Muddy, that they mir'd my Mare and me
I past them, And on *ultima Augusti*
Well meated, Mounted, man and beast both lusty
I cross'd o'er *Guldeford* ferry, and I went
From *Rye* in *Sussex* unto *Hythe* in *Kent*
Septembers first day, *Sol* with golden eye
Gilt *Neptune* with celestial Alchymy
With sovereign splendour, kissing meadows green
And mantled hills tops were coruscant seen
When *Phœbus* mounted was in glorious pride,
I mounted too, and rode away from *Hythe*
Still as I past through Sea Towns first and last
I did enquire how business had past
The people said that Guns did bounce and thump
Betwixt our *English* ships and Dutch *Van Tromp*[1]
At *Romney*, and at *Hythe*, they were in sight
Folks heard the drums to beat, and saw the fight

[1]VAN TROMP.—Martin Harpertzoon Van Tromp, a Dutch Admiral; born 1597; destroyed the Spanish Fleet off Gravelines, Feby, 1639; defeated by Admiral Blake off Dover, 29 May, 1652; victorious over the English fleet at the mouth of the Thames, 10 Dec., 1652; on which occasion Van Tromp clapped a broom to his mast-head to intimate that he meant to sweep the English Navy from the seas. On the 18th of February 1653, Admiral Blake again brought Van Tromp to action in the Channel. At the end of this "three days fight" the English admiral humbled the great Dutch Van Tromp, who was afterwards killed at the battle of Scheveningen 10 Aug. 1653.

Thus little was the News from sea or shore
Our weekly News books[1] will tell 3 times more
From *Hythe* to Dover, and to *Canterbury*
Full 25. miles, dirty, wet and weary,
I took my lodging up, and down I lay
Till Friday came, Septembers second day
Then with the Lamb I arose, and with the Lark
I got to Gravesend when 'twas almost dark
But I mistake, from sleep I rous'd my head
And rose with th' Lark, but went with Lamb to bed
On th'way I was not vext with Gates or Stiles
But three and thirty dirty Kentish miles
With washing dashing ways, and rain well sous'd
It made my Mare and I glad to be hous'd
The sign was *Welsh* his pie-bald English *Bull*
I there was welcome empty, welcome full
But at the high and mighty *Gravesend Whale*
I found most potent admirable Ale
'Tis second to no drink, but *Eastbourne Rug*
Put it in Pot or Flagon, Can or Jug
You'll find it is the grand Ale, and you'll grant
That 'tis Ale Paramount, Predominant
'Twas given me by a Friend; but let him end
With hanging, that loves Ale more than his friend
For from *Gravesend* (Saturday Septembers third)
I rode without spurs, as I had been spurr'd

[1]News Book.—A Newspaper.

I came to *London* when the Clock struck one
And so my Journey and my Book is

DONE.

Among the Muses where the number Nine is,
The learned Poets end their Works with Finis;
But when unlearned I have Volumes penn'd,
Finis is Latin, English Done's an End.

A
POSTSCRIPT
Of some parts of Sussex and Kent that I Travelled, which I have borrowed out of Mr. Speed.

SUSSEX.

THE North part of this Shire confronts upon Surrey, and Kent: the West butteth upon Hampshire and all the rest of the County lieth stretched along the British sea. The City of most account within this County is Chichester, a beautiful, and large town; yet for the stateliness of buildings Lewes doth seem to contend with it, where William de Warren built a strong Castle, whereunto the Barons in time of those civil broils resorted in war-like manner, and fought a great

Battle against their Sovereign and his son wherein King Henry the third had his horse slain under him; Richard King of the Romans the King's Brother was surprised, and taken in a Wind-mill, and Prince Edward (who was after that King Edward the first, or Longshanks) delivered unto them upon unequal terms of peace Places of other note are these, Shore whence King Harold going upon the sea for his pleasure in a small boat was driven upon the Coast of Normandy, where, by Duke William he was surprised, and retained until he swore to make him King after Edward the Confessor his death, West-Wittering where Ella the Saxon landed when he came to conquer those parties and gave the name to the Shore from Cimen his son. Finally Gomebridge where Charles Duke of Orleans father to Lewis the twelfth King of France, was long detained being taken Prisoner at Agincourt. Yet I have been in the Castle of Star-borough where I was shewed the said Dukes Chamber in Kent or the edge of Surrey.

KENT.

THIS is the first Province that appeareth in the South of this Kingdom, and is bounded upon the North with the famous River Thamisis; on the East with the German Sea, and Ocean; on the fourth with Sussex and the narrow seas; and upon the West with Sussex and

Surrey. The Chiefest City within this County is Canterbury which became famous, both for the conversion of the Saxons by St. Augustine, whereof eight of their Kings were there interr'd; also was Thomas Becket Arch-Bishop of Canterbury.

The invincible Castle of Dover is a place of the greatest strength not only of this Country, but of the whole Kingdom being the Key of the Realm, and as John Rosse, and Lidgate affirm, was built by Julius Cæsar. The Chiefest and only thing of admiration in this shire is a hole at Mottingame eight yards about, and a line of fifty fathoms plummed into it, doth find no bottom, where suddenly the ground sunk, and three great Elms therein growing, were swallowed up into the earth. This shire claimeth the pre-eminence of Christianity before all places of England; for Lucius the first Christian British King in this Island built a Church within the Castle of Dover.

There is no other memory or token of the great Battle, which was fought at Ailsford, between Hengist the ambitious Saxon, and Vortimer the valiant Britain wherein Horsa, and Catigern, brethren to both Generals were slain, then a monument of Catigern, which is nothing else but four stones pitched in the manner of the Stone Henge, on Salisbury Plain, and is vulgarly called Ciscoat house which is upon the Plain there. England's Kings

have had two Seats in this County, wherein they were wont to make some abode, in the summer time; the one for their, Court which is Greenwich, the other for their pleasure, which is Eltham. Very convenient for pastimes, and game for hunting.

There is also a place in this Shire called Tunbridge whither there is a great concourse of infirm people, who find present remedy for their maladies, by virtue of some wells lately found out which prove very sovereign.

To all my Friends that have subscribed their Names and dwellings to my Bill.

According as you pay, or pay me not
So is my luck or unlucky Lot,
I have made use of many friends before
Age tells me now I shall do so no more.
Some friends I have, and some small share of wit
And want hath forced me to use them, and it,
I, in my best of wishes will include
Their Kindness, and my humble gratitude.

FINIS.

Notes and Observations

ON

JOHN TAYLOR, THE WATER POET.

By _____

of _____

in the County of _____

18 _____

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